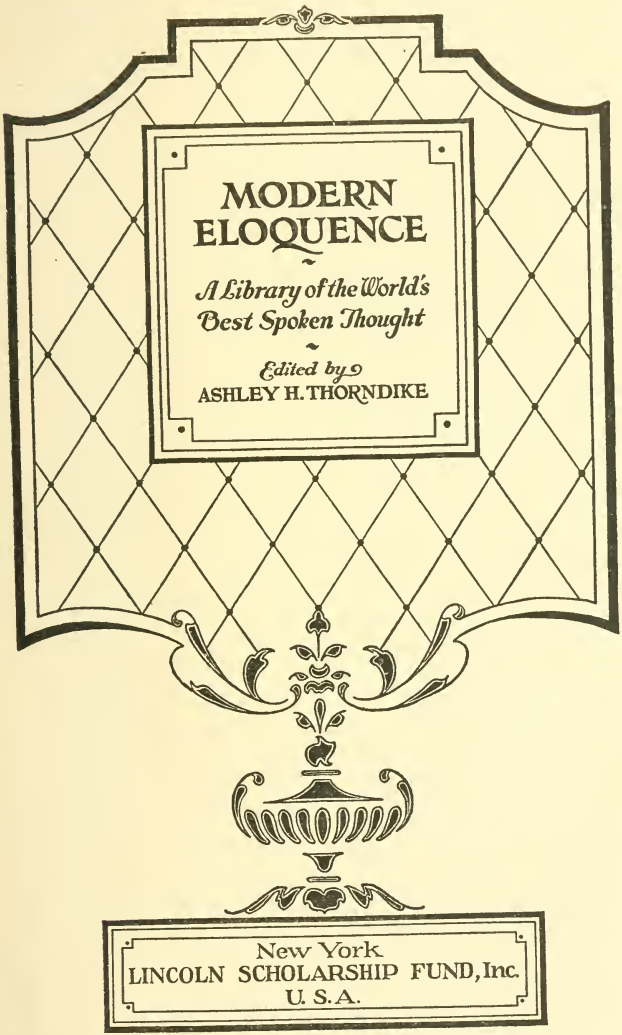
LINCOLN
SCHOLARSHIP
FUND



New York
LINCOLN SCHOLARSHIP FUND, Inc.
U. S. A.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010

http://www.archive.org/details/moderneloquencel09thor

Advisory Editorial Board

BRANDER MATTHEWS, CHAIRMAN
Professor Dramatic Literature, Columbia University

SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN
Formerly Prime Minister of Canada

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
President, Columbia University

JOHN W. DAVIS
Formerly U. S. Ambassador to England

HENRY CABOT LODGE
Late Senator from Massachusetts

ELIHU ROOT
Formerly Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Senator

OSCAR S. STRAUS
Formerly Secretary of Commerce, Ambassador to Turkey

AUGUSTUS THOMAS
Playwright, Chairman Producing Managers' Association

HENRY VAN DYKE
Professor of English Literature, Princeton University
Formerly U. S. Minister to the Netherlands

NEW YORK

LINCOLN SCHOLARSHIP FUND, INC.
U. S. A.

MODERN ELOQUENCE

A Library of the World's Best Spoken Thoughts

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

The outstanding After-Dinner Speeches, Lectures and Addresses of Modern Times, by the most eminent speakers of America and Europe.

VOLUMES I • II • III
AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

VOLUMES IV • V • VI
BUSINESS · INDUSTRY
PROFESSIONS

VOLUMES VII • VIII • IX
PUBLIC AFFAIRS
Literary • Educational • Government • Citizenship
Lives of Great Men

VOLUMES X • XI • XII
HISTORICAL MASTERPIECES
European • American • World War

VOLUME XIII
FAMOUS LECTURES
Humorous • Inspirational

VOLUME XIV
ANECDOTES · EPIGRAMS

VOLUME XV
PUBLIC SPEAKING
Debates
INDEX

Introductory Essays by Eminent Authorities giving a Practical Course of Instruction on the Important Phases of Public Speaking

MODERN ELOQUENCE

A Library of the World's Best Spoken Thoughts

VOLUME IX

Public Affairs

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

Edited by

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

Professor of English, Columbia University

NEW YORK

LINCOLN SCHOLARSHIP FUND, Inc.

U. S. A.

Copyright, 1928, by
LINCOLN SCHOLARSHIP FUND, Inc.

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London
All rights reserved

PRINTED IN U.S.A.
Revised Edition, 1929

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION: Eloquence
GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR xiii

ADDAMS, JANE
In Memory of Henry Lloyd 1

ALDERMAN, EDWIN ANDERSON
Woodrow Wilson 6

ASQUITH, HERBERT HENRY
Alfred Lyttelton 35
Lord Kitchener 36

BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE
Edmund Burke 39

BLAINE, JAMES GILLESPIE
James A. Garfield 43

BROOKS, PHILLIPS
The Character of Abraham Lincoln 67

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN
Louis Kossuth 75

CADMAN, S. PARKES
Stonewall Jackson 79

CANNON, JOSEPH GURNEY
Mark Twain 94

CHOATE, RUFUS
On the Death of Daniel Webster 99

CLAY, HENRY
Address to Lafayette 113

CRAWFORD, FRANCIS MARION
Pope Leo XIII 115

PAGE

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM
James Russell Lowell 124

DANIEL, JOHN WARWICK
Washington 144

DILLON, JOHN
On the Death of Gladstone 171

DOLLIVER, JONATHAN P.
Robert Emmet 174

EVERETT, EDWARD
Adams and Jefferson 181

FARRAR, FREDERIC WILLIAM
Ulysses Simpson Grant 198

FISKE, JOHN
Columbus the Navigator 206

FOCH, MARSHAL
Napoleon 219

GEORGE, HENRY
Moses 227

HAY, JOHN
William McKinley 244

HILLIS, NEWELL DWIGHT
John Ruskin 251

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN
In Memory of Mark Twain 262

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE
Voltaire 265

INGALLS, JOHN JAMES
Eulogy on Benjamin Hill 276

KAHN, OTTO HERMANN
Edward Henry Harriman 279

KENT, WILLIAM
Jenkin Lloyd Jones 297

PAGE

LAMAR, LUCIUS Q. C.
Charles Sumner 299

LAURIER, SIR WILFRID
On the Death of Queen Victoria 306

LEE, HENRY
Eulogy on Washington 313

LEMIEUX, RODOLPHE
Sir Wilfrid Laurier 315

LODGE, HENRY CABOT
Theodore Roosevelt 319

MATTHEWS, BRANDER
Edwin Booth 351

MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR
Alexander Hamilton 354

OLNEY, RICHARD
John Marshall 358

OSBORN, HENRY FAIRFIELD
John Burroughs 366

ROSEBERY, LORD
Robert Burns 375

SCHURZ, CARL
General Sherman 386

SCHWAB, CHARLES M.
Andrew Carnegie—His Methods with His Men . . 389

STETSON, FRANCIS LYNDE
Joseph Hodges Choate 398

VAN DYKE, HENRY
William Dean Howells: A Traveler from Altruria . 414

WATTERSON, HENRY
Abraham Lincoln 420

PAGE

WILLIAMS, JOHN SHARP
Thomas Jefferson 449

WISE, STEPHEN SAMUEL
Lincoln, Man and American 454

ILLUSTRATIONS

Edwin Anderson Alderman 6

Robert E. Lee 81

Newell Dwight Hillis 251

Charles M. Schwab 389

Henry van Dyke 414

INTRODUCTION

ELOQUENCE

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

The secret of eloquence eludes every attempt to discover it. Many writers, ancient and modern, have tried to tell the nature of it, or to instruct the ambitious youth in that which he covets as the art of all arts, the power of controlling the will of other men by the gift of speech. Cicero said the best things ever said about it. Perhaps Emerson has come next to him. Each was a great orator in his own way. But it is like poetry. When you have got the most comprehensive definition your attention is called to some example clearly outside your definition, which everybody will agree is genuine eloquence or genuine poetry. When you have studied carefully all the rules of the school and got by heart all the instruction of the professor, some untaught genius like Burns, or Patrick Henry, spontaneously, as a bird sings, eclipses all the trained masters.

A good style is an essential in an orator. It is acquired commonly by infinite labor and pains. To get it the scholar must have the benefit of the best masters and the severest criticism. He is told that to perfect himself he must study foreign tongues, must know how Cicero or Demosthenes handled a legal argument, or swayed a deliberative assembly. But when he has got through his study he finds himself beaten on his own ground by John Bright, or Erskine, or some Methodist or Hard-shell Baptist preacher from the backwoods.

For all that, it is true that training makes the orator. There will be no great orator, as there will be no great poet, with rare exceptions, who does not observe Horace's rule—

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

There have been natural orators who seem to have owed little to study. There have been a few famous speeches that were without premeditation. But the number of either is very small. Little that has been produced in that way keeps a permanent place in literature. In general, so far as eloquence is remembered, after the occasion that called it forth has gone by, or so far as anybody cares to read it afterward, it is like every other human accomplishment, the result of careful and laborious training. I have no doubt that the great natural orators of the world who have had no help from books or masters, and owe little to previous study, would all agree in lamenting their disadvantage and in envying their more fortunate rivals, whatever they may have done that was well done on the inspiration of an instant occasion. They would have done better if their faculties had been trained by study, and they would have done great things a hundred times as often. The great natural orators of the world are few in number, and each of them is remembered by one or by very few speeches only.

If the American youth aspires to this desirable accomplishment, which he is likely to desire beyond all others, he had better take Cicero or Quintilian, or the best writers or instructors in the art of oratory for his guide. He had better make careful preparation rather than trust himself to the inspiration of the sibyl, who will be quite unlikely to be at hand when most needed.

The longer I live, the more highly I have come to value the gift of eloquence. Indeed, I am not sure that it is not the single gift most to be coveted by man. To be a perfect and consummate orator is to possess the highest faculty given to man. He must be a great artist, and more. He must be a master of the great things that interest mankind. What he says ought to have as permanent a place in literature as the highest poetry. He must be able to play at will on the mighty organ, his audience, of which human souls are the keys. He must have knowledge, wit, wisdom, fancy, imagination, courage, nobleness, sincerity, grace, a heart of fire. He must himself respond to every emotion as an Eolian harp to the breeze. He must have—

An eye that tears can on a sudden fill,
And lips that smile before the tears are gone.

He must have a noble personal presence. His speech must be filled with music and possess its miraculous charm and spell—

Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

He must have the quality which Burke manifested when Warren Hastings said, "I felt, as I listened to him, as if I were the most culpable being on earth"; and which made Philip say of Demosthenes, "Had I been there he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself."

The orator has a present practical purpose to accomplish. If he fail in that he fails utterly and altogether. His object is to convince the understanding, to persuade the will, to set aflame the heart of the audience or those who read what he says. He speaks for a present occasion. Eloquence is the feather that tips his arrow. If he miss the mark he is a failure, although his sentences may survive everything else in the permanent literature of the language in which he speaks. What he says must not only accomplish the purpose of the hour, but should be fit to be preserved for all time, or he can have no place in literature, and but a small and ephemeral place in human memory.

The orator must know how so to utter his thought that it will stay. The poet and the orator have this in common. Each must so express and clothe his thought that it shall penetrate and take possession of the soul, and, having penetrated, must abide and stay. How this is done, who can tell? Carlyle defines poetry as a "sort of lilt." Cicero finds the secret of eloquence in a *lepos quidam celeritasque et brevitas,*[1] to borrow his words in the "De Oratore." One living writer, who has a masterly gift of noble and stirring eloquence, finds it in "a certain collocation of consonants." Why it is that a change of a single word, or even of a single syllable, for any other which is an absolute synonym in sense, would

[1] Wit, animation, and terseness.

ruin the best line in Lycidas, or injure terribly the noblest sentence of Webster, nobody knows. Curtis asks how Wendell Phillips did it, and answers his own question by asking how Mozart did it.

I have had great opportunities for hearing the best public speaking for the last fifty years. I have heard the great American orators at the pulpit and bar, in the Senate, and before political assemblies, and on literary occasions. I have heard Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and John Bright, and Gladstone, and Disraeli, each on great field days in the House of Commons, and I have heard Spurgeon and Guthrie in the pulpit. I have heard Webster, and Choate, and Kossuth, and Wendell Phillips, and James Walker. So possibly my experience and observation, although it came perhaps too late for my own advantage, may be worth something to others.

Every American youth, if he desire for any purpose to get influence over his countrymen in an honorable way, will seek to become a good public speaker. That power is essential to success at the bar or in the pulpit, and almost indispensable to success in public life. The rare men who have succeeded without it are the men who value it most.

The eye and the voice are the only and natural avenues by which one human soul can enter into and subdue another. When every other faculty of the orator is acquired, it sometimes almost seems as if voice were nine-tenths and everything else but one-tenth of the consummate orator. There are exceptions, of which Charles James Fox, the most famous debater that ever lived, is the best known. But it is impossible to overrate the importance to the orator's purpose of that matchless instrument, the human voice.

In managing the voice, the best tone and manner for public speaking is commonly that which the speaker falls into naturally when he is engaged in earnest conversation. Suppose you are sitting about a table with a dozen friends, and some subject is started in which you are deeply interested. You engage in an earnest and serious dialogue with one of them at the other end of the table. You are perfectly at ease. You forget yourself, you do not care in the least for your manner or tone of voice, but only for your thought. The tone you

adopt then will ordinarily be the best tone for you in public speaking. You can, however, learn from teachers or friendly critics to avoid any harsh or disagreeable fashion of speech that you may have fallen into and that may be habitual to you in private conversation.

Next, never strain your vocal organs by attempting to fill spaces which are too large for you. Speak as loudly and distinctly as you can easily, and let more distant portions of your audience go. You will find in that way very soon that your voice will increase in compass and power, and you will do better than by a habit of straining the voice beyond its natural capacity. Be careful to avoid falsetto, either in tone or style. Shun imitating the tricks of speech of other orators, even of famous and successful orators. These may do for them, but not for you. You will do no better in attempting to imitate the tricks of speech of other men in public speaking than in private speaking.

Never make a gesture for the sake of making one. I believe that most of the successful speakers whom I know would find it hard to tell you whether they themselves make gestures or not, they are so absolutely unconscious in the matter. But with gestures as with the voice, get teachers or friendly critics to point out to you any bad habit you may fall into. I think it would be well if our young public speakers, especially preachers, should have competent instructors and critics among their auditors after they enter their profession, to give them the benefit of such observation and appropriate counsel as may be suggested. If a Harvard professor of elocution could retain the responsibility for his pupils five or ten years after they get into active life, he would do a great deal more good than by his instruction to undergraduates.

So far I have been talking about mere manner. The matter and substance of the orator's speech must depend upon the moral and intellectual quality of the man. The great orator must be a man of absolute sincerity. Never advocate a cause in which you do not believe, or affect an emotion you do not feel. No skill or acting will cover up the want of earnestness. It is like the ointment of the hand which bewrayeth itself.

In my opinion, the two most important things that a young

man can do to make himself a good public speaker are: (1) Constant and careful written translations from Latin or Greek into English. (2) Practice in a good debating society.

It has been said that all the great parliamentary orators of England are either men whom Lord North saw, or men who saw Lord North; that is, men who were conspicuous as public speakers in Lord North's youth, his contemporaries, and the men who saw him as an old man when they were young themselves. This would include Bolingbroke and would come down only to the year of Lord John Russell's birth. So we should have to add a few names, especially Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright, and Palmerston. There is no great parliamentary orator in England since Gladstone died. A good many years ago I looked at the biographies of the men who belonged to that period who were famous as great orators in the Parliament or in court, to find, if I could, the secret of their power. With the exception of Lord Erskine and of John Bright, I believe every one of them trained himself by careful and constant translation from Latin or Greek, and frequented a good debating society in his youth.

Brougham trained himself for extemporaneous speaking in the Speculative Society, the great theater of debate for the University of Edinburgh. He also improved his English style by translations from the Greek, among which is his well-known version of the "Oration on the Crown."

Canning's attention while at Eton was strongly turned to extemporaneous speaking. They had a debating society in which the Marquis of Wellesley and Charles Earl Grey had been trained before him, in which they had all the forms of the House of Commons Speaker, Treasury benches, and an Opposition. Canning also was disciplined by the habit of translation.

Curran practiced declamation daily before the glass, reciting passages from Shakespeare and the best English orators. He frequented the debating societies which then abounded in London. He failed at first, and was ridiculed as "Orator Mum." But at last he surmounted every difficulty. It was said of him by a contemporary: "He turned his shrill and stumbling brogue into a flexible, sustained, and finely mod-

ulated voice; his action became free and forcible; he acquired perfect readiness in thinking on his legs; he put down every opponent by the mingled force of his argument and wit, and was at last crowned with the universal applause of the society, and invited by the president to an entertainment in their behalf." I am not sure that I have seen, on any good authority, that he was in the habit of writing translations from the Latin or Greek. But he studied them with great ardor, and undoubtedly adopted, among the methods of perfecting his English style, the custom of students of his day of translating from these languages.

Jeffrey joined the Speculative Society in Edinburgh in his youth. His biographer says that it did more for him than any other event in the whole course of his education.

Chatham, the greatest of English orators, if we may judge by the reports of his contemporaries, trained himself for public speaking by constant translations from Latin and Greek. The education of his son, the younger Pitt, is well known. His father compelled him to read Thucydides into English at sight, and to go over it again and again until he had got the best possible rendering of the Greek into English.

Macaulay belonged to the Cambridge Union, where, as in the society of the same name at Oxford, the great topics of the day were discussed by men, many of whom afterward became famous statesmen and debaters in the Commons.

Young Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield, translated Sallust and Horace with ease; learned great parts of them by heart; could converse fluently in Latin; write Latin prose correctly and idiomatically, and was specially distinguished at Westminster for his declamations. He translated every oration of Cicero into English, and back again into Latin.

Fox can hardly be supposed to have practiced much in debating societies, as he entered the House of Commons when he was nineteen years old. But it is quite probable that he was drilled by translations from Latin and Greek into English; and in the House of Commons he had in early youth the advantage of the best debating society in the world. It is said that he read Latin and Greek as easily as he read English. He himself said that he gained his skill at the expense of the

practice and adopted instead that of translating from the Greek.

It is often said that if a speech read well it is not a good speech. There may be some truth in this. The reader cannot, of course, get the impression which the speaker conveys by look, and tone, and gesture. He lacks that marvelous influence by which, in a great assembly, the emotion of every individual soul is multiplied by the emotion of every other. The reader can pause and dwell upon the thought. If there be a fallacy, he is not hurried away to something else before he can detect it. So also, his more careful and deliberate criticism will discover offenses of style and taste which pass unheeded in a speech when uttered. But still the great oratoric triumphs of literature and history stand the test of reading in the closet, as well as of hearing in the assembly. Would not Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, had it been uttered, have moved the Roman populace as it moves the spectator when the play is acted, or the solitary reader in his closet? Does not Lord Chatham's "I rejoice that America has resisted" read well? Do not Sheridan's great peroration in the impeachment of Warren Hastings and Burke's read well? Does not "Give me liberty or give me death" read well? Does not Fisher Ames' speech for the treaty read well? Do not Everett's finest passages read well?

There are a few examples of men of great original genius who have risen to lofty oratory on some great occasion who had not the advantage of familiarity with any great authors. But they are not only few in number, but, as I said before, the occasions are few when they have risen to a great height. In general, the orator, whether at the bar or in the pulpit or in public life, who is to meet adequately the many demands upon his resources, must get familiar with the images and illustrations he wants, and the resources of a fitting diction, by soaking his mind in some great authors who will alike satisfy and stimulate the imagination and supply him with a lofty expression. Of these, I suppose the best are, by common consent, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. To these I should myself by all means add Wordsworth. It is a maxim that the pupil who wishes to acquire a pure and simple style

should give his days and nights to Addison. But there is a lack of strength and vigor in Addison, which, perhaps, prevents his being the best model for the advocate in the court-house or the champion in a political debate. I should rather, for myself, recommend Robert South to the student. If the speaker, whose thought has weight and vigor in it, can say it as South would have said it, he may be quite sure that his weighty meaning will be expressed alike to the mind of the people and the apprehension of his antagonist.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

JANE ADDAMS

IN MEMORY OF HENRY LLOYD

The following address was delivered at a memorial meeting for Henry D. Lloyd held in Chicago. It not only pays tribute to that leading radical but also indicates Miss Addams' own attitude toward issues of reform. Miss Addams' speech "Seconding the Nomination of Roosevelt for President, 1912" is given in Volume VIII.

In the few minutes at our disposal I should like to speak of the passion for a better social order, the hunger and thirst after social righteousness which Mr. Lloyd's life embodied beyond that, perhaps, of any of his fellow-citizens.

Progress is not automatic; the world grows better because people wish that it should and because they take the right steps to make it better. Progress depends upon modification and change; if things are ever to move forward, some man must be willing to take the first steps and assume the risks. Such a man must have courage, but courage is by no means enough. That man may easily do a vast amount of harm who advocates social changes from mere blind enthusiasm for human betterment, who arouses men only to a smarting sense of wrong, or who promotes reforms which are irrational and without relation to his time. To be of value in the delicate process of social adjustment and reconstruction, a man must have a knowledge of life as it is, of the good as well as of the wrong; he must be a patient collector of facts, and furthermore he must possess a zeal for men which will inspire confidence and arouse to action.

I need not tell this audience that the man whose premature death we are here to mourn possessed these qualities in an unusual degree.

His search for the accomplished good was untiring. It

took him again and again on journeys to England, to Australasia, to Switzerland, wherever, indeed, he detected the beginning of an attempt to "equalize welfare," as he called it, wherever he caught tidings of a successful democracy. He brought back cheering reports of the "Labor Co-partnership" in England, through which the working men own together farms, mills, factories and dairies, and run them for mutual profit; of the people's banks in Central Europe, which are at last bringing economic redemption to the hard-pressed peasants; of the old-age pensions of New Zealand; of the "Country without Strikes" because compulsory arbitration is fairly enforced; of the national railroads in New Zealand, which carry the school children free and scatter the unemployed on the new lands.

His new book on "The Swiss Sovereign" is not yet completed, but we all recall his glowing accounts of Switzerland, "where they have been democrats for six hundred years and are the best democrats," where they can point to the educational results of the referendum, which makes the entire country a forum for the discussion of each new measure, so that the people not only agitate and elect, but also legislate; where the government pensions fatherless school children that they may not be crushed by premature labor. The accounts of these and many more successful social experiments are to be found in his later books. As other men collect coins and pictures, so Mr. Lloyd collected specimens of successful co-operation—of brotherhood put into practice.

He came at last to an unshaken belief that this round old world of ours is literally dotted over with groups of men and women who are steadily bringing in a more rational social order. To quote his own words:

"We need but to do everywhere what someone is doing somewhere." "We do but all need to do what a few are doing." "We must learn to walk together in new ways." His friends admit that in these books there is an element of special pleading, but it is the special pleading of the idealist who insists that the people who dream are the only ones who accomplish, and who in proof thereof unrolls the charters of national and international associations of working men, and open accounts of

municipal tramways, the records of coöperative societies, the cash balances in people's banks.

Mr. Lloyd possessed a large measure of human charm. He had many gifts of mind and bearing but perhaps his chief accomplishment was his mastery of the difficult art of comradeship. Many times social charm serves merely to cover up the trival, but Mr. Lloyd ever made his an instrument to create a new fascination for serious things. We can all recall his deep concern over the changed attitude which we, as a nation, are allowing ourselves to take toward the colored man; his foresight as to the grave consequences in permitting the rights of the humblest to be invaded; his warning that if in the press of our affairs we do not win new liberties that we cannot keep our old liberties.

He was an accomplished Italian scholar, possessing a large Italian library; he had not only a keen pleasure in Dante, but a vivid interest in the struggles of New Italy; he firmly believed that the United States has a chance to work out Mazzini's hopes for Italian working men, as they sturdily build our railroads and cross the American plains with the same energy with which they have previously built the Roman roads and pierced the Alps. He saw those fine realities in humble men which easily remain hidden to dull eyes.

I recall a conversation with Mr. Lloyd, held last September, during a Chicago strike, which had been marred by acts of violence and broken contracts. We spoke of the hard places into which the friends of labor unions are often brought when they sympathize with the ultimate objects of a strike, but must disapprove of nearly every step of the way taken to attain that object. Mr. Lloyd referred with regret to the disfavor with which most labor men look upon compulsory arbitration. He himself believed that as the state alone has the right to use force and has the duty of suppression toward any individual or combination of individuals who undertake to use it for themselves, so the state has the right to insist that the situation shall be submitted to an accredited court, that the state itself may only resort to force after the established machinery of government has failed. He spoke of the dangers inherent in vast combinations of labor as well

as in the huge combinations of capital; that the salvation of both lay in absolute publicity. As he had years before made public the hidden methods of a pioneer "trust" because he early realized the dangers which have since become obvious to many people, so he foresaw dangers to labor organizations if they substitute methods of shrewdness and of secret agreement for the open moral appeal. Labor unions are powerless unless backed by public opinion, he said; they can only win public confidence by taking the public into their counsels and by doing nothing of which the public may not know.

It is so easy to be dazzled by the combined power of capital, to be bullied by the voting strength of labor. We forget that capital cannot enter the moral realm, and may always be successfully routed by moral energy; that the labor vote will never be "solid" save as it rallies to those political measures which promise larger opportunities for the mass of the people; that the moral appeal is the only universal appeal.

Many people in this room can recall Mr. Lloyd's description of the anthracite coal strike, his look of mingled solicitude and indignation as he displayed the photograph of the little bunker boy who held in his pigmy hand his account sheet, showing that at the end of the week's work he owed his landlord-employer more than he did at the beginning. Mr. Lloyd insisted that the simple human element was the marvel of the Pennsylvania situation, sheer pity continually breaking through and speaking over the heads of the business interests. We recall his generous speculation as to what the result would have been if there had been absolutely no violence, no shadow of law-breaking during those long months; if the struggle could have stood out as a single effort to attain a higher standard of life for every miner's family, untainted by any touch of hatred toward those who did not join in the effort. Mr. Lloyd believed that the wonderful self-control which the strikers in the main exerted, but prefigured the strength which labor will exhibit when it has at last learned the wisdom of using only the moral appeal and of giving up forever every form of brute force. "If a mixed body of men can do as well as that they can certainly do better." We can almost hear him say it now. His ardor recalled the saying of a wise man,

"that the belief that a new degree of virtue is possible acts as a genuine creative force in human affairs."

Throughout his life Mr. Lloyd believed in and worked for the "organization of labor," but with his whole heart he longed for what he called "the religion of labor," whose mission it should be "to advance the kingdom of God into the unevangelized territory of trade, commerce and industry." He dared to hope that "out of the pain, poverty and want of the people there may at last be shaped a new loving cup for the old religion."

Let us be comforted as we view the life of this "helper and friend of mankind" that haply we may, in this moment of sorrow, "establish our wavering line."

O strong soul, by what shore
Dost thou now tarry? . . .
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN

WOODROW WILSON

This memorial address in honor of Woodrow Wilson was delivered by Dr. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, on December 15, 1924, before a joint session of the two houses of Congress. The President and his cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and the representatives of foreign governments were also present to pay tribute to the war president. Dr. Alderman's address is a revealing estimate of Woodrow Wilson, a notable eulogy of a great American, and an outstanding achievement in oratory. It has been published by Doubleday Page and Company. Other addresses by Dr. Alderman are printed in Volume I.

In his oration in memory of the Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War, Pericles commended the fitness of the Athenian public funeral, but doubted the wisdom of any speech, declaring that where men's deeds have been great they should be honored in deed only, and that the reputation of many should never depend upon the judgment or want of it of one, and their virtue exalted or not, as he spoke, well or ill. I can, in some faint measure, comprehend what was passing in the mind of the great Athenian as I stand here to-day, in this chamber which has often resounded with his own lucid eloquence, to seek to make clear in brief speech the character and achievements of Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States.

In the case of a statesman, all experience warns us not to attempt to fix his final place in history until the generation that knew him and loved him, or hated him, shall have passed away and a new generation, to whom he was not a familiar figure, shall have come upon the stage, capable of beholding him with eyes undimmed by emotion and judging him with

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN

minds unclouded by prejudice or by passion. Loyalty and duty and reverence none the less urge us to set down, while memory is clear and events are fresh, what we know of men upon whom their fellow men placed great burdens of power, to whom all races and nations turned in moments of peril and disaster, and upon whose decisions, from time to time, rested the courses of history. Woodrow Wilson was such a man; and, in such a spirit, I undertake to discover the sources of his power and to perceive the bases of his far-shining fame, more widespread about the earth in his lifetime than the fame of any of his predecessors in office, and more interwoven into the fabric of civilization than any of those who have gone before him, save Washington, the founder of the Republic, Jefferson, the fountain of its idealism, and Lincoln, the exemplar of its magnanimity and the preserver of its internal unity.

The presidential office constitutes one of the glories of the framers of our government and the presidential succession a miracle of good fortune in the hazard of democratic politics and a constant tribute to the sober instincts of popular judgment. The makers of the Constitution apparently forgot their fear of tyranny when they created the Presidency and seemed to proceed on the principle that if you place immense authority in a man's hands you kill his greed for usurpation and awake in him a magic capacity and a solemn purpose to transform his weaknesses into strength and his unworthiness into worthiness.

Some American Presidents have been commonplace men, but none of them has ever betrayed his trust or stained his honor; and from George Washington to the present hour the line of American Presidents has surpassed in character, ability, and devotion any line of kings and prime ministers known to me in modern history. They have not always been scholars. Indeed, few of them have been scholars, but when chosen—and the method of their choice sometimes bewilders the reflective and grieves the judicious—they have dug out of their latent forces and brought to bear upon their awful tasks such common sense, strong wills, noble industry, uprightness of purpose, that the great office still wears a more than imperial

quality to enrich the imagination, and to enlist the faith of mankind.

It would have been wiser to intrust this task of interpretation to one closer to Woodrow Wilson when he was the head of the state and his will shaped the destinies of men. Such was not my privilege. My qualifications are of a simpler and a more unpretentious nature. I studied the shorter catechism, a drastic, bracing moral tonic, with him in the Presbyterian Church of which his father, Joseph R. Wilson, was pastor, in the old city of Wilmington, N. C., my birthplace, where from time to time Thomas Woodrow Wilson would appear at home from college, to my younger eyes a tall, slender youth of curious homeliness, detachment, and distinction.

As a child, sitting in the pew of my father, who was an officer in that church, and looking into the finely moulded face of Joseph R. Wilson and listening to the words he spoke, I had my first perception that beauty and music and power to to move even young hearts lay in the English tongue when fitly joined to substantial thought and serious eloquence; and he has remained to me, as he did to his famous son, through the discipline of a generation of sermons, a standard of good preaching to which it is a delight and a comfort now and again to repair. The world owes a great debt to Joseph R. Wilson; for, though the son studied under many masters, none influenced him so strongly as his father, who bred in him an impatience of dullness and diffuse thinking, a precise sense of word values, a scorn of priggishness and formal piety, the power to proceed straight to the core of a subject under discussion, and to utter measured thoughts with a vigor and beauty that, in later days and on a grander stage, were destined to awaken the pride of his countrymen and to command the attention of the world.

I do the day's work at the University of Virginia, where Woodrow Wilson "learned the law and the reason thereof." It came to pass that we were associated in the task of training youth, and I became his friend by reason of the ties that bind men together in such endeavor; and further, because I thought I saw in him, in a new era in the evolution of American democracy, a promise of liberal leadership and of sym-

pathy that never slept for the disadvantaged men who bear the burdens of the world. The sturdiest romantic tradition of American public life has been the rise into power and fame of the youth who struggled up to his heights from humble and unlovely beginnings. The career of Woodrow Wilson is no part of such tradition, for his racial inheritances and cultural opportunities were about as strong and fine as an American youth can have. His forbears for eight generations belonged to the Scotch race, perhaps the most active of the intellectual aristocracies which govern the United States, modified in the direction of a kindling imagination and a quickened joy of life and battle by Celtic admixture and residence. His parents, his ancestors on both sides, and his associates on all sides were religious men and women of Presbyterian faith.

He was the son, as I have said, of a Presbyterian minister of such distinction that it was in his house that the Southern Presbyterian Church was organized when the Civil War came to rend even the religious life of the Nation. His mother was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister in Carlisle, England. He married, in his young manhood, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. His grandfather, Thomas Woodrow, for whom he was named, was a learned, doughty servant of God, and his uncle, James Woodrow, was a modern-minded Presbyterian minister, who, in his day, upheld stoutly against the allegation of heresy itself the banner of liberal thought and religious tolerance. His elementary and undergraduate education was under Presbyterian influences and in Presbyterian colleges—Davidson College, North Carolina, and Princeton, the college of New Jersey. Later, at the University of Virginia, in the study of the law, and at Johns Hopkins University, in the study of politics and jurisprudence, he was to broaden his training and to establish a just claim as the most carefully educated man whom the people of this democracy, somewhat wary of learning and fearful lest intellectual subtlety dull the edge of common understanding, ever dared to place at the head of the Government.

Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, and Woodrow Wilson, alone, of our long presidential line, issued out of the preacher's home into public life. Cleveland and Wilson may be called

the direct contributions of the Presbyterian manse to the Nation's service; and it is not without significance that the only two great successes, since 1860, of the Democratic Party, in which they now rank as titular saints, were achieved under their leadership. They were quite dissimilar in background and qualities, as a curious fate which opposed them to each other, face to face, in dour antagonism in later life made very clear, but alike in the firmness of their wills, the fixity of their conclusions, and the sensitiveness of their consciences. Surely, the great religious faith that sent forth these two American Presidents is justified of its children.

Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia, in the year 1856, in the middle period of the 19th century, and, with the exception of his undergraduate years at Princeton, the first twenty-nine years of his life were passed in five Southern States, in the study of literature, history, and jurisprudence. He did not obtain at any of the colleges in which he studied a high reputation as a technical scholar. There surrounds his college career a legend of mature culture, an impression of pursuing a steadfast aim in realms of thought not included in the curriculum, an air of self-reliance untouched by eccentricity or exclusiveness; for he could be gay and charming with the choicest of his fellows and bold and assertive enough in the rough and tumble of college affairs. He had a way, even in youth, of moving amid the things of the mind and of demeaning himself in the society of books as if they had always been friends of his and he knew where he was going with them. The habit of respecting his mind and using it sternly and reverently clung to him throughout life. The sum of the college tradition about him is that he was a high-minded, proud-spirited, reflective, ambitious youth, never sturdy of body, eager to learn about men and affairs, and intent upon putting learning to use in action. The era in which he grew to manhood and the mood of the society in which his formative years were passed did much to fashion his ideals and to determine his ambitions.

The echoes of the great debate over the nature of the Union filled the air, and the towering figures of Calhoun and Webster yet dominated the imagination of opposing political

schools. His early youth was passed away from, yet in the midst of, the tumult of the war which lay inherent in the logic of that debate. I am loath to praise any war, for all war is the collapse of human reason; but no sincerer war than this has occurred in human history. It was a war of ideals, of principles, of loyalty to ancient axioms of freedom, held dearer than life by both sides. The influence of the Civil War upon the youth of the man who was destined to be the Commander in Chief of all the forces of the undivided Republic in the greatest war of all time illustrates alike the calmness of his own mind and the sincerity of the mighty struggle itself. His people, post-revolutionary in American origin, had become Southern in sentiment. He records, with deep feeling, how the passing sight of the grave face and regnant figure of Robert E. Lee, long after the war, stirred the emotions of his young heart; but there was developed in him no fierce passion of sectionalism, but rather a stern and cool will to comprehend the historic forces at play within American life, and to direct those forces toward the fulfillment of the longings of democratic society.

He was of the group of young Southern-born men who knew the contributions of the South to American history, who had no apologies to offer for its part in the great struggle, ennobled by so much valor and self-sacrifice, but who felt that the South must again become whole-heartedly a part of the Federal Union it had done so much to establish. He saw about his hearthstone the faces of grim men who were subjected to such a test of manhood as our poor human nature has seldom been forced to endure. They were not men of the broadest social imagination, but they were men of intense and romantic loyalties to causes, and of an elevation of thought about the State as something to love and serve and not something to batten on or to profit by. War did not unfold to him in his far Southern home any of its marching splendors and waving banners. He saw only the filthy backwash of war, its ruin and its bitterness, cities in ashes, ignoramuses in power, revenge in action, and great leaders led away to imprisonment and obloquy.

It is true that he had heard the civil struggle ended upon a

sweet, clear note of "charity to all and malice to none"; and nothing in his life shows the balance of his mind better than his quiet perception of the fact that to his youth a challenge had come to help complete unfinished social and moral tasks, unpoisoned by hate and unwasted by vengeance. It might well have been within the Almighty's inscrutable purpose to give such a man such a preparation and such a social background for a supreme far-off test, when a distraught world would have sore need of the man of faith and will who would see clearly and reason accurately, and who would not falter or turn back when once he had set his feet upon a path.

Woodrow Wilson was twenty-nine years old when he quit the formal life of a college student. One may treat as negligible the single year he spent vainly seeking to use a mind absorbed in the philosophy of law and its application to government, in the gainful practice of that profession. The span of his life was yet to stretch over thirty-seven years, and he was to spend twenty-five of those years in teaching American youth politics and government in four different institutions of learning—Bryn Mawr College, Wesleyan College, Johns Hopkins University, Princeton University. Thus, the man who was to be intrusted with the most stupendous administrative task in American history, spent three fourths of his life as student, teacher, educational administrator, and writer of books. It was not the training adapted to equip for his work a prophet of force or a master of political intrigue; Ulysses would not have prescribed it for Telemachus nor Machiavelli for his prince, but I fancy that all of us who hold the democratic faith will one day be grateful for these studious, reflective years in the life of Woodrow Wilson, when he pondered over the comparative merit of forms of government and modes of culture, when his practical mind, with its adventurous and romantic passion for action, received unfolding for a mighty purpose.

It was in the still air of these laborious days that he reflected how to get things done after the fashion of his dreaming; when he nurtured enthusiasm for men and saw himself as their servant; when, looking deep into the life of the social organism, he saw that not ideas, but ideals, conquered men's

souls; when he learned calmness from Wordsworth, concentration of energy from Walter Bagehot, and with Edmund Burke discovered the real difference between a statesman and a pretender in the circumstance that one lives by the way and acts on expediency, the other lives on principles and acts for immortality; when he came to see faith as life's most substantial heroism and finally, pursuing a lonely road, gained a wide, luminous view of this world as a world ordered of God, moved by the tides of His spirit, and thus laid the basis of a fame, which one day

> Full high advanced,
> Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

Woodrow Wilson was the first professional teacher to pass almost directly from the classroom to the White House. Thousands of Americans to-day recall with gratitude his high gifts as a teacher; and as a fellow teacher, I would care to commemorate that element of his enduring service to his countrymen. To me and to the hosts of those who teach in this land, those quiet, busy years at Princeton, as a teacher, characterized by great personal happiness in a home of culture, of intense charm, energy, and growing insight, seem to constitute his real golden age. Large classes flocked to his lecture hall to applaud his varied knowledge and to gain from him new phases of life and truth. There was beauty in the cadences of his voice and power to arouse and persuade the intellect in the clarity and orderliness of his talk, brightened by bland humor and tingling wit. When he entered upon the presidency of Princeton, a new aspect of his qualities appeared. It was clear that he had thought deeply of the meaning of education and of universities, as moulding forces in a democracy. The problem of education was to him the problem of enriching the Nation's life with minds of maturity, integrity of character, and social sympathy. "What a man ought never to forget with regard to a college," he once said at Swarthmore, "is that it is a nursery of honor and principle." He inaugurated new principles of educational contact, which now lie at the core of the development, not alone

of his own university, but of all institutions of liberal culture in his country.

A dramatic struggle, marked by unusual phases of bitterness and ill will, characterized his administrative career at Princeton. Universities are little worlds in themselves, and, like the greater world about them, have a way of refusing to be reformed and of preferring to be let alone, or to be reborn into new aims and processes only under tremendous pressure and the passage of slow time. The total effect on him of all this academic warfare was the hardening of his resolution, the acquisition of formidable political skill to gain his ends, the arousing of his passion for democracy, and the fixing of his purpose to rescue the universities from material control. He was born to fight for the goodness which is at the heart of things, and this ideal quickly grew into an objective of freedom which caught the eye of the Nation at the precise moment when a great tide of liberal hope and opinion was flowing in and over a generation of self-satisfaction and contentment with things as they are. Unlike most cultivated Southerners of his generation, Woodrow Wilson had the impulse to write as well as to talk and became a writer of eminence fit to claim a place in the literature of his country along with Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln, and Roosevelt.

At twenty-nine he published his first book, "Congressional Government," a postgraduate thesis, revealing the actual operations of our government and outlining with a touch of genius his theory of the wisest and most efficient relation of the Executive to Congress. This book contained a definite system of political philosophy which he put into practice and to which he clung to the end of his career. In this respect a likeness to Thomas Jefferson appears, for each of them had developed, before he entered office, a definite theory of government and applied its doctrines to the solution of national problems. A series of six volumes on political and historical subjects—"Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics," "The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics," "Division and Reunion," "George Washington," "A History of the American People," "Constitutional Government in the United States," and five volumes of literary and social

studies—"An Old Master and Other Political Essays," "Mere Literature and Other Essays," "Free Life," "The New Freedom," "When a Man Comes to Himself"—came from his pen in these days. It is impossible to read these books without concluding that the guiding motive of all his studies pointed toward political life and the goal of political office.

The opportunity to enter politics seemed worlds away to the man who was writing "mere literature" of this quality in 1895:

> There is more of a nation's politics to be got out of its poetry than out of all its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions. Epics are better mirrors of manners than chronicles; dramas oftentimes let you into the secrets of statutes; orations stirred by a deep energy of emotion or resolution, passionate pamphlets that survive their mission because of the direct action of their style along permanent lines of thought, contain more history than parliamentary journals. It is not knowledge that moves the world, but ideals, convictions, the opinions or fancies that have been held or followed; and whoever studies humanity ought to study it alive, practise the vivisection of reading literature, and acquaint himself with something more than anatomies which are no longer in use by spirits.

In the year 1910 Woodrow Wilson withdrew from university direction and entered active politics. His last service to education was an effort, far from successful, to give to American universities what he considered a democratic regeneration in spirit, and to bring it about that the "voices of common men should murmur in their corridors." His first political declaration was an avowal that the time had come to reconceive the liberties of America, to break the dominance of cliques and machine, to confer on candidates for high office power and responsibility for leadership, to secure for all men a fairer adjustment of human relationships; and, further, that he was entering the field of politics in a new era, with no pledges to bind him and no promises to hinder him. Upon such a platform he was elected Governor of New Jersey, and in that office, and through his policies and principles, set forth in public speeches, this historian of his country, this Southern-born Scotch-Irish Presbyterian teacher, an awkward circumlocution but a deadly definition of stubborn idealism, became, in

1912, the nominee of the Democratic Party for President, received a great majority in the Electoral College, and became President of the United States on March 4, 1913.

In 1916 he was renominated and reëlected in the very midst of the greatest crisis in the secular history of mankind. I am conscious that I am summing up, in bald sentences, revolutionary transformations in the career and fortunes of an American citizen such as have seldom happened to any man in our annals, and never before to the teacher or scholar—the nearest approach in breathless action being the transfer of Abraham Lincoln from a main-street, second-story law office to unimagined burdens of authority. Both stories will forever enrich and adorn the epic of democracy.

Woodrow Wilson once said that the true teacher or the true artist or historian must always work for the whole impression. Working in this spirit, I cannot, at this time and place, attempt even to enumerate the legislative measures which, under his leadership, went forward in the Sixty-third Congress; but I venture to claim that no such well-thought-out program of financial, social, and industrial reform, no such inspiring spectacle of governmental efficiency and concentrated energy, no such display of fearless devotion to public interests, moving high above the plane of partisan advantage or of private gain, has been spread before the eyes of this generation as is afforded by the list of enduring enactments which crowned the accession to power of Woodrow Wilson; and I set up the further claim that a President had come upon the great scene at a time of one of those strange failures of government to redress public grievances, who had not only the will and purpose to change the note of industrial life in the Nation, and to halt the domination of American politics by its privileged financial interests, but also the sense of direction and skill to carry to some sort of fulfillment a policy of practical emancipation from materialism, and the restoration of equality of opportunity. The Congress that furnished the teamwork in this memorable period of legislative energy was admirable and intelligent; but leadership lay in the President, not by use of patronage or by social amenities, but by the

steady drive of intellectual force which his opponents within and without his party could not resist.

The new President concluded his first inaugural with these words:

> The Nation has been deeply stirred; stirred by a solemn passion, stirred by the knowledge of wrong, of ideals lost, of government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil. The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one. We know our task to be no mere task of politics, but a task which shall search us through and through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokesman and interpreter, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high course of action. This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!

Passionate sincerity shines out of these moving words. It was a spiritual moment in our history. Men were looking at life with kinder and juster eyes. A new spokesman of humanity endowed with power to diagnose the causes of domestic derangement had appeared in our politics, with a will and a purpose and a program. An eager and a nipping air seemed to blow away the atmosphere of materialism which had in varying degree hung over the Capital since Lincoln's day. Not since Jefferson had a leader with such a program dwelt at Washington. If in seventeen months a world war had not come to turn the thoughts of mankind to the defense of civilization itself, it is not immoderate to believe that the great reforms already inaugurated would have been followed by others equally vital, and the domestic policy of the Nation ordered in accordance with the best liberal thought of modern, self-governing communities.

But war came, apparently falling out of the blue, like some tragic drama of the high gods, upon a busy and peaceful people, bent upon working out here in a favored land some scheme of life by which every man should have the liberty, without hindrance, to be what God made him. In reality, there had arrived

the moment of explosion of confined passions and forces long gathering through the ages, the awful fruitage of centuries of human greed and incompetence, of malignant nationalistic ambitions, of scientific progress diverted from high ends to purposes of destruction, of vain and feeble puppets in places of power, of a European polity based on fear and balance of power, rather than reason and concert of action. In the twinkling of an eye, our gain-getting age became a brawling age of terror and revolution, to be thought of hereafter as the end of an old epoch and the beginning of a new epoch in human annals.

It has been often predicted that this greatest drama in history must needs be one day really written as a drama by some Æschylus who will paint the darkening sky, the rushing of the wind, the tension of the time, as catastrophe leapt to catastrophe, the movements of the bewildering antagonists amid the muttering of the storm and the lightning. In such a drama alone could one hope to find a just portrait of the peace-loving figure of the American scholar President, as he lifts his shoulders to the burdens, seeks to readjust his mind and nature, absorbed in purposes of new freedom for common men, to the tasks of the dreadful hour, and with tragic loneliness and patience grapples with events.

I saw President Wilson for the last time in the fullness of his strength on the evening of April 2, 1917. He was standing at this desk, speaking the momentous words which were to lead this democracy into war, and to teach all free peoples, then bewildered and depressed, the meaning of the conflict, and to lift up their hearts. All mankind was his audience. The air of this hall was tense with emotion, and the dullest sensed the historic significance of the great scene. There were then etched into my mind, in lines never to be erased, the face and form and manner of Woodrow Wilson—the lithe figure, the bony structure of the forehead, the lean, long visage as a covenanter, somber with fixed purpose. The culture of generations was in his tones, the scholar's artistry in his words, the inheritance of a gentleman's breeding in his manner, and calm courage in his discerning eyes. I was somehow reminded of the unbending lineaments and figure of Andrew Jackson, whom Woodrow Wilson resembled physically; and, in the very soul

of him, morally exhibiting the same grim resolution, as of a stranger to the fear that weaklings feel.

The direction of American affairs, as the Republic swept into the current of the World War, was in the hands of a liberal statesman, bred of democracy, firm of will, jealous of his country's honor, gifted with power to argue with cogency, capable of seeing far ahead the movements of social progress, incapable of fear, unmoved by passion or greed of conquest, intent upon justice, dreaming of peace and the righting of immemorial wrongs. I do not intend a résumé of the events of the two years and eight months intervening between the onset of war and the entrance of America into the struggle, but rather an analysis of what Prof. L. P. Jacks, a thoughtful English scholar to whom I am indebted for a better understanding of Woodrow Wilson, once called the "war mind" of Woodrow Wilson. To have taken any other primary step than the issuance of a declaration of neutrality in August, 1914, would have been the act of a madman or a superman, and Mr. Wilson was merely the trustee of the most powerful country on earth hitherto dedicated to the tradition of its own nonintervention in foreign affairs and the noninterference of European nations in cisatlantic problems.

The country was unfamiliar with European complications and unaware of the new international position decided for them, in Theodore Roosevelt's words, by fate and the march of events. Even the intellectuals who grasped the truth that the war was a conflict between two opposing schools of civilization would have been shocked by any other initial policy than the policy of neutrality. Military glory as an end in itself held no lure for President Wilson and no power to confuse his judgment, as his course in Mexico and his Mobile declaration had shown. I have little doubt as to where lay his sympathies from the first hour of the conflict, but he was not the man in a position of vast responsibility to be swayed by sympathy or prejudice or self-interest. Rather, he was the man, careless of fleeting judgments, to seek the position of moral responsibility imposed upon the United States and to so place its power at the service of mankind that other ages would hold it in grateful remembrance. I have read the speeches of Pres-

ident Wilson from the beginning of the war to its end, and I find in them an amazing strength and unity. I am not troubled by the inconsistency of his early advocacy of peace and his later proclamation of "force to the limit," for there is no inconsistency.

As Lincoln with supreme wisdom planted his policy not on slavery but on union, Woodrow Wilson with a similar greatness tied his policy to the idea that the United States, the most powerful of all States, should be a servant, a minister, a friend, not a master among the nations. Never before in the history of mankind has a statesman of the first order made the humble doctrine of service to humanity a cardinal and guiding principle of world politics. As long as he thought this principle was best served by neutrality, we kept out of the war. The long series of diplomatic papers, the patience that endured the barbarism of the *Lusitania* and bore without flinching the contumely of foes and the misgivings of friends, may justly be thought of as mere incidents in the evolution of this great idea. When at last the insolent brutality of the renewal of submarine warfare taught him that force alone could advance his doctrine, he took us into war. His much derided Notes to the Imperial German Government deserve rank among the enduring documents of international history and constitute one of the most decisive arguments ever addressed to the conscience of civilization, to illustrate the solemn hesitation that ought to mark the course of rulers who carry nations into war, to give proof that in such a collapse of civilization at least one nation should retain its poise, and to unite his countrymen while he taught the world.

When on March 5, 1914, before the war, in discussing the Panama tolls, he said, "We are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined a reading the words of our own promises, just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please," he made clear all that subsequently possessed his mind. When a year later he said, "We do not want anything that does not belong to us. Is not a nation in that position free to serve other nations?" he revealed the heart of his policy; and so when, on the memorable night of April 2d, he asked Congress

to acknowledge a state of war, it was to a crusade, not to a war, that his statesmanlike policy had brought his countrymen; and they could not doubt that the diplomatic victory was his, the moral victory was his, that a mighty people were behind him, that the leadership of mankind rested where democracy on a continental scale had begun, in the American Republic.

In December, 1916, the President had sought through a statement by each side of its war aims to discover if any basis of peace might be found. This inquiry exhibited diplomatic genius of the first order, for it enraged the Germans and aided the Allies to consolidate their moral position before the world. The great achievement was obscured for a moment by a storm of obloquy from superheated patriots who misread the grim humor and misinterpreted his precise language when he declared that all sides, according to their own general statement to their own people, had the same aims.

Again, on January 22, 1917, Mr. Wilson for the last time sought mediation in a speech in which he defined the fundamental conditions of a permanent peace. No greater state paper than this exists in the records of modern states. The result of this masterstroke was to bring us nearer war, but also nearer to lasting peace, to establish him still more closely as the one dispassionate voice of mankind, and again to bring upon him an outburst of condemnation for his noblest pre-war utterance in which he used, but explained none too skillfully, the phrase "peace without victory," by which he meant that only a reconciled Europe could be a tranquil and stable Europe, and that community of power must succeed balance of power.

Still preoccupied with the thought of lasting peace, Mr. Wilson appeared before the Congress in the early winter of 1918, at the darkest moments of the allied fortunes, and formulated fourteen points of peace. These generalizations were almost revolutionary in their scope and idealism and ultimately formed the general basis of the peace to be drafted; but they carried, too, a political adroitness aiming directly at putting an end to the fighting. They planted new seeds of aspiration and new hopes of justice between nations in the minds of men; and it is not easy to ostracize such ideas. Its timeliness, as well as

its strength, gives to this document a place among the great charters which have marked the progress of mankind. Our other great papers, the Declaration, the Farewell Address, Virginia Bill of Rights, the Constitution, were local or continental in their application. This paper, and the complementary addresses followed it, aimed at nothing less than to endow the broken and weary nations with a new order and a new life. Desperate peoples for an hour looked into the shining face of Hope, and had sight of an old heaven and a new earth arising out of horror but ennobled by the self-sacrifice of millions. In Burke's vivid phrase, he was now the Lord of the Ascendant; his speeches had the strength of battalions along the front of battle; his voice was the voice of free peoples; and all over the earth, in the great capitals, among the tribes of the desert, in the islands of the sea, men felt the moulding of his thought and sensed the grandeur of his aims.

The conversion of American energies into war energies, the transformation of the American spirit and philosophy of life into war spirit and war philosophy, the actual throwing into the furnace of modern war, across 3,000 miles of sea, the resources of men and money and resolution of the American people, takes rank among the greatest practical enterprises of mankind. It may well be conceded that mistakes were made and that judgments went wrong; but "it is the grim silence of facts that counts." Millitary experts impartially chosen, not political generals, commanded armies in this war. No congressional committees, as in former wars, directed its strategy and confused its processes. No serious bickerings or scandals or conflicts marred the unity of its course. Far-seeing fiscal and economic legislation gave steadiness to the Nation in the vast undertaking. Men and materials flowed to the armies in the field. The genius of the army and navy displayed itself in war. The genius of the President struck down the enemy morale and laid the foundations of peace. No democracy in history and few autocracies have ever given such an exhibition of efficient coöperation or earned such triumphant success.

The logic of events, to which Wilson's matchless skill in exhortation and argument had contributed so much, now decreed that in ten months ancient dynasties would abdicate and flee,

and that under American leadership the mighty war would come to an end, an armistice would be declared, and a peace conference come into being. Long generations hence we shall warm our hearts at the fire of the glory that then shone about this Republic, won for it by the steadfast mind of its President, the unity of its people, the disinterestedness of its purposes, and the valor of its youth unafraid to die.

On December 12th the *George Washington,* steaming through long lines of gray battleships over a gray sea amid the roar of guns and shoutings, dropped anchor at Brest, and an American President, for the first time, appeared in Europe to take part in a parliament of nations assembled to determine for years to come the course of history. Whether he should have gone at all, or only once, or by whom he should have been accompanied is a sea of fascinating but futile conjecture, upon which I shall not embark. Woodrow Wilson was not a master of manipulating men or of dramatizing himself, but a master and in some sense a slave of ideas and ideals. It seemed to him that it was his moral responsibility, under God, to go to Europe, heedless of the rocks ahead of him and the whirlpools behind him. It was a fearful responsibility to assume, for all the peace congresses of civilization, from Westphalia and Vienna to Paris, had satisfied nobody and had generally broken their creators. This congress was the gigantic legatee of the failures of all past congresses, and in none of these congresses of the past did any one man, not Talleyrand or Metternich or Disraeli or Bismarck, ever occupy a position of such terrible greatness.

I am sure Aristotle's fine summary of tragedy must often have visited his mind as his ship wended her way across the seas:

> Tragedy, in its pure idea, shows us a mortal will engaged in an unequal struggle with destiny, whether that destiny be represented by the forces within or without the mind. The conflict reaches its tragic issue when the individual perishes; but, through his ruin, the disturbed order of the world is restored and the moral forces reassert their sway.

Three underlying ideas and purposes, all born of American daring and American experience, guided his mind and drove

him on. The first was faith in the whole kindling length and logic of democracy itself; faith in men, faith in the supremacy of spiritual force, given new sacredness by what he saw about him of suffering and death. The second was the essential democratic idea of the right of men everywhere to determine their own affairs. The third was the idea of coöperation of peoples, the partnership of opinion among democratic nations, which once had welded discordant states in a new world into a Federal Union, and might again weld discordant peoples in an old world into a parliament of man.

For six months, at the Congress of Paris, in an alien air surcharged with cynicism and suspicion, almost single-handed he fought for these principles, buoyed and sustained in the first period of his struggle by high tides of hope and faith that surged up to him out of the bruised hearts of peoples who trusted him to lead them over the failure of brute force into God's peace, and in the second period buffeted by the ebb tides of fading enthusiasm, of disintegrating unity, of selfish dominion, and ancient fears.

He had gone to Paris with the "fourteen points of peace," accepted alike by his Allies and by the Central Powers as the basis for the coming settlement. The "fourteen points" lived in his mind as a doctrine of international justice, and the League of Nations was an integral part thereof, conceived as the medium to interpret and administer those principles of justice, and to introduce into the relations of modern states the idea of organic international coöperation based on reason. No man could have achieved this program in its entirety or secured a perfect peace of justice at Paris. Statesmanship of the most transcendent form could not have diagnosed, much less healed, that tremendous ailment of the world. The Versailles treaty, though a huge advance over any one of the five great treaties since Westphalia in sympathy and counsel with the peoples concerned, in the redress of bitter wrongs, in consideration for the weak and thought of the future, proved to be not God's peace. It was a peace shot through with the fear and resentment of suffering and ill-used men; a settlement corrupted by previous bargains among the Allied Powers made under the lure of traditional policies and the stern necessities

of war and inconsistent with the high purpose of the charter which Wilson had presented for the guidance of the congress.

When the odium of nations and races began to beat upon him because he could not perform a task beyond mortal achievement, Wilson saw himself confronted with the alternative of world-wide chaos and disintegration or an imperfect peace with the League of Nations. He could not, with his vast sense of political and social institutions, postpone by headstrong and willful conduct the normal and peaceful ordering of men's lives.

Woodrow Wilson was not a revolutionist. Political reform by "red ruin and the breaking up of laws" was not in his blood. He chose the League of Nations, surrendering, in the anguish of compromise, such portions of his doctrine of international justice as he could not get. I am of those who believe that he gained more than he sacrificed at Versailles, and I know that he alone among mortal men could have salvaged out of that sea of passion the League of Nations, the bravest and most reasonable effort to rationalize national relations in political history. The statement sometimes made that he fell, beaten down by the superior adroitness and intelligence of his European colleagues, is a piece of analysis entitling its author to a high place in any hierarchy of inferior minds. What was liberal in the Versailles treaty Wilson's faith and courage helped to put there. What was reactionary he fought against to the limit of his strength and accepted only to gain an instrument which he believed had in it power to purge and correct.

He had the heart to match the moral hopes of mankind against their passions. He sought to give the 20th century a faith to inspire it and to justify the sacrifice of millions of lives; and if there was failure, in Jan Smuts's words, it was humanity's failure. To make him, the one and undaunted advocate of those hopes, the scapegoat of a world collapse is to visit upon him injustice so cruel that it must perish of its own unreason. Therefore, I do not envisage Woodrow Wilson as a failure as he came back to these shores bearing in his hands the covenant of the league and the imperfect treaty itself. I envisage him rather as a victor and conqueror as he returned to America, unstained by sordidness or dishonor, unsurpassed in moral

devotion, and offering to his country leadership in the broadest and worthiest cause in all the story of human struggle for a better life. What statesman in the history of world adjustment in defense of a code of shining, if unattainable, idealism had ever borne himself more stoutly or battled with such foes or achieved with so little support at home or abroad, so astounding a result?

When President Wilson first sailed for Europe in December, 1918, American sentiment, irrespective of party, generally approved his declared purpose to incorporate in the treaty of peace some sort of league covenant. The heart of the time was then in tune with the age-old dream. The President of the United States had a right to assume that the American people were behind him on the issue of the League of Nations, notwithstanding the adverse verdict of the electorate on his general policies. Eight years before, in 1910, in his Nobel lecture, Theodore Roosevelt himself said:

> It would be a master stroke if those great Powers honestly bent on peace would form a league of peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others. The man or statesman who should bring about such a condition would have earned his place in history for all time and his title to the gratitude of all mankind.

A list of eminent Americans of all parties then in line with that pronouncement in 1918 would be an illuminating contribution to the higher impulses of that era.

When he returned a different spectacle met his eyes. The great cause for which he had even then given his life had become confused with a group of political policies given by his enemies the generic name of Wilsonism, and about this raged the wrath, despair, and hatred of the overstrained time. The tired warrior of the common good, who had kept the faith, fought the fight, and won a victory, instead of hearing the acclaim of his own people, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," saw himself ringed about with foes of mind to rend and destroy him.

I cannot give time here to determining whether Wilson himself was to blame, in tactical judgment alone, or how much he

was to blame for the change in American opinion; nor do I deny that honest men opposed the league and the treaty; nor do I undertake the task of apportioning with nice justice the responsibility for the cauldron of heat and "swelter'd venom" of deadlock and indecision, of partisanship and passion, in which for weary months this largest question of modern times boiled and bubbled. Other ages will make that solemn appraisement. I may be permitted the reflection that something less of malice in the hearts of his enemies, and something more of compromise in his own heart, and something more of political genius and firm purpose in the hearts of those who held the faith, and there might have been another world!

I have lately been reading, and I wish all of his countrymen might one day quietly read, the thirty speeches made by the President on that fateful Western tour which he undertook in September, 1919, in order to secure from the American people the stamp of approval which he desired for his work in Europe, and which the American Senate was unwilling to give. There is no series of political speeches, made under circumstances of such strain, in our annals attaining a higher level of oratory and exposition. He was forewarned, as he fared forth, that his life might be the forfeit of his enterprise. He replied, "I would forfeit my life to attain the end I seek," and he meant it; for he was incapable of melodramatic pose, and the consecration of that statement runs like a thread of gold through the sustained appeal.

Undeterred by the stabbing of physical pain and failing strength, Woodrow Wilson here reveals the scope and depth of his conviction that national isolation for America or any country is forever ended; that the outlawry of war is democracy's next great task; that suicide hovers over civilization in the present system of the relation of states and the present potentialities of destructive warfare; that the hour has struck for the creation of an instrument to gather behind it the organized manhood of the world, bent upon evolving a clearer international conscience, a firmer international law substituting reason for passion in human affairs, and that the covenant of the League of Nations is such an instrument if mankind will but adapt it to its uses. This is the Wilsonism that the quiet

justice of humanity will remember throughout the ages. But all this force and eloquence and martyrdom were to avail nothing. Woodrow Wilson fell stricken as if in battle at Pueblo, Colorado, on September 25, 1919, and came home shorn of his unmatched strength to persuade and move the hearts of his countrymen.

The American Senate, in the plain discharge of its constitutional duty, discussed the treaty for a period of eight months, during five months of which period the President struggled against mortal illness, rejected it on March 20th, and elected to remain outside the first organized scheme of international coöperation in modern history.

The last words spoken to the people at Pueblo by the President were these:

> Now that the mists of this great question have cleared away, I believe that men will see the truth, eye to eye and face to face. There is one thing that the American people always rise to and extend their hand to, and that is the truth of justice, liberty, and peace. We have accepted that truth, and it is going to lead us, and through us the world, out into pastures of quietness and peace such as this world never dreamed of before.

The prophecy of the stricken advocate of reason has not yet come true. There are those who hope and believe that it will never come true. It is not seemly that I should here attempt any controversial discussion; but I should lack the courage of the man I seek to interpret if I did not, as an American citizen, cry out, even in this chamber, God grant that it may come true and gain new authority to protect mankind against its imminent dangers.

It is commonly said that the historic rank of Woodrow Wilson is wrapped up in the destiny of the covenant; that if it fails, his rank will be merely that of one more radiant spirit whose reach exceeded his grasp, and if it succeeds, his apotheosis in history is secure. I find the formula too glib and automatic for the forces and ideas it presumes to envelop. Apotheosis and immortality are weighty words that ill fit our poor flesh, so foredoomed to the iniquity of earthly oblivion; but surely the fame of Woodrow Wilson does not rest upon an

instrument the orderly growth of which into final usefulness may so change its structure and modify its form as to cause it to become another and an even better instrument. It depends upon an unconquerable idea, so greatly conceived and set forth that it must continue to grow and is now growing into new and finer form, and his fame must grow with it into whatever bright renown it may attain.

Posterity will be eager to have knowledge of the personality and the silent qualities of a statesman set apart to play such a rôle in the world's affairs. I shall picture him as I knew him—not the Wilson whom mankind will remember as the stern war leader of a mighty nation; but another Wilson, known to me—a Wilson of sprightliness and humor and handsome courtesy, of kindly countenance and fascinating conversation with power to "beguile you into being informed beyond your worth, and wise beyond your birthright." The sensitive shyness and reserve that clings to men who cannot capitalize their personal advantages to win friends clung to him. Intimacies were sacred relations to his spirit, but these intimacies could not overflow into inveterate amiability. He did not wear his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at; but tenderness governed his demeanor with those he trusted; and he wore about him a quiet grace of dignity.

Woodrow Wilson was a deeply religious man. Men who do not understand the religious spirit need not even try to understand him. No man in supreme power in any nation's life, since Gladstone, was so profoundly penetrated by the Christian faith. He was sturdily and mystically Christian. He took God Almighty in earnest as the Supreme Reality, and he carried Him into his home and saw His immanence and guidance in private and public life. He had the habit of prayer, and he read and reread the English Bible. Through all his speeches flamed the glory of an insistent belief that morality and politics should march hand in hand. Many of his tendencies, perhaps the most of them that occasioned debate and censure, sprang from his pragmatic belief in God. There was actually such a thing as God's will to this man; and when he thought he had divined that will, he knew the right, the absolute right, and he was prepared to stand on that, if friends deserted him or he

parted company with friends, if applause came or if the blow fell. "Interest divides men; what unites them is the common pursuit of right," was one of his great utterances, and not unlike the stout-hearted old mediæval bishops, he stood ready to wield sword or bludgeon if the foe showed his face. "God save us from compromise." "Let's stop being merely practical, and find out what's right," were phrases often on his lips.

It was the Christian philosophy at work in his spirit that placed him almost instinctively on the side of the common man and against the privileged and the powerful. Wilson could be, and sometimes was, aloof and unrelenting to this or that friend or foe; but mankind, in the mass, never failed to soften his spirit and awaken his emotions. He would have gone to the stake to protect mankind, as a whole, from tyranny and injustice; but the ambitions of any individual man, even a friend, stirred him slightly. His greatest defect as a leader of men was this shrinking from human contacts at close range. When he had proved the rightness of his case and stated it boldly, a strange moral fastidiousness and loyalty to the overlordship of reason prevented him from seeking to win men to his side by talking it over in whispers or by sweet and soothing persuasiveness. As Augustine Birrell said of Carlyle, "It seemed to him to be his duty to teach, not to tickle mankind." This inhibition left him a master of ideas, but not a master of using men, and substituted admiration and respect for love and enthusiasm in the nature of the mass of his followers.

Wilson evoked no such popular devotion as did Henry Clay or James G. Blaine or Theodore Roosevelt. Men of his prophetic quality rarely do. Edmund Burke once said of Charles James Fox, with a deep sigh, "He was made to be loved." That sigh often, no doubt, stirred in Woodrow Wilson's heart. He was a selfless man in so far as personal glory or profit was concerned. It was "perfection, not renown" that allured him. It was God's praise, not men's praise, that gave him strength. The ambition which drove him to preëminence was the ambition to create new ideals or to reillumine old, neglected ones. Intellectually, he does not belong with Kant or Burke or Hamilton or John Marshall; but he had a brain of high order, functioning in a different atmosphere and a broader field, a

brain which worked straight and quick; and he suffered ill, at the hands of fools and those of untidy minds. I should call his greatest mental gifts the power to look into the future, to assemble facts, to marshal his propositions in due order, to generalize fairly, and to state his interpretations with such terseness and soundness that they sank into minds that listened.

As an Executive, he was not an incarnation of action like Napoleon or Roosevelt. The lightning decision was not after his manner; but his industry was tireless, his judgment of men sound, and his mind did its own thinking, and men could not frighten or deceive or cajole him. The possession of a tenacious memory enabled him to keep the whole before him, to dispense with threshing around, and to dread irrelevance and bombast. No dogmatism or abruptness controlled his relations to men who approached his problem from the same angle. He gave his entire trust to those who worked with him, defended them against injustice, and upheld them against slander or misrepresentation.

The world used to be full of people busy in discerning, imagining, and cataloguing the faults of Woodrow Wilson. Dogmatist and hermit, rhetorician and pacifist, egocentric and ingrate, dreamer and drifter were some of the milder coinages of his more civil and restrained enemies. Well, he had his faults. I am not here to portray or to defend his faults. Some of them were protective devices to conserve physical strength, and others lay buried deep in the impulses in his blood; but inhibitions born of pride and courage and high ambition are such as nations learn to forget and to forgive, and even to love and cherish. Posterity is incurious about the minor faults of its heroes. England does not concern itself with the flaws of Nelson and William Pitt. Men do not remember Andrew Jackson's stubbornness and prejudice. They recall only the fury and fire of his purpose to preserve the Federal Union.

His countrymen will not forever remember the volubility and histrionic arts of Theodore Roosevelt, but they will never let die the memory of the valiant force of him penetrating the Nation's spirit, increasing the sum of its energies, awakening

youth to high adventure, and stridently proclaiming the glory of upright living. They do not tattle about Washington's blazing profanity at Monmouth, but see his stately figure riding into the storm of battle beneath the tattered flag of a new nation he would fain bring into the world. They do not whisper about Lincoln's choice of companions or his taste in anecdotes or his cunning in politics; but they read incised on white marble walls the sacred poems which his literary genius has left to posterity, behold him in the night watches correcting his mistakes and using even his humility as a sword with which to carve out the victory of his cause. And so it will be with Woodrow Wilson in the long perspective of the years. The destiny in his blood decided that he should possess—

> The unconquerable will . . .
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome.

He had the thirst for fame and human remembrance that belongs to all great natures. It was not easy for him to forget or to forgive. The pride of righteousness sometimes froze the more genial currents of his soul, but he was willing to die, and did die, to guarantee to humble men a fairer chance in a juster world, and therefore the savage assaults of his enemies will shrivel into the insignificance of Horace Greeley's editorials against Lincoln's policies, or the futility of the early century pamphleteers against Thomas Jefferson as iconoclast and antichrist, and his mere detractors will themselves either attain a repellent fame as detractors of greatness or else they will pass out of memory and no one will ask

> Who or what they have been
> More than he asks what waves
> Of the midmost ocean have swelled,
> Foamed for a moment and gone.

The four closing years in the life of Woodrow Wilson were harsh, unheroic, uninspiring years in public affairs, such as generally follow the emotional climaxes of war, and it is a commonplace to describe them as years of personal tragedy to him. A

vast disillusionment, a chaos miscalled peace, a kind of shamefacedness and cynicism in the recollection of its dreams and faith in the triumph of moral ideals, seemed to hold the nation and the world in its grasp. As far as Woodrow Wilson himself was concerned, it is well perhaps not to confuse the bodily pain, the palsied side, and all the cold malignities of the time with the essential meaning of those years. Adversity had been wanting in his career, and now it was come upon him, and he was to have acquaintance with its sublime refinement, and the country was to gain knowledge of its power to smite the hearts of just men with love for the baffled fighter who had known none too much of popular affection in his career of self-reliant conquest.

He carried his head high in the dying days of his public service, omitting no duty his strength could bear, meeting the gracious courtesy of his successor at the end with an equal courtesy, as they rode away from the White House, so deeply associated in American history with memories of sorrow and pain, as well as pomp and power, while unseen of human eyes to each of them alike "tragedy with sceptred pall comes sweeping by."

In the days left to him as the first private citizen of the Republic, unlike Burke, he did not waste his strength in windy opposition or factious controversy. He wrote no memoirs. "With my historical sense, how could I be my own biographer?" he said. He exploited in no way his wide fame, uttered no complaint, suffered no pity, displayed no vainglory. It was as if a great gentleman, "weary of the weight of this unintelligible world," sought his peace at last in a quiet home luminous with love and perfect care, and shut out at last from the noises and the storm. From this sanctuary, day by day, it was given him to behold the processes of his own immortality, as simple men and women gathered about his home and perceived in his wan image the poignant symbol of their great days and the historic link forever binding them to noble enthusiasms.

The very depth and dignity of his silence won through to the imagination of men, and when he spoke, the world stood at attention heartened to have knowledge that his high hopes for mankind were undimmed, and that there was no faltering

in that firm faith of his that liberty guided by reason and not by force was the contribution of his century to human advancement. I doubt not that regrets came to vex his mind for lost opportunities that might have been better used as he reviewed the pageant of his days in that long sequestered time; but a durable satisfaction fortified his soul, that even the devil's advocate must bear witness that—

> He had loved no darkness,
> Sophisticated no truth,
> Allowed no fear.

A grace which his heart craved came in the exaltation and excitement of a valiant new generation on the march, intent to light its torches at the still burning fire of his purpose to substitute for the arbitrament of war and death the reign of law, to restore to the land of his love and his loyalty its surrendered ascendancy, and to guarantee to the principles he had fought for eternal validity. The puzzle and complex of his dual nature seemed at last to fall into a mould of simplicity and consistency.

We die but once, and we die without distinction if we are not willing to die the death of sacrifice. Honor and distinction come only as rewards for service to mankind.

Thus Woodrow Wilson had spoken in the days of his strength to high-hearted American youth, and now, broken in body but crowned with bays, he could of right claim the supreme distinction as his very own! And so even as death enfolded him in its shadows, men paused in their busy lives and came to comprehend that a man of great faith had lived in their era, akin in heart and blood to John Milton and John Hampden, Mazzini, and Luther, that a prophet had guided their country and stirred the heart of mankind in an hour of destiny, and that an incorruptible liberal aflame with will to advance the slow ascent of man had joined those whom men call immortal and stood among that high fellowship,

> Constant as the Northern Star
> Of whose true, fixed, and lasting quality,
> There is no fellow in the firmament.

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

(SINCE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH)

ALFRED LYTTELTON

Herbert Henry Asquith was born on September 12, 1852. He was president of the Union at Oxford where he won distinction as a scholar and impressed everyone with his intellectual power and promise. He won success at the bar, entered parliament in 1886 and in 1892 entered Gladstone's cabinet. From that time he has been constantly in public life, his service as prime minister from 1908 to 1916 covering some of the stormiest contests of English domestic politics and the opening years of the Great War. He was created Earl of Oxford and Asquith in 1925. Ready and incisive in debate, sensible and forcible in argument and exposition, Mr. Asquith has also an extraordinary gift of condensed and impressive statement which expresses emotion with restrained but unusual power. His great war speeches are given in Volume XII. The first of the following addresses, the tribute to Alfred Lyttelton, delivered in the House of Commons, July 7, 1913, is surely destined to a permanent place among memorial addresses because of its flawless beauty. The second, delivered in the House of Commons, June 21, 1916, after the tragic death of Lord Kitchener is likewise a model of dignity and simplicity. These addresses have been printed in a volume, "Occasional Addresses," copyright, 1918, Macmillan & Co.

We should not, I think, be doing justice to the feelings which are uppermost in many of our hearts if we passed to the business of the day without taking notice of the fresh gap which has been made in our ranks by the untimely death of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. It is a loss of which I hardly trust myself to speak; for apart from ties of relationship, there had subsisted between us, for thirty-three years, a close friendship and affection which no political differences were ever allowed to loosen or even to invade. Nor can I better describe him

than by saying that he perhaps, of all men of this generation, came nearest to the mold and ideal of manhood which every English father would like to see his son aspire to, and if possible to attain. The bounty of nature, enriched and developed, not only by early training, but by constant self-discipline through life, blended in him gifts and graces which, taken alone, are rare, and in such attractive union are rarer still. Body, mind, and character—the school-room, the cricket-field, the Bar, the House of Commons—each made its separate contribution of faculty and experience to a many-sided and harmonious whole. But what he was he gave; gave with such ease and exuberance that I think it may be said without exaggeration that wherever he moved he seemed to radiate vitality and charm. He was, as we here know, a strenuous fighter. He has left behind him no resentments and no enmities; nothing but a gracious memory of a manly and winning personality; the memory of one who served with an unstinted measure of devotion his generation and his country. He has been snatched away in what we thought was the full tide of a buoyant life, still full of promise and of hope. What more can we say? We can only bow once again before the decrees of the Supreme Wisdom. Those who loved him—and they are many—in all schools of opinion, in all ranks and walks of life, when they think of him will say to themselves:

> This was the happy Warrior; this was He
> That every Man in arms should wish to be.

LORD KITCHENER

When the House adjourned for the Whitsuntide Recess Lord Kitchener had just received a strong and unmistakable expression of its confidence, and the next day he met in private conference a large number of its Members, including some of his most persistent and, as it then seemed, irreconcilable critics, with the result that he and they parted on terms not only of mutual respect, but of complete understanding. I am glad to remember that, at his last interview with me, he expressed his pleasure at what had happened, and his hope that this was the

first step in a relationship of growing confidence and sympathy. When we said farewell, after nearly two years of daily intercourse, which had gone on through all the strain and stress of the war, there was no thought on either side of more than a temporary parting, no foreshadowing of a separation which neither time nor space can bridge. Providence, in its wisdom, was preparing for him sudden release from his burden of care and toil. We who for the moment remain—those of us in particular who shared, as I did, his counsel in the greatest emergencies of our time, with ever-growing intimacy and fullness—can only bow our heads before the Supreme Will, with whom are the issues of life and death.

Lord Kitchener, in whatever environment of circumstances or condition he might have been placed, would have been, as he was always and everywhere, a great and a dominant personality. He was tried in many different ordeals, and he always survived and conquered the test. He began his career in the Royal Engineers without any advantage either of birth or of favor. I remember well, about a year ago, when we were talking one day of the importance of promoting young officers who had distinguished themselves in war, he told me that he himself had been for, I think, twelve years, and remained, a subaltern in that fine and illustrious Corps. He never chafed nor fretted after the fashion of smaller men. The hour came to him, as it comes to all who have discernment, faculty, and will, and from that moment his future was assured. His name is inseparably associated with that of Lord Cromer in one of the greatest achievements of our races and time—the emancipation and regeneration of Egypt. To his genius we owe the conquest of the Sudan, and to his organizing initiative the process, which has ever since gone on, of substituting over a vast, to a large extent a devastated, area, civilization for barbarism, justice for caprice and cruelty, a humane and equitable rule for desolating and sterilizing tyranny.

From Egypt he was called, in a great Imperial emergency, to South Africa, where, in due time, he brought hostilities to a close, and helped to lay the foundations of that great and rapidly consolidating fabric which has welded alienated races, and given us, in the great conflict of to-day, a unique example

of the service which local autonomy can render to Imperial strength. The next stage of his life was given to India, where he reconstituted and reorganized our Army, native and British.

Recalled to Egypt, he was displaying the same gifts in civil administration which he had already illustrated in the military sphere, when at the outbreak of the war he obeyed, with the alacrity of a man who has become the willing servant of duty, the summons to direct and to recreate our Imperial Forces in the supreme crisis of our national history. He brought to his new task the same sleepless energy, the same resourcefulness, the same masterful personality, which never failed him in any of the fields of action in which he was, during nearly fifty years, called on behalf of his country to play his part. His career has been cut short while still in the exercise and promise of unexhausted powers and possibilities. No one is less fitted than I feel myself at this moment to be, to make an analysis or appraisement of his services to the State. I will only say this, that few men that I have known had less reason to shrink from submitting their lives to

> those pure eyes
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

EDMUND BURKE

Augustine Birrell, essayist, lecturer and statesman, was born in 1850, entered parliament in 1889, and became chief secretary for Ireland in 1907. We print the conclusion of an address delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society. One of his after-dinner speeches is given in Volume I.

It now only remains for me, drawing upon my stock of assurance, to essay the analysis of the essential elements of Burke's mental character, and I therefore at once proceed to say that it was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and the business of life. Arnold says of Sophocles—

> He saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

Substitute for the word "life" the words "organized society," and you get a peep into Burke's mind. There was a catholicity about his gaze. He knew how the whole world lived. Everything contributed to this: his vast desultory reading; his education, neither wholly academical nor entirely professional; his long years of apprenticeship in the service of knowledge; his wanderings up and down the country; his vast conversational powers; his enormous correspondence with all sorts of people; his unfailing interest in all pursuits, trades, manufactures,—all helped to keep before him, like motes dancing in a sunbeam, the huge organism of modern society, which requires for its existence and for its development the maintenance of credit and of order. Burke's imagination led him to look out over the whole land: the legislator devising new laws, the judge expounding and enforcing old ones, the merchant despatching his goods and extending his credit, the banker advancing the

money of his customers upon the credit of the merchant, the frugal man slowly accumulating the store which is to support him in old age, the ancient institutions of Church and University with their seemly provisions for sound learning and true religion, the parson in his pulpit, the poet pondering his rhymes, the farmer eyeing his crops, the painter covering his canvases, the player educating his feelings. Burke saw all this with the fancy of a poet, and dwelt on it with the eye of a lover.

But love is the parent of fear, and none knew better than Burke how thin is the lava layer between the costly fabric of society and the volcanic heats and destroying flames of anarchy. He trembled for the fair frame of all established things, and to his horror saw men, instead of covering the thin surface with the concrete, digging in it for abstractions, and asking fundamental questions about the origin of society, and why one man should be born rich and another poor. Burke was no prating optimist: it was his very knowledge how much could be said against society that quickened his fears for it. There is no shallower criticism than that which accuses Burke in his later years of apostasy from so-called Liberal opinions. Burke was all his life through a passionate maintainer of the established order of things, and a ferocious hater of abstractions and metaphysical politics. The same ideas that explode like bombs through his diatribes against the French Revolution are to be found shining with a mild effulgence in the comparative calm of his early writings. I have often been struck with a resemblance, which I hope is not wholly fanciful, between the attitude of Burke's mind toward government and that of Cardinal Newman toward religion. Both these great men belong, by virtue of their imaginations, to the poetic order, and they both are to be found dwelling with amazing eloquence, detail, and wealth of illustration on the varied elements of society. Both seem as they write to have one hand on the pulse of the world, and to be forever alive to the throb of its action; and Burke, as he regarded humanity swarming like bees into and out of their hives of industry, is ever asking himself, How are these men to be saved from anarchy? while Newman puts to himself the question, How are these men to be saved

from atheism? Both saw the perils of free inquiry divorced from practical affairs.

"Civil freedom," says Burke, "is not, as many have endeavored to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy and of those who are to defend it."

"Tell men," says Cardinal Newman, "to gain notions of a Creator from His works, and if they were to set about it (which nobody does), they would be jaded and wearied by the labyrinth they were tracing; their minds would be gorged and surfeited by the logical operation. To most men argument makes the point in hand more doubtful and considerably less impressive. After all, man is not a reasoning animal, he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal."

Burke is fond of telling us that he is no lawyer, no antiquarian, but a plain, practical man; and the Cardinal, in like manner, is ever insisting that he is no theologian—he leaves everything of that sort to the Schools, whatever they may be, and simply deals with religion on its practical side as a benefit to mankind.

If either of these great men has been guilty of intellectual excesses, those of Burke may be attributed to his dread of anarchy, those of Newman to his dread of atheism. Neither of them was prepared to rest content with a scientific frontier, an imaginary line. So much did they dread their enemy, so alive were they to the terrible strength of some of his positions, that they could not agree to dispense with the protection afforded by the huge mountains of prejudice and the ancient rivers of custom. The sincerity of either man can only be doubted by the bigot and the fool.

But Burke, apart from his fears, had a constitutional love for old things, simply because they were old. Anything mankind had ever worshiped, or venerated, or obeyed, was dear to him. I have already referred to his providing his Brahmins with a greenhouse for the purpose of their rites, which he watched from outside with great interest. One cannot fancy Cardinal Newman peeping through a window to see men

worshiping false though ancient gods. Warren Hastings' high-handed dealings with the temples and time-honored if scandalous customs of the Hindoos filled Burke with horror. So, too, he respected Quakers, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and all those whom he called Constitutional Dissenters. He has a fine passage somewhere about Rust, for with all his passion for good government he dearly loved a little rust. In this phase of character he reminds one not a little of another great writer—whose death literature has still reason to deplore—George Eliot; who, in her love for old hedgerows and barns and crumbling moss-grown walls, was a writer after Burke's own heart, whose novels he would have sat up all night to devour; for did he not deny with warmth Gibbon's statement that he had read all five volumes of "Evelina" in a day? "The thing is impossible," cried Burke; "they took me three days, doing nothing else." Now, "Evelina" is a good novel, but "Silas Marner" is a better.

Wordsworth has been called the High Priest of Nature. Burke may be called the High Priest of Order—a lover of settled ways, of justice, peace, and security. His writings are a storehouse of wisdom, not the cheap shrewdness of the mere man of the world but the noble, animating wisdom of one who has the poet's heart as well as the statesman's brain. Nobody is fit to govern this country who has not drunk deep at the springs of Burke. "Have you read your Burke?" is at least as sensible a question to put to a parliamentary candidate as to ask him whether he is a total abstainer or a desperate drunkard. Something there may be about Burke to regret, and more to dispute; but that he loved justice and hated iniquity is certain, as also it is that for the most part he dwelt in the paths of purity, humanity, and good sense. May we be found adhering to them!

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

JAMES A. GARFIELD

Eulogy by James G. Blaine, statesman, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Presidents Garfield, Arthur, and Harrison (born in West Brownsville, Pa., January 31, 1830; died in Washington, D. C., January 27, 1893), delivered in Washington, February 28, 1882, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, the President and his Cabinet, assembled for a special memorial service to the dead President. Another speech by Blaine is given in Volume XI.

MR. PRESIDENT:—For the second time in this generation, the great departments of the Government of the United States are assembled in the Hall of Representatives, to do honor to the memory of a murdered President. Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle, in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the first-born. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land. "Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was least to have been looked for; let him not give the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face with settled hate. Let him draw rather a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon, not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character."

From the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth till the uprising against Charles I, about twenty thousand emigrants came

from Old England to New England. As they came in pursuit of intellectual freedom and ecclesiastical independence, rather than for worldly honor and profit, the emigration naturally ceased when the contest for religious liberty began in earnest at home. The man who struck his most effective blow for freedom of conscience, by sailing for the Colonies in 1620, would have been accounted a deserter to leave after 1640. The opportunity had then come on the soil of England for that great contest, which established the authority of Parliament, gave religious freedom to the people, sent Charles to the block, and committed to the hands of Oliver Cromwell the supreme executive authority of England. The English emigration was never renewed, and from these twenty thousand men, with a small emigration from Scotland and France, are descended the vast numbers who have New England blood in their veins. In 1685 the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV scattered to other countries four hundred thousand Protestants, who were among the most intelligent and enterprising of the French subjects—merchants of capital, skilled manufacturers, and handicraftsmen, superior at the time to all others in Europe. A considerable number of these Huguenot French came to America. A few landed in New England, and became prominent in its history.

Their names have in large part become anglicized, or have disappeared, but their blood is traceable in many of the most reputable families, and their fame is perpetuated in honorable memorials and useful institutions. From these two sources, the English Puritan and the French Huguenot, came the late President, his father Abram Garfield, being descended from the one, and his mother, Eliza Ballou, from the other. It was good stock on both sides—none better, none braver, none truer. There was in it an inheritance of courage, of manliness, of imperishable love of liberty, of undying adherence to principle. Garfield was proud of his blood, and with as much satisfaction as if he were a British nobleman reading of his stately ancestral record in Burke's Peerage, he spoke of himself as ninth in descent from those who would not endure the oppression of the Stuarts, and seventh in descent from the brave French Protestants who refused to submit to tyranny even from the Grand

Monarque. General Garfield delighted to dwell on these traits, and during his only visit to England he busied himself in discovering every trace of his forefathers in parish registries, and on ancient army rolls. Sitting with a friend in the gallery of the House of Commons one night, after a long day's labor in his early field of research, he said with evident elation, that in every war in which for three centuries patriots of English blood had struck sturdy blows for constitutional government and human liberty, his family had been represented. They were at Marston Moor, at Naseby, and Preston; they were at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Monmouth, and his own person had battled in the same great cause in the war which preserved the union of States.

Losing his father before he was two years old, the early life of Garfield was one of privation, but its poverty has been made indelicately and unjustly prominent. Thousands of readers have imagined him as a ragged, starving child, whose reality too often greets the eye in the squalid sections of our large cities. General Garfield's infancy and youth had none of the pitiful features appealing to the tender heart and to the open hands of charity. He was a poor boy in the same sense in which Henry Clay was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in which Daniel Webster was a poor boy; in the same sense in which a large majority of the eminent men of America in all generations have been poor boys.

Before a great multitude of men in a public speech, Mr. Webster bore this testimony: "It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose first from its crude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. It remains still. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all."

I know of this primitive family abode. With the requisite

change of scene, the same words would aptly portray the early days of Garfield. The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common struggle, and where a common sympathy and hearty coöperation lighten the burdens of each, is a very different poverty—different in kind, different in influence and effect from that conscious and humiliating indigence, which is every day forced to contrast itself with neighboring wealth, on which it feels a sense of grinding dependence. The poverty of the frontier is indeed no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth, and has the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it. No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West, where a house-raising, or even a corn-husking is matter of common interest or helpfulness, with any other feeling than that of broad-minded, generous independence. This honorable independence marked the youth of Garfield, as it marks the youth of millions of the best blood and brain, now training for the future citizenship and future government of the Republic. Garfield was born heir to land, to the title of freeholder, which has been the patent and passport of self-respect with the Anglo-Saxon race ever since Hengist and Horsa landed on the shores of England. His adventure on the canal, an alternative between that and the deck of a Lake Erie schooner, was a farmer boy's device for earning money, just as the New England lad begins a possibly great career by sailing before the mast on a coasting vessel, or on a merchantman bound to the farther India or to the China seas. No manly man feels anything of shame in looking back to early struggles with adverse circumstances, and no man feels a worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles to his progress. But no one of noble mold desires to be looked upon as having occupied a menial position, as having been repressed by a feeling of inferiority, or as having suffered the evils of poverty until relief was found at the hand of charity. General Garfield's youth presented no hardships which family love and family energy did not overcome, subjected him to no privations which he did not cheerfully accept, and left no memories save those which were recalled with delight and transmitted with profit and with pride.

Garfield's early opportunities for securing an education were

extremely limited, and yet were sufficient to develop in him an intense desire to learn. He could read at three years of age, and each winter he had the advantage of the district school. He read all the books he found within the circle of his acquaintance. Some of them he got by heart. While yet in childhood he was a constant student of the Bible, and became familiar with its literature. The dignity and earnestness of his speech in his maturer life gave evidence of this early training.

At eighteen years of age he was able to teach school, and thenceforward his ambition was to obtain a college education. To this end he bent all his efforts, working in the harvest-field, at the carpenter's bench, and in the winter season teaching the common schools of the neighborhood. While thus laboriously occupied, he found time to prosecute his studies, and was so successful that at twenty-two he was able to enter the junior class at Williams College, then under the presidency of the venerable and honored Mark Hopkins, who, in the fullness of his powers, survives the eminent pupil to whom he was of inestimable service.

The history of Garfield's life to this period presents no novel features. He had undoubtedly shown perseverance, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, and ambition—qualities which, be it said, for the honor of our country, are everywhere to be found among the young men of America. But from his graduation at Williams, onward to the hour of his tragical death, Garfield's career was eminent and exceptional. Slowly working through his educational period, receiving his diploma when only twenty-four, he seemed at one bound to spring into conspicuous and brilliant success. Within six years he was successively president of a college, State Senator of Ohio, Major-General of the army of the United States, and Representative-elect to the National Congress—a combination of honors so varied, so elevated, within a period so brief, and to a man so young, is without precedent or parallel in the history of our country.

Garfield's army life was begun with no other military knowledge than such as he had hastily gained from books in the few months preceding his march to the field. Stepping from civil life to the head of a regiment, the first order he received when

ready to cross the Ohio was to assume command of a brigade, and to operate as an independent force in Eastern Kentucky. His immediate duty was to check the advance of Humphrey Marshall, who was marching down the Big Sandy with the intention of occupying, in connection with other Confederate forces, the entire territory of Kentucky, and of precipitating the State into secession. This was at the close of the year 1861. Seldom, if ever, has a young college professor been thrown into a more embarrassing and discouraging position. He knew just enough of military science, as he expressed himself, to measure the extent of his ignorance, and, with a handful of men, he was marching in rough winter weather into a strange country, among a hostile population, to confront a largely superior force, under the command of a distinguished graduate of West Point, who had seen active and important service in two preceding wars. The result of the campaign is a matter of history. The skill, the endurance, the extraordinary energy shown by Garfield, the courage he imparted to his men, raw and untried as himself; the measures he adopted to increase his force and to create in the enemy's mind exaggerated estimates of his numbers, bore perfect fruit in the routing of Marshall, the capture of his camp, the dispersion of his force, and the emancipation of an important territory from the control of the rebels. Coming at the close of the long series of disasters to the Union arms, Garfield's victory had an unusual and extraneous importance, and, in the popular judgment, elevated the young commander to the rank of a military hero. With less than two thousand men in his entire command, with a mobilized force of only eleven hundred, without cannon, he had met an army of five thousand and defeated them, driving Marshall's forces successively from two strongholds of their own selection, fortified with abundant artillery. Major-General Buell, commander of the Department of the Ohio, an experienced soldier of the regular army, published an order of thanks and congratulations on the brilliant result of the Big Sandy campaign, which would have turned the head of a less cool and sensible man than Garfield. Buell declared that his services had called into action the highest qualities of a soldier, and President Lincoln supplemented these words of praise by the more substantial reward

of a Brigadier-General's commission, to bear date from the day of his decisive victory over Marshall.

The subsequent military career of Garfield fully sustained the brilliant beginning. With his new commission he was assigned to the command of a brigade in the Army of the Ohio, and took part in the second and decisive day's fight in the great battle of Shiloh.

The remainder of the year 1862 was not especially eventful to Garfield, as it was not to the armies with which he was serving. His practical sense was called into exercise in contemplating the task assigned him by General Buell, of reconstructing bridges and reëstablishing lines of railway communication for the army. His occupation in this useful but not brilliant field was varied by service on courts-martial of importance, in which department of duty he won a valuable reputation, attracting the notice and securing the approval of the able and eminent Judge-Advocate General of the army. That of itself was warrant to honorable fame, for among the great men who in those trying days gave themselves with entire devotion to the service of their country, one who brought to that service the respect, learning, the most fervid eloquence, the most varied attainments, who in the day of triumph sat reserved and silent and grateful, "as Francis Deak in the hour of Hungary's deliverance," was Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, and in his honorable retirement he enjoys the respect and veneration of all who love the union of the States.

Early in 1863 Garfield was assigned to the highly important and responsible post of Chief of Staff to General Rosecrans, then at the head of the Army of the Cumberland. Perhaps in a great military campaign no subordinate officer requires sounder judgment and quicker knowledge of men than the Chief of Staff to the commanding general. An indiscreet man, in such a position, can sow more discord, breed more jealousy, and disseminate more strife than any other officer in the entire organization. When General Garfield assumed his new duties he found various troubles already well developed, and seriously affecting the value and efficiency of the Army of the Cumberland. The energy, the impartiality, and the tact with which he sought to allay these dissensions, and to discharge the duties

of his new and trying position, will always remain one of the most striking proofs of his great versatility. His military duties closed on the memorable field of Chickamauga, a field which, however disastrous to the Union arms, gave to him the occasion of winning imperishable laurels. The very rare distinction was accorded him of a great promotion for his bravery on a field that was lost. President Lincoln appointed him a Major-General in the army of the United States, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chickamauga."

The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized under the command of General Thomas, who promptly offered Garfield one of its divisions. He was extremely desirous to accept the position, but was embarrassed by the fact that he had, a year before, been elected to Congress, and the time when he must take his seat was drawing near. He preferred to remain in the military service, and had, within his own breast, the largest confidence of success in the wider field which his new rank opened to him. Balancing the arguments on the one side and the other, anxious to determine what was for the best, desirous, above all things, to do his patriotic duty, he was decisively influenced by the advice of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, both of whom assured him that he could, at that time, be of especial value in the House of Representatives. He resigned his commission of Major-General on the 5th day of December, 1863, and took his seat in the House of Representatives on the 7th. He had served two years and four months in the army, and had just completed his thirty-second year.

The Thirty-eighth Congress is preëminently entitled in history to the designation of the War Congress. It was elected while the war was flagrant, and every member was chosen upon the issues involved in the continuance of the struggle. The Thirty-seventh Congress had indeed legislated to a large extent on war measures, but it was chosen before any one believed that secession of the States would be actually attempted. The magnitude of the work which fell upon its successor was unprecedented, both in respect to the vast sum of money raised for support of the army and navy, and for the new and extraordinary power of legislation which it was forced to exercise.

Only twenty-four States were represented, and 182 members were upon its rolls. Among these were many distinguished party leaders on both sides—veterans in public service, with established reputations for ability, and with that skill which comes only from parliamentary experience. Into this assemblage of men Garfield entered, without special preparation, and, it might almost be said, unexpectedly. The question of taking command of a division of troops under General Thomas, or taking his seat in Congress, was kept open till the last moment—so late, indeed, that the resignation of his military commission and his appearance in the House were almost contemporaneous. He wore the uniform of a Major-General of the United States army on Saturday, and on Monday, in civilian's dress, he answered to the roll-call as a Representative in Congress from the State of Ohio.

He was especially fortunate in the constituency which elected him. Descended almost entirely from New England stock, the men of the Ashtabula district were intensely radical on all questions relating to human rights. Well educated, thrifty, thoroughly intelligent in affairs, acutely discerning of character, not quick to bestow confidence, and slow to withdraw it, they were at once the most helpful and most exact of supporters. Their tenacious trust in men in whom they have once confided is illustrated by the unparalleled fact that Elisha Whittlesey, Joshua R. Giddings, and James A. Garfield represented the district for fifty-four years. There is no test of a man's ability in any department of public life more severe than service in the House of Representatives; there is no place where so little deference is paid to reputation previously acquired or to eminence won outside; no place where so little consideration is shown for the feelings or failures of beginners. What a man gains in the House he gains by sheer force of his own character, and, if he loses and falls back, he must expect no mercy, and will receive no sympathy. It is a field in which the survival of the strongest is the recognized rule, and where no pretense can survive, and no glamour can mislead. The real man is discovered, his worth is impartially weighed, his rank is irrevocably decided. With possibly a single exception, Garfield was the youngest member in the House when he entered,

and was but seven years from his college graduation; but he had not been in his seat sixty days before his ability was recognized, and his placed conceded. He stepped to the front with the confidence of one who belonged there. The House was crowded with strong men of both parties; nineteen of them have since been transferred to the Senate, and many of them have served with distinction in the gubernatorial chairs of their respective States, and on foreign missions of great consequence. But, among all, none grew so rapidly, none so firmly, as Garfield. As is said by Trevelyan of his parliamentary hero, Garfield succeeded "because all the world in concert could not have kept him in the background, and because, when once in front, he played his part with prompt intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserves of energy on which it was in his power to draw." Indeed, the apparently reserved force which Garfield possessed was one of his great characteristics. He never did so well but that it seemed he could easily have done better. He never expended so much strength but that he seemed to be holding additional power at call. This is one of the happiest and rarest distinctions of an effective leader, and often counts for as much in persuading an assembly as an eloquent and elaborate argument.

His military life, illustrated by honorable performance and rich in promise, was, as he himself felt, prematurely terminated and necessarily incomplete. Speculation as to what he might have done in a field where the great prizes are so few cannot be profitable. It is sufficient to say that as a soldier he did his duty bravely, he did it intelligently, he won an enviable fame, and he retired from the service without blot or breath against him. As a lawyer, though admirably equipped for the profession, he can scarcely be said to have entered on its practice.

The few efforts made at the bar were distinguished by the same high order of talent which he exhibited on every field where he was put to the test, and, if a man may be accepted as a competent judge of his own capacities and adaptations, the law was the profession to which Garfield should have devoted himself. But fate ordained otherwise, and his reputa-

tion in history will rest largely upon his service in the House of Representatives. That service was exceptionally long. He was nine times consecutively chosen to the House, an honor enjoyed by not more than six other Representatives of the more than five thousand who have been elected from the organization of the Government to this hour.

As a parliamentary orator, as a debater on an issue squarely joined, where the position had been chosen and the ground laid out, Garfield must be assigned a very high rank. More, perhaps, than any other man with whom he was associated in public life, he gave careful and systematic study to public questions, and he came to every discussion in which he took part with elaborate and complete preparation. He was a steady and indefatigable worker. Those who imagine that talent or genius can supply the place, or achieve the results of labor, will find no encouragement in Garfield's life. In preliminary work, he was apt, rapid, and skillful. He possessed in a high degree the power of readily absorbing ideas and facts, and, like Dr. Johnson, had the art of getting from a book all that was of value in it, by reading apparently so quickly and cursorily that it seemed like a mere glance at the table of contents. He was preëminently a fair and candid man; in debate he took no petty advantage, stooped to no unworthy methods, avoided personal allusion, rarely appealed to prejudice, did not seek to inflame passion. He had a quicker eye for the strong point of his adversary than for his weak point, and on his own side he so marshaled his weighty arguments as to make his hearers forget any possible lack in the complete strength of his position. He had a habit of stating his opponent's side with such amplitude of fairness, and such liberality of concession, that his followers often complained that he was giving his case away. But never, in his prolonged participation in the proceedings of the House, did he give his case away, or fail, in the judgment of competent and impartial listeners, to gain the mastery.

These characteristics, which marked Garfield as a great debater, did not, however, make him a great parliamentary leader. A parliamentary leader, as that term is understood wherever free representative government exists, is necessarily

and very strictly the organ of his party. An ardent American defined the instinctive warmth of patriotism when he offered the toast, "Our country, always right; but, right or wrong, our country." The parliamentary leader who has a body of followers that will do, and dare, and die for the cause, is one who believes his party always right, but, right or wrong, is for his party. No more important or exacting duty devolves upon him than the selection of the field and the time for contest. He must know not merely how to strike, but where to strike, and when to strike. He often skillfully avoids the strength of his opponent's position, and scatters confusion in his ranks by attacking an exposed point, when really the righteousness of the cause and strength of the logical intrenchment are against him. He conquers often both against the right and the heavy battalions, as when young Charles Fox, in the days of his Toryism, carried the House of Commons against justice, against immemorial rights, against his own convictions —if, indeed, at that period Fox had convictions—and, in the interests of a corrupt administration, in obedience to a tyrannical sovereign, drove Wilkes from the seat to which the electors of Middlesex had chosen him, and installed Luttrell in defiance not merely of law, but of public decency. For an achievement of that kind Garfield was disqualified—disqualified by the texture of his mind, by the honesty of his heart, by his conscience, and by every instinct and aspiration of his nature.

The three most distinguished parliamentary leaders hitherto developed in this country are Mr. Clay, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. Each was a man of consummate ability, of great earnestness, of intense personality, differing widely each from the others, and yet with a signal trait in common—the power to command. In the give-and-take of daily discussion; in the art of controlling and consolidating reluctant and refractory followers; in the skill to overcome all forms of opposition, and to meet with competency and courage the various phases of unlooked-for assault or unsuspected defection, it would be difficult to rank with these a fourth name in all our congressional history. But of these, Mr. Clay was the greatest. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find in the

parliamentary annals of the world, a parallel to Mr. Clay in 1841, when, at sixty-four years of age, he took the control of the Whig party from the President who had received their suffrages, against the power of Webster in the Cabinet, against the eloquence of Choate in the Senate, against the herculean efforts of Caleb Cushing and Henry A. Wise, in the House. In unshared leadership, in the pride and plentitude of power, he hurled against John Tyler, with deepest scorn, the mass of that conquering column which had swept over the land in 1840, and drove his Administration to seek shelter behind the lines of his political foes. Mr. Douglas achieved a victory scarcely less wonderful when, in 1854, against the secret desires of a strong Administration, against the wise counsel of the older chiefs, against the conservative instincts and even the moral sense of the country, he forced a reluctant Congress into a repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in his contest from 1865 to 1868, actually advanced his parliamentary leadership until Congress tied the hands of the President, and governed the country by its own will, leaving only perfunctory duties to be discharged by the Executive. With $200,000,000 of patronage in his hands at the opening of the contest, aided by the active force of Seward in the Cabinet, and the moral power of Chase on the bench, Andrew Johnson could not command the support of one-third in either House against the parliamentary uprising of which Thaddeus Stevens was the animating spirit and the unquestioned leader. From these three great men Garfield differed radically—differed in the quality of his mind, in temperament, in the form and phase of ambition. He could not do what they did, but he could do what they could not, and in the breadth of his congressional work he left that which will longer exert a potential influence among men, and which, measured by the severe test of posthumous criticism, will secure a more enduring and more enviable fame.

Those unfamiliar with Garfield's industry, and ignorant of the details of his work, may in some degree measure them by the annals of Congress. No one of the generation of public men to which he belonged has contributed so much that will be valuable for future reference. His speeches are numerous,

many of them brilliant, all of them well studied, carefully phrased, and exhaustive of the subject under consideration. Collected from the scattered pages of ninety royal octavo volumes of "Congressional Records," they would present an invaluable compendium of the political history of the most important era through which the National Government has ever passed. When the history of this period shall be impartially written, when war legislation, measures of reconstruction, protection of human rights, amendments to the Constitution, maintenance of public credit, steps towards specie resumption, true theories of revenue, may be reviewed, unsurrounded by prejudice and disconnected from partisanship, the speeches of Garfield will be estimated at their true value, and will be found to comprise a vast magazine of fact and argument, of clear analysis and sound conclusion. Indeed, if no other authority were accessible his speeches in the House of Representatives from December, 1863, to June, 1880, would give a well-connected history and complete defense of the important legislation of the seventeen eventful years that constitute his parliamentary life. Far beyond that, his speeches would be found to forecast many great measures yet to be completed—measures which he knew were beyond the public opinion of the hour, but which he confidently believed would secure popular approval within the period of his own lifetime, and by the aid of his own efforts.

Differing as Garfield did from his brilliant parliamentary leaders, it is not easy to find his counterpart anywhere in the record of American public life. He, perhaps, more nearly resembled Mr. Seward in his supreme faith in the all-conquering power of principle. He had the love of learning, and the patient industry of investigation, to which John Adams owes his prominence and his Presidency. He had some of those ponderous elements of mind which distinguished Mr. Webster, and which, indeed, in all our public life, have left the great Massachusetts Senator without an intellectual peer. In English parliamentary history, as in our own, the leaders in the House of Commons present points of essential difference from Garfield. But some of his methods recall the best features in the strong, independent course of Sir Robert Peel, and strik-

ing resemblances are discernible in that most promising of modern Conservatives, who died too early for his country and his fame, Lord George Bentinck. He had all of Burke's love for the sublime and the beautiful, with possibly something of his superabundance, and, in his faith and his magnanimity, in his power of statement, in his subtle analysis, in his faultless logic, in his love of literature, in his wealth and world of illustration, one is reminded of that great English statesman of to-day, who, confronted with obstacles that would daunt any but the dauntless, reviled by those whose supposed rights he is forced to invade, still labors with serene courage for the amelioration of Ireland, and for the honor of the English name.

Garfield's nomination to the Presidency, while not predicted or anticipated, was not a surprise to the country. His prominence in Congress, his solid qualities, his wide reputation, strengthened by his then recent election as Senator from Ohio, kept him in the public eye as a man occupying the very highest range among those entitled to be called statesmen. It was not mere chance that brought him this high honor. "We must," says Mr. Emerson, "reckon success a constitutional trait. If Eric is in robust health, and has slept well, and is at the top of his condition, and thirty years old, at his departure from Greenland, he will steer west, and his ships will reach Newfoundland. But take out Eric, and put in a stronger and bolder man, and the ships will sail six hundred, one thousand, fifteen hundred miles farther, and reach Labrador and New England. There is no chance in results."

As a candidate, Garfield steadily grew in popular favor. He was met with a storm of detraction at the very hour of his nomination, and it continued with increasing volume and momentum until the close of his victorious campaign:

> No might nor greatness in mortality
> Can censure 'scape; backwounding calumny
> The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
> Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Under it all he was calm, and strong and confident, never lost his self-possession, did no unwise act, spoke no hasty or ill-

considered word. Indeed, nothing in his whole life is more remarkable or more creditable than his bearing through those five full months of vituperation—a prolonged agony of trial to a sensitive man, a constant and cruel draft upon the powers of moral endurance. The great mass of these unjust imputations passed unnoticed, and, with the general débris of the campaign, fell into oblivion. But in a few instances the iron entered his soul, and he died with the injury unforgotten, if not unforgiven.

One aspect of Garfield's candidacy was unprecedented. Never before in the history of partisan contests in this country had a successful Presidential candidate spoken freely on passing events and current issues. To attempt anything of the kind seemed novel, rash, and even desperate. The older class of voters recalled the unfortunate Alabama letter in which Mr. Clay was supposed to have signed his political death-warrant. They remembered also the hot-tempered effusion by which General Scott lost a large share of his popularity before his nomination, and the unfortunate speeches which rapidly consumed the remainder. The younger voters had seen Mr. Greeley in a series of vigorous and original addresses preparing the pathway for his own defeat. Unmindful of these warnings, unheeding the advice of friends, Garfield spoke to large crowds as he journeyed to and from New York in August, to a great multitude in that city, to delegations and deputations of every kind that called at Mentor during the summer and autumn. With innumerable critics watchful and eager to catch a phrase that might be turned into odium or ridicule, or a sentence that might be distorted to his own or his party's injury, Garfield did not trip or halt in any one of his seventy speeches. This seems all the more remarkable when it is remembered that he did not write what he said, and yet spoke with such logical consecutiveness of thought, and such admirable decision of phrase, as to defy the accident of misreport and the malignity of misrepresentation.

In the beginning of his Presidential life, Garfield's experience did not yield him pleasure or satisfaction. The duties that engross so large a portion of the President's time were distasteful to him, and were unfavorably contrasted with his

legislative work. "I have been dealing all these years with ideas," he impatiently exclaimed one day, "and here I'm dealing only with persons. I have been heretofore treating of the fundamental principles of government, and here I am considering all day whether A or B shall be appointed to this or to that office." He was earnestly seeking some practical way of correcting the evils arising from the distribution of overgrown and unwieldly patronage—evils always appreciated and often discussed by him, but whose magnitude had been more deeply impressed upon his mind since his accession to the Presidency. Had he lived, a comprehensive improvement in the mode of appointment, and in the tenure of office, would have been proposed by him, and with the aid of Congress, no doubt, perfected. But, while many of the executive duties were not grateful to him, he was assiduous and conscientious in their discharge. From the very outset, he exhibited administrative talent of a high order. He grasped the helm of office with the hand of a master. In this respect, indeed, he constantly surprised many who were not most intimately associated with him in the Government, and especially those who feared he might be lacking in the executive faculty. His disposition of business was orderly and rapid; his power of analysis and his skill in classification enabled him to dispatch a vast mass of detail with singular promptness and ease; his Cabinet meetings were admirably conducted; his clear presentation of official subjects, his well-considered suggestions of topics on which discussion was invited, his quick decision when all had been heard, combined to show a thoroughness of mental training as rare as his natural ability, and his facile adaptation to a new and enlarged field of labor.

With perfect comprehension of all the inheritances of the war, with a cool calculation of the obstacles in the way, impelled always by a generous enthusiasm, Garfield conceived that much might be done by his Administration toward restoring harmony between the different sections of the Union. He was anxious to go South and speak to the people. As early as April he had ineffectually endeavored to arrange for a trip to Nashville, whither he had been cordially invited, and he was again disappointed a few weeks after to find he could not go

to South Carolina to attend the centennial commemoration of the victory of Cowpens; but for the autumn, he definitely counted on being present at three memorable assemblies in the South—the celebration at Yorktown, the opening of the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, and the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga. He was already turning over in his mind his address for each occasion, and the three taken together, he said to a friend, gave him the exact scope and verge he needed. At Yorktown he would have before him the associations of a hundred years that bound the South and the North in the sacred memory of a common danger and a common victory; at Atlanta he would present the material interests and the industrial development which appealed to the thrift and independence of every household, and which should unite the two sections by the instinct of self-interest and self-defense. At Chattanooga he would revive memories of the war only to show that, after all its disasters and all its sufferings, the country was stronger and greater, the Union rendered indissoluble, and the future, through the agony and blood of one generation, made brighter and better for all.

Garfield's ambition for the success of his Administration was high. With strong caution and conservatism in his nature, he was in no danger of attempting rash experiments, or of resorting to the empiricism of statesmanship; but he believed that renewed and closer attention should be given to questions affecting the material interests and commercial prosperity of fifty millions of people. He believed that our continental relations, extensive and undeveloped as they are, involved responsibility, and could be cultivated in profitable friendship, or be abandoned to harmful indifference or lasting enmity. He believed, with equal confidence, that an essential forerunner to a new era of national progress must be a feeling of contentment in every section of the Union, and a general belief that the benefits and burdens of government would be common to all. Himself a conspicuous illustration of what ability and ambition may do under Republican institutions, he loved his country with a passion of patriotic devotion, and every waking thought was given to her advancement. He was an American in all his aspirations, and he looked to the destiny

and influence of the United States with the philosophical composure of Jefferson and the demonstrative confidence of John Adams.

The political events which disturbed the President's serenity for many weeks before that fateful day in July, form an important chapter in his career, and, in his own judgment, involved matters of principle and of right, which are vitally essential to the constitutional administration of the Federal Government. It would be out of place here and now to speak the language of controversy; but the events referred to, however they may continue to be the source of contention with others, have become, so far as Garfield is concerned, as much a matter of history as his heroism at Chickamauga, or his illustrious service in the House. Detail is not needed, full and personal. Antagonism shall not be rekindled by any word uttered to-day. The motives of those opposing him are not to be here adversely interpreted, nor their course harshly characterized; but of the dead President this is to be said, and said because his own speech is forever silenced, and he can be no more heard except through the fidelity and the love of surviving friends: from the beginning to the end of the controversy he so much deplored, the President was never for one moment actuated by motives of gain to himself, or loss to others. Least of all, did he harbor revenge; rarely did he ever show resentment, and malice was not in his nature. He was congenially employed only in the exchange of good offices, and the doing of kindly deeds. There was not an hour, from the beginning of the trouble until the fatal shot entered his body, when the President would not gladly, for the sake of restoring harmony, have retraced any step he had taken, if such retracing had merely involved consequences personal to himself. The pride of consistency, or any supposed sense of humiliation, that might result from surrendering his position, had not a feather's weight with him. No man was less subject to such influences from within or without; but after most anxious deliberation, and the coolest survey of all circumstances, he solemnly believed that the true prerogatives of the Executive were involved in the issue which had been raised, and that he would be unfaithful to his supreme obligation if he failed to maintain, in all their vigor,

the constitutional rights and dignities of the great office. He believed this in all the convictions of conscience, when in sound and vigorous health, and he believed it in his suffering and prostration, in the last conscious thought which his wearied mind bestowed on transitory struggles of life. More than this need not be said; less than this could not be said.

Justice to the dead, the highest obligation that devolves upon the living, demands the declaration that, in all the bearings of the subject, actual or possible, the President was content in his mind, justified in his conscience, immovable in his conclusions.

The religious element in Garfield's character was deep and earnest. In his youth he espoused the faith of the Disciples, a sect of that great Baptist communion which, in different ecclesiastical establishments, is so numerous and so influential through all parts of the United States; but the broadening tendency of his mind, and his active spirit of inquiry, were early apparent, and carried him beyond the dogmas of sect and the restraints of association. In selecting a college in which to continue his education, he rejected Bethany, though presided over by Alexander Campbell, the greatest preacher of his church. His reasons were characteristic: First, that Bethany leaned too heavily toward slavery; and, second, that, being himself a Disciple, and the son of Disciple parents, he had little acquaintance with people of other beliefs, and he thought it would make him more liberal, quoting his own words, both in his religious and general views, to go into a new circle, and be under new influences. The liberal tendency which he anticipated as the result of wider culture was fully realized. He was emancipated from mere sectarian belief, and with eager interest pushed his investigations in the direction of modern progressive thought. He followed with quickening steps in the paths of exploration and speculation so fearlessly trodden by Darwin, by Huxley, by Tyndall, and by other living scientists of the radical and advanced type. His own church binding its disciples by no formulated creed, but accepting the Old and New Testaments as the word of God, with unbiased liberty of private interpretation, favored if it did not stimulate the spirit of investigation. Its members profess with sincerity, and pro-

fess only to be of one mind and one faith with those who followed the Master and who were first called Christians at Antioch. But, however high Garfield reasoned of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," he was never separated from the Church of the Disciples in his affections and in his associations. For him it held the Ark of the Covenant; to him it was the gate of heaven.

The world of religious belief is full of solecisms and contradictions. A philosophic observer declares that men by the thousand will die in defense of a creed whose doctrines they do not comprehend, and whose tenets they habitually violate. It is equally true that men by the thousands will cling to church organizations with instinctive and undying fidelity when their belief in mature years is radically different from that which inspires them as neophytes. But after this range of speculation and this latitude of doubt, Garfield came back always with freshness and delight to simpler instincts of religious faith which, earliest implanted, longest survive. Not many weeks before his assassination, walking on the banks of the Potomac with a friend, and conversing on these topics of personal religion, concerning which noble natures have an unconquerable reserve, he said that he found the Lord's Prayer and the simple petitions learned in infancy infinitely restful to him, not merely in their stated repetition, but in their casual and frequent recall as he went about the daily duties of life. Certain texts of Scripture had a very strong hold on his memory and heart. He heard, while in Edinburgh some years ago, an eminent Scotch preacher who prefaced his sermon with reading the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which book had been the subject of careful study with Garfield during all his religious life. He was greatly impressed by the elocution of the preacher, and declared that it had imparted a new and deeper meaning to the majestic utterances of St. Paul. He referred often in after years to that memorable service, and dwelt with exaltation of feeling upon the radiant promise and the assured hope with which the great apostle of the Gentiles was persuaded "that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be

able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The crowning characteristic of General Garfield's religious opinions, as indeed of all his opinions, was his liberality. In all things he had charity. Tolerance was of his nature. He respected in others the qualities he possessed himself: sincerity of conviction and frankness of expression. With him the inquiry was not as to what a man believes, but does he believe it? The lines of his friendship and his confidence encircled men in every creed, and to the end of his life on his ever lengthening list of friends were to be found the names of a pious Catholic priest and of an honest-minded and generous freethinker.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man, not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that, after four months of trial, his Administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger, that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed. That trouble lay behind him and not before him. That he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted, and, at times, almost unnerved him; that he was going to his *alma mater* to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress, from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest position in the gift of his countrymen. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning, James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man.

No foreboding of evil haunted him, not the slightest premonition of danger clouded the sky; his terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The

next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surprisingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail, not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne. With clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes! Whose lips may tell what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant Nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toils and tears, the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter, the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care, and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands! Before him, desolation and great darkness, and his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with an instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a Nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world; but all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the weary hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the

longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will. Within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices, with wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, on its far sails whitening in the morning light, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun, on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon, on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning, which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that, in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great wave breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

THE CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Funeral address by Phillips Brooks, preacher, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, 1891-93 (born in Boston, December 13, 1835; died there, January 23, 1893), delivered in Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 23, 1865, while the body of President Lincoln lay in state at Independence Hall. It was on this spot, according to his biographers Nicolay and Hay, that Lincoln had said, on the Birthday of Washington, 1861, that he would "rather be assassinated than give up the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence."

While I speak to you to-day, the body of the President who ruled this people is lying, honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence here for me to stand and speak of ordinary topics which occupy the pulpit. I must speak of him to-day; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do it rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence, because I speak to those who love him, and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw.

We take it for granted, first of all, that there is an essential connection between Mr. Lincoln's character and his violent and bloody death. It is no accident, no arbitrary decree of Providence. He lived as he did, and he died as he did, because he was what he was. The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character. It will be our duty, then, to see what there was in the character of our great President that created the history of his life, and at last produced the catastrophe of his cruel death.

After the first trembling horror, the first outburst of indignant sorrow, has grown calm, these are the questions which we are bound to ask and answer.

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer State. He lived, as a boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backwoodsman, a farmer, a river boatman, and, finally, by his own efforts at self-education, of an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not, as in older States and easier conditions, with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme degree of that character by which men knew him, that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature, that almost indescribable quality which we call, in general, clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness.

This one character, with many sides, all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take no smaller view than this of what he was. Even his physical conditions are not to be forgotten in making up his character. We make too little always of the physical; certainly we make too little of it here if we lose out of sight the strength and muscular activity, the power of doing and enduring, which the backwoods boy inherited from generations of hard-living ancestors, and appropriated for his own by a long discipline of bodily toil. He brought to the solution of the question of labor in this country not merely a mind, but a body thoroughly in sympathy with labor, full of the culture of labor, bearing witness to the dignity and excellence of work in every muscle that work had toughened and every sense that work had made clear and true. He could not have brought the mind for his task so perfectly, unless he had first brought the body whose rugged

and stubborn health was always contradicting to him the false theories of labor, and always asserting the true.

As to the oral and mental powers which distinguished him, all traceable under this general description of clearness or truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to consider them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces in this man with another. The fact is, that in all the simplest characters that line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combinations you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience, or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions, the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They coöperate, they help each other, less. They come even to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together; till we expect to see and so do see a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand, and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitude who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad

things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fulfill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness, if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness—call it what you will—its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way, will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest, even although they be the newest, ways to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here then we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which

he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule. Surely, with such a type-man for ruler, there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

But then we come to the beginning of all trouble. Abraham Lincoln was the type-man of the country, but not of the whole country. This character which we have been trying to describe was the character of an American under the discipline of freedom. There was another American character which had been developed under the influence of slavery. There was no one American character embracing the land. There were two characters, with impulses of irrepressible and deadly conflict. This citizen whom we have been honoring and praising represented one. The whole great scheme with which he was ultimately brought in conflict, and which has finally killed him, represented the other. Beside this nature, true and fresh and new, there was another nature, false and effete and old. The one nature found itself in a new world, and set itself to discover the new ways for the new duties that were given it. The other nature, full of the false pride of blood, set itself to reproduce in a new world the institutions and the spirit of the old, to build anew the structure of the feudalism which had been corrupt in its own day, and which had been left far behind by the advancing conscience and needs of the progressive race. The one nature magnified labor, the other nature depreciated and despised it. The one honored the laborer, and the other scorned him. The one was simple and direct; the other complex, full of sophistries and self-excuses. The one was free to look all that claimed to be truth in the face, and separate

the error from the truth that might be in it; the other did not dare to investigate, because its own established prides and systems were dearer to it than the truth itself, and so even truth went about in it doing the work of error. The one was ready to state broad principles, of the brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood and justice of God, however imperfectly it might realize them in practice; the other denied even the principles, and so dug deep and laid below its special sins the broad foundation of a consistent, acknowledged sinfulness. In a word, one nature was full of the influences of freedom, the other nature was full of the influences of slavery.

The cause that Abraham Lincoln died for shall grow stronger by his death—stronger and sterner. Stronger to set its pillars deep into the structure of our nation's life; sterner to execute the justice of the Lord upon his enemies. Stronger to spread its arms and grasp our whole land into freedom; sterner to sweep the last poor ghost of slavery out of our haunted homes. But while we feel the folly of this act, let not its folly hide its wickedness. It was the wickedness of slavery putting on a foolishness for which its wickedness and that alone is responsible, that robbed the nation of a President and the people of a father. And remember this, that the folly of the slave-power in striking the representative of freedom, and thinking that thereby it killed freedom itself, is only a folly that we shall echo if we dare to think that in punishing the representatives of slavery who did this deed, we are putting slavery to death. Dispersing armies and hanging traitors, imperatively as justice and necessity may demand them both, are not killing the spirit out of which they sprang. The traitor must die because he has committed treason. The murderer must die because he has committed murder. Slavery must die, because out of it, and it alone, came forth the treason of the traitor and the murder of the murderer. Do not say that it is dead. It is not, while its essential spirit lives. While one man counts another man his born inferior for the color of his skin, while both in North and South prejudices and practices, which the law cannot touch, but which God hates, keep alive in our people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity, it is not dead. The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in

his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us, and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and, in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living, thank God forever for his life and death.

So let him lie here to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from the Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us, with a silence more eloquent than words, how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel, his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—"He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently and with all his power."

The Shepherd of the People! that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trusted cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed all his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us

with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy, and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him, and his work was done!

He stood once on the battle-field of our own State, and said of the brave men who had saved it words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he has saved, and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg. He stood there with their graves before him, and these are the words he said:—

> We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

LOUIS KOSSUTH

Address in which William Cullen Bryant introduced Louis Kossuth at the banquet given in honor of the Hungarian patriot by the Press of New York, December 9, 1851. Another address by Mr Bryant is given in Volume I.

GENTLEMEN:—Before announcing the third regular toast, which is a very short one, allow me to say a few words. Let me ask you to imagine that the contest in which the United States asserted their independence of Great Britain had closed in disaster and defeat; that our armies, through treason and a league of tyrants against us, had been broken and scattered; that the great men who led them, and who swayed our councils, our Washington, our Franklin, the venerable President of the American Congress, and their illustrious associates, had been driven forth as exiles. If there had existed at that day, in any part of the civilized world, a powerful republic, with institutions resting on the same foundations of liberty which our own countrymen sought to establish, would there have been in that republic any hospitality too cordial, any sympathy too deep, any zeal for their glorious but unfortunate cause too fervent or too active to be shown towards these illustrious fugitives? Gentlemen, the case I have supposed is before you. The Washingtons, the Franklins of Hungary, her sages, her legislators, her warriors, expelled by a far worse tyranny than was ever endured here, are wanderers in foreign lands. Some of them are within our own borders; one of them sits with his companions as our guest to-night, and we must measure the duty we owe them by the same standard which we would have had history apply, if our ancestors had met with a fate like theirs.

I have compared the exiled Hungarians to the great men of

our own history. Difficulty, my brethren, is the nurse of greatness—a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster-children into strength and athletic proportion. The mind, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to their stature. Scarce anything so convinces me of the capacity of the human intellect for indefinite expansion in the different stages of its being, as this power of enlarging itself to the height and compass of surrounding emergencies. These men have been trained to greatness by a quicker and surer method than a peaceful country and a tranquil period can know.

But it is not merely, or even principally, for their personal qualities that we honor them; we honor them for the cause in which they so gloriously failed. Great issues hung upon that cause, and great interests of mankind were crushed by its downfall. I was on the continent of Europe when the treason of Gorgey laid Hungary bound at the feet of the Czar. Europe was at that time in the midst of the reaction; the ebb tide was rushing violently back, sweeping all that the friends of freedom had planned into the black bosom of the deep. In France the liberty of the press was extinct; Paris was in a state of siege; the soldiery of that Republic had just quenched in blood the freedom of Rome; Austria had suppressed liberty in northern Italy; absolutism was restored in Prussia; along the Rhine and its tributaries, and in the towns and villages of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, troops withdrawn from the barracks and garrisons filled the streets and kept the inhabitants quiet with the bayonet at their breasts. Hungary, at that moment, alone upheld—and upheld with a firm hand and dauntless heart—the blazing torch of liberty. To Hungary were turned up the eyes, to Hungary clung the hopes of all who did not despair of the freedom of Europe.

I recollect that, while the armies of Russia were moving, like a tempest from the north, upon the Hungarian host, the progress of events was watched with the deepest solicitude by the people of Germany. I was at that time in Munich, the splendid capital of Bavaria. The Bavarians seemed for the time to have put off their usual character, and scrambled for the daily prints, wet from the press, with such eagerness that I

almost thought myself in America. The news of the catastrophe at last arrived; Gorgey had betrayed the cause of Hungary, and yielded to the demands of the Russians. Immediately a funeral gloom settled, like a noonday darkness, upon the city. I heard the muttered exclamations of the people: "It is all over: the last hope of European liberty is gone!"

Russia did not misjudge. If she had allowed Hungary to become independent and free, the reaction in favor of absolutism had been incomplete; there would have been one perilous example of successful resistance to despotism; in one corner of Europe a flame would have been kept alive, at which the other nations might have rekindled among themselves the light of liberty. Hungary was subdued; but does any one, who hears me, believe that the present state of things in Europe will last? The despots themselves scarcely believe it; they rule in constant fear, and, made cruel by their fears, are heaping chain on chain around the limbs of their subjects.

They are hastening the event they dread. Every added shackle galls into a more fiery impatience those who are condemned to wear it. I look with mingled hope and horror to the day—the hope, my brethren, predominates—a day bloodier, perhaps, than we have seen since the wars of Napoleon, when the exasperated nations shall snap their chains and start to their feet. It may well be that Hungary, made less patient of the yoke by the remembrance of her own many and glorious struggles for independence, and better fitted than other nations, by the peculiar structure of her institutions, for founding the liberty of her citizens on a rational basis, will take the lead. In that glorious and hazardous enterprise, in that hour of her sore need and peril, I hope she will be cheered and strengthened with aid from this side of the Atlantic; aid given, not with a parsimonious hand, not with a cowardly and selfish apprehension lest we should not err on the safe side—wisely, of course, —I care not with how broad and comprehensive a regard to the future—but in large, generous, effectual measure.

And you, our guest, fearless, eloquent, large of heart and of mind, whose one thought is the salvation of oppressed Hungary, unfortunate, but undiscouraged, struck down in the battle of liberty, but great in defeat, and gathering strength for tri-

umphs to come, receive the assurance at our hands, that in this great attempt of man to repossess himself of the rights which God gave him, through the strife he waged under a distant belt of longitude, and with the mightiest despotisms of the world, the Press of America will take part—*will* take, do I say?—already takes part with you and your countrymen.

Enough of this; I will detain you from the accents to which I know you are impatient to listen only just long enough to pronounce the toast of the evening: "Louis Kossuth." [Applause.]

S. PARKES CADMAN

STONEWALL JACKSON

The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman has been since 1901 pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and is well known as an author as well as an inspiring speaker whether from pulpit or platform. He was born in Shropshire, England, in 1864, and came to this country as pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York, in 1895. The address which follows has been given on several occasions.

Lucretius, the noblest of the Roman poets, in a fine figure, speaks of the detachment of view necessary for those who would calmly estimate the struggles of the past. He paints the marshaling of the warrior hosts upon the plains, the gleam of their burnished arms, the fiery wheeling of the horse, and the charges that shake the earth.

But on the far-off heights there is a tranquil spot from which all the scouring legions seem as if they stood still, and all the glancing flash and confusion of battle blend, as it were, in one sheet of steady flame.

One can scarcely hope that such aloofness may be his when he deals with the heroisms and the sacrifices of that war which was waged over a wide expanse of American frontier during the years between 1861 and 1865. Nevertheless, it is indispensable for any adequate survey, and those who are not connected by birth or interest with either side should at least display dispassionate sentiment and hold the balance with an even hand. The sterling qualities of manhood then manifested appeal to every generous instinct common to friend and foe. And while the lurid scenes of war recede, the unbiased judgment which safeguards historical inquiry is more and more evinced by writers connected with the stirring events of that momentous epoch. There is a decided trend in modern thought toward

justice for men once completely misrepresented, and for motives once equally misunderstood.

Reasonable ideas continue to advance, notwithstanding inflamed emotions, which, as the most conservative characteristic of human nature, so long remain proof against the ameliorations of time. The bitterest aftermath of the Civil War was the period of Reconstruction, falsely so called. The people of the Southern states had been in many respects the richest and most influential politically of the nation. For ideas peculiar to themselves they risked everything they had, saw their wealth swept from them, their territory desolated, their sons killed by scores of thousands and scarcity where opulence had once prevailed. They forfeited for years their political power, and by a cruel irony of fate their slaves were exalted to become their masters. Yet these calamities did not breed in them remorse: they neither mourned nor repined at their condition, but bore up bravely under the deprivation of much that men hold dear. May we not hope that eventually every alien feeling will be absorbed in the leavening of national consciousness, accelerated by the growing conviction that to-day there is no North and no South? We are one corporate body, animated by one spirit, and moving toward a destiny we did not create and cannot destroy. Complete oblivion of wrongs that perhaps penetrated so deeply is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but scarcely possible in too brief a period; and perhaps it is hindered when we attempt to hasten it.

Yet the chivalry and generosity of the Southern people have never failed to respond when a noble object was presented to them. And the most painful episodes will diminish in intensity as the unborn generations of which Mæterlinck speaks in his charming fantasy "The Bluebird" emerge upon the stage to carry forward the enterprises of a united nation.

In the meantime, the steady growth of reverent admiration for the strength and gentleness of Robert E. Lee, and for the Cromwellian fiber of Stonewall Jackson's character, is an indication that such men eventually receive their just reward. The Chief Justice of the United States, who has just taken the foremost seat of our judiciary,[1] was once a soldier of the Con-

[1] The late Chief Justice White had been elevated to his great station about the time this address was delivered.

ROBERT E. LEE

federacy, and his appointment has everywhere met with enthusiastic approval. The literature which presents Southern ideals and points of view is now eagerly read by the scholars and authors of Europe and America. And best of all, the God who ever lives and reigns devises many means whereby our peace is made more lasting and more honorable; more free from futile recrimination and from the perversities of hate, prejudice, or provincialism.

The story of Lee's life has enthralled a wide circle of readers throughout the world. The stream of good will began to flow toward him when he was appointed to the command of the Confederate forces. It followed him into his retirement, to Washington and Lee University, where his dignified and modest demeanor enhanced the fame he had won in battle. When he died, there was an outpouring of appreciation and even of awe which few of us are permitted to receive. Since then those who had resisted him in battle were among the first to see in his symmetrical personality, and transfigured by his unselfish career, some of the noblest elements which human nature can possess. A Miltonic grandeur spreads over the figure of Lee: before which as before that encircling Lincoln, our words may well be few. Yet our thoughts burn within us as we watch his day-wearied sun sink down to rest; for then appeared the tranquil light whose splendors are best displayed in the cloudless calm of eventide—the eventide that follows the hurricanes of noon. His probity, his purity, his loftiness, were all his own, and we are grateful that in a reflected sense they were also ours; a heritage of the race that has traveled from the Thames to the Mississippi and beyond, and left its tokens for good at every stage of the migration.

Both Lee and Jackson prayed as they fought, and in victory or defeat their reliance on God was unshaken. A proud humility encompassed their spirits; they never doubted that the issue in which they had ventured all was in the hand of the Almighty, and that they were the unworthy but willing instruments of his supreme will.

Environment and association modify human nature so profoundly that many sink beneath their pressure and are content to remain mute or inactive. Not so Thomas Jonathan

Jackson, the great lieutenant of his idolized chieftain, the strong right arm of that masterly strategy which so seldom failed in its purposes.

Born in the first quarter of the last century among the hills of Virginia, he seemed fated for a life of obscurity and comparative insignificance. But the impressive individuality, inflexibility of purpose, impatience of injustice, and abandonment to conscience which characterized his ancestors in the Old World marked him as one of their children in the New World. Jackson was descended from the hardy borderers of North Britain and the colonists of the "Pale of Ulster." He belonged to a breed of resolute men which has furnished Britain's Empire with some of its famous generals, many of whom were as conspicuous for their devoutness as for their martial prowess. Wolfe, Wellington, the Napiers, the Lawrences, and later, Wolseley and Roberts, are types of the Protestant Scotch-Irishmen who have pushed the battle line of Britain to the ends of the earth, and made even Napoleon the Great bow before the shock of her armed array.

A letter still preserved states that the ancestors of Andrew Jackson and also of "Stonewall" had formerly lived in the same parish in Londonderry. And though the Jacksons of Virginia did not belong to the class of planters who lived in elegant ease on the banks of the James, they carried from the seaboard to the mountains the bravery, intelligence, thrift, and energy which were their racial assets.

I contravene a popular belief when I claim that in Virginia as in Massachusetts a genuine Puritanism has always held sway. It is asserted that the Old Dominion State, the mother of so many noble and famous sons and daughters owes her reputation to the blood of the Cavalier. But the proofs of this assertion are somewhat scanty, and many of the names that adorn her annals can be traced to a more prosaic but not less meritorious origin. Besides, the terms Cavalier and Puritan are open to serious misunderstandings. Social and political animus is rife in their careless application; they have been employed to sever men who were brothers at the base, and who, in spite of outward differences, dwelt in one kingdom of the spirit.

There is little perceptible difference in essentials between the son of "Light-Horse Harry" of the Revolution, whose fathers left England in protest against the Stuart tyranny, and John Milton, whose voice was raised to impeach that tyranny. The poet's earlier years are full of the pathetic, winsome grace which he inherited from the best Elizabethan examples. The sad, sweet cadences of "Il Penseroso," the glad, joyous melodies of "L'Allegro," and the stately lilt of "Lycidas," were neither Puritan nor Cavalier, in the technical meaning of those abused distinctions. They belonged to an aristocracy of intellect and soul which never cringed before the wrath of kings nor wavered in the presence of the mob. Their genius, their fervent faith, their austere morality, appealed to men of Jackson's sort. He had nothing that savored of sympathy with the wild and ruffling blades who rode and drank and diced with Prince Rupert. He hated with a consuming hatred the loose and reckless living which had so frequently destroyed the retainers of King Charles. It requires no stretch of imagination to conceive the silent scorn with which both Lee and Jackson would have viewed the excesses of the Court of the Restoration. The letters of Lee to his wife are tributes to his domestic bliss. The camps of Jackson were sanctuaries of true piety and scenes of religious renewal. Hundreds of careless youths entered his regiments to find and profess their faith in the Christian doctrine. The roar of battle had no sooner died away than from behind the watch fires of his bivouac arose the sound of singing and of prayer. A poem, which may be familiar to many readers expresses so definitely this man's religious influence that I cannot forbear quoting one of its stanzas:

> Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
> Old Blue-Light's going to pray:
> Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
> Attention! it's his way!
> Appealing from his native sod,
> In *forma pauperis* to God,
> "Lay bare thine arm—stretch forth thy rod:
> Amen!" That's Stonewall's way.

Who can doubt the reality or the terrific meaning of Jackson's

militant Puritanism thus chanted by his ragged veterans? For Puritanism, when broadly viewed, has no geographical boundaries. It existed in Germany, where Luther caught the Christian conception of life and stood for a purifying and ennobling but not a gloomy or ascetic Christianity. There it was as rich in human sympathy as in other divine elements, and employed honest laughter or sacred song to mellow its surroundings. In the spacious mind of John Calvin of Geneva, Puritanism assumed a more formidable aspect. The somber gloom which ensphered his view of life was deepened by the prevalent corruptions and persecutions of the House of Valois and of the Spanish Inquisition. These, together with Calvin's relentless logic, drove the teaching of St. Augustine, so full in parts of grace and fine feeling, to a conclusion of unyielding stoicism.

But the energies diverted from legitimate channels augmented those sturdier qualities of Calvinistic Puritanism which have made it the formative authority in statecraft, war, and dominion. It is easy to deride these developments, which began in the Old Testament, pursued their course through the tenets of certain sects in the early Church, overthrew at the Reformation the ecclesiastical despotisms which barred their progress, and later turned to the New World that they might redress the balance of the Old.

But it must be remembered that the chosen sons of this creed were men of mark; wise in counsel, grave of deportment, resistless when aroused to smite their enemies. They were of the type of Condorcet, who was declared to be a volcano covered with snow. They have molded the entire structure of the English-speaking nations, to say nothing of like minded States. They will be long remembered as great examples, to which history furnishes few parallels, of the management of large affairs and the achievements of civilization.

Stonewall Jackson stood in their succession. His ancestry, his temperament, his habits, place him by the side of another warrior whose bones were cast out of the Abbey at Westminster, but who, in the famous words of Pericles to the Athenians, "has the whole world for his tomb." The victor who brought up his Ironsides at the critical moment at Naseby would have exulted in such a comrade as the hero of the Shenandoah

Valley. "The dusty darlings" known as his "foot cavalry," whom Jackson led again and yet again toward the North, were of like temper with the stark and psalm-singing soldiers who, at Cromwell's word, carved a way with their swords from Dunbar to Dunkirk. And behind Jackson and his men was the South as a whole in her numerous and vital affinities with this kind of Puritanism.

Those Churches which owe their foundation under God to Geneva or to the Anglicanism of Epworth Rectory attest by their millions of members and their salutary influence the prevalence of the Puritan spirit among our brethren of the Southern States.

As the foothills of the Andes begin far distant from the summits they sustain, so did a firm, deeply laid, and widespread basis of national character and faith thrust upward into prominence such astonishing human examples as Jackson. So far from being isolated, singular, unique; he was rather the incarnation of an indomitable temper which was spread abroad among his countrymen, to become manifest in the day of trouble.

At the age of sixteen, his independence and vigor were already evident. He scoured the hills and valleys that verge on the Ohio River till he had secured health of body. When he was designated to West Point, he met inquiries concerning his education with the reply: "I am very ignorant but I can make it up by study. I know I have the energy, and I think I have the intellect." His wife's sister occasionally induced him to speak of those days at the United States Academy where he toiled incessantly, and ventured the question as to whether he was guilty of any deliberate infringement of the rules. "Yes," he said, "I recall one overt act; but it was the only one in which I consciously did what I knew to be wrong. I stepped behind a tree to conceal myself from an officer, because I was beyond bounds without permit." The same passion for veracity made him willing to walk miles in the rain and darkness that he might correct an erroneous impression he had inadvertently given to one of his students.

His nature seems to have been moralized from the first; the despotisms of conscience were upon him right early. Al-

though he did not recollect his father, who died while he was a mere child, the loss was compensated by his memory of his beautiful mother, who left him an orphan boy when he was only ten years of age. Her instructions, her prayers, and her dying injunctions were the germs of his new life as a young man. Fearing nothing, he yet bowed to the remonstrance of her lightest word. Her hand guided in the critical years of adolesence and of maturity. The rude sports of a frontier community, in which he fully shared, never placed him beyond the reach of the departed saint who always attended him. His natural combativeness was held in check; and his integrity and honor were unsullied by the grosser sins. Her gentle pressure turned him away from scenes of vileness and pollution, and he heard again, like some repeating strain of Beethoven, the music of a voice now hushed in death. As a cadet, as a young and intrepid officer, as the leader of the forlorn hope at Contreras and Churubusco, as a rising soldier whose admiring comrades of Magruder's Battery passed his name from lip to lip, and called him "the bravest of the brave," he carried with him, in camp, on the march, and at the front, the sacred image of his mother. He had his hours of temptation: perils and pitfalls beset his path, pride and frenzy had to be met and overcome. The lust for military glory and the desire he undoubtedly felt to vindicate his claim to its possession, were chastened and restrained by her who, from the regions beyond, continued to govern the child of her affection. His courteous consideration for all women and children was to be expected in a Southern gentleman, and it is needless to add that toward them he bore himself with a chivalrous regard.

At Lexington Military Academy those who knew him slightly voted him eccentric, but those whom he admitted to his fellowship discovered not only the granite of his nature but the flowers that decorated it. Peculiarities which were noticeable, and which affected his intercourse as a professor with the students, were found on closer acquaintance to be the outcome of a soul held in obedience to the Higher Power. Few could withhold their respect from him even while they criticized his stiff unbending deportment and unusual habits. After a careful and exhaustive examination of the Christian doctrine and its vari-

ous sectarian forms, which included the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, he joined the Presbyterian Communion, placing behind the act a weight of well-considered intention which made it final.

His perseverance in his Church duties, his determination at the expense of personal unwillingness to join in public prayer, his refusal to enliven conversation by sacrificing fastidiously truthful utterance, his prompt and embarrassing disavowal of what he was supposed to know and did not know, and the rigid discipline he enforced upon himself and others, were the preparation of a great character unconsciously approaching an emergency of the first rank.

There was another and a larger side to that character hidden from the empirical view, scarcely understood by many while he lived, but known to a favored few and appreciated by them. Emerson reminds us that the life of any man is far more than his public career, which is nearly always alloyed with necessary diplomacies that hide the real selfhood. Life is made up of a myriad touches, a multitude of lights and shadows, most of which are concealed behind surface qualities. Fortunately we have some rare glimpses of the true Jackson. He loved to drive his wife to the farm he owned and cultivated, or walk with her in the garden in which he took pride. The health of his negro servants and their general welfare were constantly in his mind. His pastor and a coterie of friends shared an unrestrained fellowship with him. Their conversation roamed over many themes, and he punctuated it with flashes of quiet humor, references to books, or incidents of travel. That larger outline and picturesque latitude which are the relish of table-talk here found free play. Among the sights of Europe that most impressed him he was deeply attached to the English cathedrals, and delighted to recall the "angel choir" of Lincoln, the "five sisters" of York, the octagonal tower of Ely, or "the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of Winchester.

A British officer, who visited his headquarters during McClellan's first campaign around Richmond, was surprised by Jackson's close and familiar knowledge of these monuments of the ages of faith. The Englishman expected a discourse on tactics or an estimate of the enemy's forces; instead, he re-

ceived a lesson in the religious architecture of his native land. The stern, weather-beaten, and unpretentious captain, whose praises were ringing in every War Office of Europe, was more interested for the moment in the west front of Salisbury than in the movements of the Army of the Potomac.

In his studies of general literature and of the text-books for the curriculum of the Lexington Academy, he was compelled to use every hour of daylight. The weakness of his eyes forbade any reading after dark; so that at nightfall he would turn aside and sit in silent meditation, arranging before his mental vision the tasks of the morrow. This done, he joined with alacrity in the domestic pleasures which relieved his labors.

It was no stroke of luck that made him a major of artillery at twenty-three. The zeal with which he fulfilled every duty assigned him was impatient of the slightest neglect, in others or in himself. He exacted from his pupils that which he freely gave, a steady and persistent drill in things great or small. This rugged training, though odious to the sympathetic delicacy of our day, produced the men of Jackson's stamp. He could be seen daily on the streets of the rural town of Lexington, a tall military figure, dressed in a faded gray uniform, walking with a stilted motion, whose every step seemed to be a distinct act of volition. His preoccupied gaze was fixed on things unseen, his general expression was indicative of separation from the immediate surroundings. He delivered his lectures in a serious and didactic style; itself an assurance of the man: a model of military conciseness, and compact with the essence of his message. Gay or heady youths did not like this dressing of the mental dish, and some even sneered at the taciturn professor. Many of them afterwards followed his banner in battle, and there speedily reversed their hasty opinions.

As he ripened for the last and tremendous phase of his life, a constant thirst to know and do the Highest Will shows that he was not only a great soldier, but, before that, a great man. The guidance of his Creator and the approval of his conscience were his absorbing ambitions. Yet the praise of the few whom he loved must have been encouraging to him. On the occasion of his fatal wound, Lee wrote: "Could I have directed events,

I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead." The London *Times*, though somewhat hypercritical concerning American generalship, conceded "that in him was the mixture of daring and judgment which is the mark of heaven born commanders," and this he had beyond any man of his time.

The prescient ones, including some of his students, were quite aware of the sterling stuff beneath his unpretentious and unpromising exterior. They knew that he would keep the pact wherever it was appointed and walk straightly and dauntlessly in any way which his sense of right directed. His official acts knew neither fear nor favor and the articles of his austere creed were drastically applied in his efforts to make all things work together for the good of all. Thus he lived as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, shaping his course with sole reference to its supreme guidance, and scorning the conventionalities in which lesser spirits are confined. Whether this attitude pleased or displeased others was of no moment to him; what did forever matter was the pertinent query, Am I conforming my life to the divine purpose which must prevail? Herein was the candle of the Lord with which he searched every crevice of his being, and those who ascribe his success to other causes neither understand the secret of his greatness nor the principles that regulated his life. When a decision was once made, he suffered neither deviation nor delay. The motions of his mind were spontaneous and direct—an indication of the simple and sincere aims that possessed him. He swung as truly and as instantly around these moralities as the needle to the pole, holding that no general rule should be violated for any particular benefit, and that a man could always accomplish what he willed to do. "I ought, therefore I can"—Kant's Categorial Imperative—was brought by him from his native hills to the war-torn valley of the Blue Ridge Mountains and remained with him to the end.

It is curious to note that in the height of conflict a sudden change came over him. His form grew even more erect, the grasp upon his saber tightened, the quiet blue eyes flashed with incipient fire, the large nostrils dilated, the sinews stiffened, and the calm, grave face of the ascetic glowed with the flush of the inspired warrior.

The aim of this address is not to dwell at length upon Jackson's military methods and successes. These have been analyzed and delineated by experts whose tributes have become a part of the history of the Civil War. It is sufficient for me to record how, through evil and good report, he steadily persisted until regiments, brigades, his corps as a whole, and the entire army of the South, caught the contagion of his energetic and victorious spirit. Fortitude, daring, a boldness restrained at every point by his wonderful mental equipoise, and a consummate knowledge of the situation involved, were his outstanding characteristics. He himself forged the weapon he wielded with such great effect. He forced it to take his own impress; he bathed it in the blood of sacrifice; and then made its onfall as sure and deadly as the thrust of the Highland Brigade at Mont St. Jean or the impact of the Light Cavalry at Balaklava. He rode up to take leave of his First Brigade when he was appointed to command elsewhere, and addressed them in the following words which swept the ranks with a flame of enthusiasm:

> In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade! In the Army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade! In the Second Corps of the Army you were the First Brigade! You are the First Brigade in the affections of your General, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our Second War of Independence. Farewell!

With a wave of his hand Jackson galloped off the field, followed by the cheers of the soldiers. After Kernstown, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Jackson which might have been sent by Ireton to the Long Parliament on a fast day:

> Our God was my shield. . . . Yesterday was a lovely Sabbath day. . . . beautiful, serene, holy. All it wanted was the church bells and God's service in the sanctuary to make it complete. After God, our God, blesses us with peace, I hope to visit this country with you and enjoy it.

At Winchester he issued the following order:

> Soldiers of the Army of the Valley of the Northwest: I congratulate you on your recent victory at McDowell. I request you to unite with me this morning in Thanksgiving to Almighty God for

thus having crowned your arms with success, and in praying that He will continue to lead you on from victory to victory until our independence shall be established, and make us that people whose God is the Lord. The chaplains will hold divine service at ten o'clock A. M. this day in their respective regiments.

When his troops bivouacked on the green banks of the Shenandoah near Brown's Gap, a similar service for the hard-contested and gloriously won field of Port Republic was held in an adjoining forest, with serene skies above and enclosed by mountains on whose slopes the cries of fierce resistance had scarcely died away. The Lord's Supper was administered, and kneeling among his troops with the humility of a child was this thunderbolt of war, who had so recently crushed a well-equipped and powerful army.

Incidents of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely, but those related are sufficient to carry forward our conception of the man. When he was attached to Lee's army, the luster he had shed on the Confederacy, the piety and purity of his character, and the strength of his iron will, accompanied him.

In the movements around Richmond, as in the battles of Manassas, Antietam and Fredericksburg, which ended the campaign of 1862, he bore the conspicuous part now universally expected of him. On the field of Chancellorsville he obtained at once his "crowning mercy" and his release from the burden and the trials of earth. The story of his sudden approach through the forests and how he fell upon Howard's Eleventh Corps like a tornado, will be read so long as men cherish the devotion exhibited in deathless deeds. Wounded in mistake by his own troops, he was borne to the rear to die. His wife and little daughter were sent for and remained with him to the end.

A whole army and the Confederacy wrestled in prayer for his recovery. A cry of anguish escaped the lips of the noble Lee when he was told that Jackson's translation was near. He, more than any other man, knew what hopes and prospects might die with Jackson.

When the hero was informed that he would be with his God before the sun went down, he answered: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I had always desired to die on Sun-

day." Then delirium came, and with it the thoughts of approaching battle and the rapid issue of orders. But these soon passed, a smile of ineffable sweetness spread over his pallid countenance, and in quiet tones of relief he said: "Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

So, in the fortieth year of his age, died Stonewall Jackson. The cadets who had once shown little enthusiasm for him as an instructor; the men he had led in the Valley of Virginia and on the heights around Richmond; the representative citizens who had scarcely looked upon him before death, assembled at the tomb to pay their last respects to one whose career from first to last was unmarred by any deflection from moral or from military rectitude.

As a man ever in the presence of his Maker, he was bowed down, contrite, humble, with supplication for the forgiveness the best must needs receive, because he most acutely felt his unworthiness and sin; compassionate toward weakness, an uncompromising opponent of injustice and tyranny, with strange flashes of Berserker wrath against those whom he deemed invaders and oppressors.

As a citizen and an unshrinking patriot, he held his native province and her institutions as the objective of his service, and in their behalf demanded from all the fealty he himself so freely rendered.

As a soldier he was as untamable in war as he had been modest in peace, full of the enterprises of that larger strategy which used unfamiliar tactics to accomplish results the enemy forces least expected and at a place and time which he selected for their discomfiture and his own advantage.

As a disciplinarian he was merciless in exacting all that human endurance could supply, engaging every faculty to the full and making his men as aggressive as himself; but when the fight was over, he became studiously attentive to their spiritual and physical necessities.

He was unhesitating in concentrated and independent planning, prompt to strike, almost inerrant in calculation, with a caution and a foresight, fencing the daring engendered by his belief that he was God's instrument to accomplish certain ends.

Beyond his profession, he was sound and just in mind, but

not largely original or brilliant; within it, a combination of Cromwell's religious fervor and Napoleon's resourcefulness so capable that what he would have done had he lived must remain a matter for favorable speculation.

Such a life needs no moralizing from me. It conveys its own lesson; and whether for or against his political opinions, all of us may learn much from this grave, reserved Puritan Captain's story. His alliance with eternal realities; his foretaste of the powers of the world to come; his deep and genuine piety; his adherence to the Bible, the Church, and the Lord's day; his keeping of his own conscience void of offense before God and men, were the traits of a spiritual soldier who was greater than anything he did, one whose best deeds took rise in his being. When his statue was unveiled at Lexington it was looked upon by many who, like him, had sought "Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines," and who had often wondered why one so pure and upright had been suddenly cut down. They filed past the figure towering above them, with thoughts too deep for tears. The last line drew near as gathering night began to enshroud the scene. Amid the silence this line too swept on, when suddenly a veteran turned about and cried in tones that shook the hearts of those who heard his words, "Good-by, Stonewall! Good-by! We did what we could for you." Of a truth they did, and of their doings the generations have since heard. That we shall all cherish his memory as a warrior there can be no doubt. May we, my brothers of the South, of the North, of the reunited Republic and of all English-speaking peoples, cherish even more the compact which his faith made with God, and with his allegiance to the right as he understood it!

JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON

MARK TWAIN

Joseph Gurney Cannon was born in Guilford, N. C., on May 7, 1836, and became a member of Congress from Illinois in 1873. He remained a member of Congress except for a single term, until his death in 1926 concluded over fifty years of service. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives from 1903 to 1911 and received 58 votes for the presidential nomination at the Republican National Convention in 1908. Familiarly known as "Uncle Joe," he was one of the leaders of the Republican party and one of the world's prominent figures in politics. The present address[1] was given at the memorial meeting held at Carnegie Hall, New York, November 30, 1910, under the auspices of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Mr. William Dean Howells, who presided, introduced Mr. Cannon in the following words:

"At a memorable copyright hearing of authors before the joint Congressional Committee in Washington, four or five years ago, Mark Twain, white from head to foot in complete flannels, launched himself at that iniquitous dragon of non-property in ideas invented by Macaulay for the confusion of legislation, and utterly demolished it. Then he put on his long overcoat and said he was going round to the House to see the Speaker. Somehow he knew that in that wise and level head lay the hope of literature, as a vocation, as a livelihood. What passed when those two men, differently great, put their cigars together, the eminent statesman, whom we are so glad and so proud to have with us here, alone can say. Perhaps he will also tell us how much he liked Mark Twain. I knew long ago how much Mark Twain liked Joseph G. Cannon."

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am glad to meet with the fellow-workers of Mark Twain to honor his memory. I was just a friend and admirer of this man who

[1] Printed with the kind permission of the American Academy of Arts and Letters from the Academy notes and monographs. Copyrighted

made his name a household word, not only in America but throughout the world. I was not an intimate friend—and, perhaps, I should use the word "acquaintance"—but everybody who read Mark Twain or heard him lecture felt that there was a bond of friendship, and if they clasped hands with him, and entered into friendly conversation, they claimed intimate friendship, if not kinship. I had that pleasure.

My friendly relations with Mark Twain were those of a sympathetic admirer who tried to help him when he was exercising his rights as a citizen, and urging upon Congress legislation that would give greater protection to the product of his labor.

In the early days in the West I often heard this musical sound, "Mark twain!" as sung out by the lineman to the pilot on the old Mississippi River boats, indicating two fathoms of water, or no bottom; but I never expected then to see it made one of the most popular names in the world of literature, and given such a personality as it has had for many years through the genius of this man, whose real name seems to have become secondary in his work and reputation. The announcement by the lineman was a most serious and hopeful fact for the pilot and the captain, indicating plenty of water and clear sailing. Mr. Clemens said that he confiscated this name from one of the oldest and most reliable pilots on the Mississippi River, because with that old man it was a sign and symbol and warrant that whatever was found in its company might be gambled upon as being the petrified truth.

We call Mark Twain America's greatest humorist, but I have taken him at his word, and I have his own warrant for accepting his characters as photographs rather than as creatures of fancy. Tom Sawyer is the most natural boy I ever saw between the covers of a book, and Colonel Mulberry Sellers is a daily visitor to the national capital. In fact, the last time I met Mark Twain he admitted that he was playing the part of Colonel Sellers and trying to make me see that "there's millions in it," for he had come to Washington to lobby for the Copyright Bill. He had no aversion to the term "lobbyist," but recognized his temporary vocation while in the capital, just as he recognized men in their various disguises all through life.

He was an author asking protection for his work. He took over a part of the enthusiasm of Colonel Sellers as he talked to members of Congress about the benefits of the Copyright Bill, and he showed some dissatisfaction, if not disgust, when he discovered that other people were taking advantage of his efforts and his influence.

At the close of his visit he came into the Speaker's Room, as he was accustomed to do every morning, and said: "See here, Uncle Joe; does every fellow who comes here get hitched up to a train he does not want to pull? I came down here to pull the Copyright Bill through Congress, because I want the copyright on my literary work extended so that I can keep the benefits to myself and family, and not let the pirates get it. I hitched my locomotive to that car, which was to carry literary efforts into longer protected life, and just when the locomotive got under way it had to be halted to attach a new car, then another, and another, until now the steam is getting low and the train is so long I don't know whether it will move or not. And I don't know that I want to pull it, now, with all sorts of cars attached which have no possible relation to the purpose I had in coming to Washington or the legislation I believe necessary for the protection of my literary work."

I told him he had the usual experience of men who wanted to reform the world according to their own views by legislation. There were so many people ready to help him who did not fully agree with him, that the product of his effort soon became more or less a stranger to its parent. I could have given him many illustrations of good intentions embarrassed by other good intentions, and also of men placed in charge of a locomotive becoming dissatisfied with some of the freight they were pulling.

He had that understanding of human nature that made him quick to see the difficulties that surround legislative effort without making him suspicious that the other fellow's efforts were not just like his own—wisely selfish—but he insisted that there ought to be several classes of trains in legislation, as there are on the railroads, so that real inspiration and "canned goods" should not be hooked up together in the same train. I agreed with him, but those who were insisting on coöperat-

ing with him did not. They were all insisting on getting on the same train with so popular a leader.

He had more influence with the legislators than others had, and he was frank to admit a selfish interest. He came to lobby for a bill, and was not ashamed to admit that he had a self-interest in the legislation he sought. There was no altruistic humbug about his effort.

He wanted to go on the floor of the House to lobby, but those confounded "Cannon Rules" prohibited him, and they likewise so bound the Speaker that he could not recognize another member to ask unanimous consent to admit Mark Twain or any other man to the floor. Mark studied those rules and discovered that the only exception made was in favor of those who had received the thanks of Congress. So he wrote to me, and, acting as his own messenger, came into the Speaker's Room one cold morning and laid the letter on my desk. It was as follows:

"*December* 7, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE JOSEPH,—Please get me the thanks of Congress—not next week, but right away! It is very necessary. Do accomplish this for your affectionate old friend—and right away! By persuasion if you can, by violence if you must.

For it is imperatively necessary that I get on the floor for two or three hours and talk to the members, man by man, in behalf of the support, encouragement and protection of one of the nation's most valuable assets and industries—its literature. I have arguments with me—also a barrel. With liquid in it!

Get me a chance! Get me the thanks of Congress. Don't wait for the others—there isn't time. Furnish them to me yourself, and let Congress ratify later. I have stayed away and let Congress alone for seventy-one years, and am entitled to the thanks. Congress knows this perfectly well; and I have long felt hurt that this quite proper and earned expression of gratitude has been merely felt by the House and never publicly uttered.

Send me an order on the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Quick!

When shall I come?

With love and benediction,

MARK TWAIN.

After reading that letter I repeated what I have said about the embarrassment of those rules not only as affecting him, but

as affecting the Speaker, and he laughed as he said his joke must have been pretty clear for me to catch the point at the first reading.

I called my messenger—a colored man who has served every Speaker for the last thirty years, and who knows all the members—and I said to Mark Twain: "I am in full sympathy with you, and will help you lobby. Neal will take you to the Speaker's private room, which is larger, more comfortable, and more convenient than this one. That room and the messenger are yours while you stay, and if you don't break a quorum of the House it will be your own fault."

He installed himself in that room, and the messenger went on the floor whispering to Champ Clark, Adam Bede, and others on both sides of the House, and in a few minutes there was not a quorum on the floor. They were all crowding into the Speaker's private room to see Mark Twain and promised him to vote for the Copyright Bill, for he allowed no admirer to escape. After the day's session Mark came to me to say that those confounded rules were not so bad after all, and that he didn't object to a "czar" who abdicated and allowed him to occupy the throne-room.

I have many pleasant recollections of Mark Twain's literary work, which I have enjoyed through the years since he was in Washington as a newspaper correspondent; but my pleasantest recollections are of the man and his straightforward way of meeting other men, and, without pretense, presenting his views. The world recognized him as a humorist, but he was also a philosopher and a practical man.

RUFUS CHOATE

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER

Address[1] by Rufus Choate, lawyer and politician (born in Essex, Mass., October 1, 1799; died in Halifax, N. S., July 13, 1859), delivered before the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, in Boston, October 28, 1852, four days after the death of Webster, upon which the judges and members of the bar of that court were assembled to take formal action. Choate's famous speech on the "Preservation of the Union" is printed in Volume XI.

May It Please Your Honors:—I have been requested by the members of the Bar of this Court to add a few words to the resolutions just read, in which they have embodied, as they were able, their sorrow for the death of their beloved and illustrious member and countryman, Mr. Webster; their estimation of his character, life, and genius; their sense of the bereavement,—to the country as to his friends,—incapable of repair; the pride, the fondness,—the filial and the patriotic pride and fondness,—with which they cherish, and would consign to history to cherish, the memory of a great and good man.

And yet I could earnestly have desired to be excused from this duty. He must have known Mr. Webster less, and loved him less, than your honors or than I have known and loved him, who can quite yet,—quite yet,—before we can comprehend that we have lost him forever,—before the first paleness with which the news of his death overspread our cheeks has passed away,—before we have been down to lay him in the Pilgrim soil he loved so well, till the heavens be no more,—he must have known and loved him less than we have done, who can come here quite yet, to recount the series of his services, to display with psychological exactness the traits of his nature and mind, to

[1] Copyright, Little, Brown and Co. Published by permission.

ponder and speculate on the secrets—on the marvelous secrets —and source of that vast power, which we shall see no more in action, nor aught in any degree resembling it, among men. These first moments should be given to grief. It may employ, it may promote a calmer mood, to construct a more elaborate and less unworthy memorial!

For the purposes of this moment and place, indeed, no more is needed. What is there for this Court or for this Bar to learn from me, here and now, of him? The year and the day of his birth; that birthplace on the frontier, yet bleak and waste; the well, of which his childhood drank, dug by that father of whom he has said, "that through the fire and blood of seven years of Revolutionary War he shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country; and to raise his children to a condition better than his own"; the elm-tree that father planted, fallen now, as father and son have fallen; that training of the giant infancy on catechism and Bible, and Watt's version of the Psalms, and the traditions of Plymouth, and Fort William Henry, and the Revolution, and the age of Washington and Franklin, on the banks of the Merrimac, flowing sometimes in flood and anger, from its secret springs in the crystal hills; the two district schoolmasters, Chase and Tappan; the village library; the dawning of the love and ambition of letters; the few months at Exeter and Boscawen; the life of college; the probationary season of school-teaching; the clerkship in the Fryeburg Registry of Deeds; his admission to the Bar presided over by judges like Smith, illustrated by practisers such as Mason, where, by the studies in the contentions of nine years, he laid the foundation of the professional mind; his irresistible attraction to public life; the oration on commerce; the Rockingham resolutions; his first term of four years' service in Congress, when, by one bound, he sprang to his place by the side of the foremost of the rising American statesmen; his removal to this State; and then the double and parallel current in which his life, studies, thoughts, cares, have since flowed, bearing him to the leadership of the Bar by universal acclaim, bearing him to the leadership of public life—last of that surpassing triumvirate, shall we say the greatest, the most widely known and admired?—all these things, to

their minutest details, are known and rehearsed familiarly. Happier than the younger Pliny, happier than Cicero, he has found his historian, unsolicited, in his lifetime, and his countrymen have him all by heart!

There is then, nothing to tell you, nothing to bring to mind. And then, if I may borrow the language of one of his historians and friends—one of those through whose beautiful pathos the common sorrow uttered itself yesterday, in Faneuil Hall—"I dare not come here and dismiss in a few summary paragraphs the character of one who has filled such a space in the history, one who holds such a place in the heart, of his country. It would be a disrespectful familiarity to a man of his lofty spirit, his great soul, his rich endowments, his long and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them"—a half-hour of words, a handful of earth, for fifty years of great deeds, on high places!

But, although the time does not require anything elaborated and adequate—forbids it, rather—some broken sentences of veneration and love may be indulged to the sorrow which oppresses us.

There presents itself, on the first and to any observation of Mr. Webster's life and character, a two-fold eminence,—eminence of the very highest rank—in a two-fold field of intellectual and public display—the profession of the law and the profession of statesmanship—of which it would not be easy to recall any parallel in the biography of illustrious men.

Without seeking for parallels, and without asserting that they do not exist, consider that he was, by universal designation, the leader of the general American Bar; and that he was, also, by an equally universal designation, foremost of her statesmen living at his death; inferior to not one who has lived and acted since the opening of his own public life. Look at these aspects of his greatness separately, and from opposite sides of the surpassing elevation. Consider that his single career at the bar may seem to have been enough to employ the largest faculties, without repose, for a lifetime; and that, if then and thus the *infinitus forensium rerum labor* should have conducted him to a mere professional reward—a bench of chancery or law, the crown of the first advocates, *jurisperitorum elo-*

quentissimus—to the pure and mere honors of a great magistrate—that that would be as much as is allotted to the ablest in the distribution of fame. Even that half, if I may say so, of his illustrious reputation—how long the labor to win it, how worthy of all that labor! He was bred first in the severest school of the common law, in which its doctrines were expounded by Smith, and its administration shaped and directed by Mason, and its foundation principles, its historical sources and illustrations, its connection with the parallell series of statutory enactments, its modes of reasoning, and the evidence of its truth, he grasped easily and completely; and I have myself heard him say, that for many years while still at the bar, he tried more causes, and argued more questions of fact to the jury than perhaps any other member of the profession anywhere. I have heard from others how, even then, he exemplified the same direct, clear, and forcible exhibition of proofs, and the reasonings appropriate to proofs, as well as the same marvelous power of discerning instantly what we call the decisive points of the cause in law and fact, by which he was later more widely celebrated. This was the first epoch in his professional training.

With the commencement of his public life, or with his later removal to this State, began the second epoch of his professional training, conducting him through the gradation of the national tribunals to the study and practice of the more flexible, elegant, and scientific jurisprudence of commerce and of chancery, and to the grander and less fettered investigations of international, prize, and constitutional law, and giving him to breathe the air of a more famous forum, in a more public presence. with more variety of competition, although he never met abler men, as I have heard him say, than some of those who initiated him in the rugged discipline of the courts of New Hampshire; and thus, at length, by these studies, these labors, this contention, continued without repose, he came, now many years ago, to stand *omnium assensu* at the summit of the American Bar.

It is common and it is easy in the case of all in such position, to point out other lawyers, here and there, as possessing some special qualification of attainment more remarkably, perhaps, because more exclusively—to say of one that he has more

cases in his recollection at any given moment, or that he was earlier grounded in equity, or has gathered more black letter or civil law, or knowledge of Spanish or of Western titles—and these comparisons were sometimes made with him. But when you sought a counsel of the first rate for the great cause, who would most surely discern and most powerfully expound the exact law, required by the controversy, in season for use; who could most skillfully encounter the opposing law; under whose powers of analysis, persuasion, and display, the asserted right would assume the most probable aspect before the intelligence of the judge; who, if the inquiry became blended with or resolved into facts, could most completely develop and most irresistibly expose them; one "the law's whole thunder born to wield"—when you sought such a counsel, and could have the choice, I think the universal profession would have turned to him. And this would be so in nearly every description of cause, in any department. Some able men wield civil inquiries with a peculiar ability; some criminal. How lucidly and how deeply he elucidated a question of property, you all know. But then, with what address, feeling, pathos, and prudence he defended, with what dignity and crushing power, *accusatorio spiritu,* he prosecuted the accused of crime, whom he believed to have been guilty, few have seen; but none who have seen can ever forget it.

Some scenes there are, some Alpine eminences rising above the high table-land of such a professional life, to which, in the briefest tribute, we should love to follow him. We recall that day, for an instance, when he first announced, with decisive display, what manner of man he was, to the Supreme Court of the nation. It was in 1818, and it was in the argument of the case of Dartmouth College. William Pinkney was recruiting his great faculties, and replenishing that reservoir of professional and elegant acquisitions in Europe. Samuel Dexter, "the honorable man, and the counselor, and the eloquent orator," was in his grave. The boundless old-school learning of Luther Martin; the silver voice and infinite analytical ingenuity and resources of Jones; the fervid genius of Emmett pouring itself along *immenso oro;* the ripe and beautiful culture of Wirt and Hopkinson—the steel point, unseen, not unfelt, beneath the

foliage; Harper himself, statesman as well as lawyer,—these, and such as these, were left of that noble Bar. That day Mr. Webster opened the cause of Dartmouth College to a tribunal unsurpassed on earth in all that gives illustration to a bench of law, not one of whom any longer survives.

One would love to linger on the scene, when, after a masterly argument of the law, carrying, as we may now know, conviction to the general mind of the court, and vindicating and settling for his lifetime his place in that forum, he paused to enter, with an altered feeling, tone, and manner, with these words on his peroration: "I have brought my Alma Mater to this presence, that, if she must fall, she may fall in her robes and with dignity"; and then broke forth in that strain of sublime and pathetic eloquence, of which we know not much more than that, in its progress, Marshall—the intellectual, the self-controlled, the unemotional—announced, visibly, the presence of the unaccustomed enchantment.

Other forensic triumphs crowd on us, in other competition, with other issues. But I must commit them to the historian of constitutional jurisprudence.

And now, if this transcendent professional reputation were all of Mr. Webster, it might be practicable, though not easy, to find its parallel elsewhere, in our own, or in European or classical biography.

But, when you consider that, side by side with this, there was growing up that other reputation—that of the first American statesman; that, for thirty-three years, and those embracing his most herculean works at the Bar, he was engaged as a member of either House, or in the highest of the executive departments, in the conduct of the largest national affairs, in the treatment of the largest national questions, in debate with the highest abilities of American public life, conducting diplomatic intercourse in delicate relations with all manner of foreign powers, investigating whole classes of truths, totally unlike the truths of the law, and resting on principles totally distinct—and that here, too, he was wise, safe, controlling, trusted, the foremost man; that Europe had come to see in his life a guaranty for justice, for peace, for the best hopes of civilization, and America to feel surer of her glory and her

safety as his great arm enfolded her—you see how rare, how solitary, almost, was the actual greatness! Who, anywhere, has won, as he had, the double fame, and worn the double wreath of Murray and Chatham, of Dunning and Fox, of Erskine and Pitt, of William Pinkney and Rufus King, in one blended and transcendent superiority?

I cannot attempt to grasp and sum up the aggregate of the service of his public life at such a moment as this; and it is needless. That life comprised a term of more than thirty-three years. It produced a body of performance, of which I may say it was all of which the first abilities of the country and time, employed with unexampled toil, stimulated by the noblest patriotism, in the highest places of the State, in the fear of God, in the presence of nations, could possibly compass.

He came into Congress after the War of 1812 had begun, and though probably deeming it unnecessary, according to the highest standards of public necessity, in his private character, and objecting, in his public character, to some of the details of the policy by which it was prosecuted, and standing by party ties in general opposition to the administration, he never breathed a sentiment calculated to depress the tone of the public mind, to aid or comfort the enemy, to check or chill the stirrings of that new, passionate, unquenchable spirit of nationality, which then was revealed, or kindled to burn till we go down to the tombs of States.

With the peace of 1815 his more cherished public labors began; and thenceforward he devoted himself—the ardor of his civil youth, the energies of his maturest manhood, the autumnal wisdom of the ripened year—to the offices of legislation and diplomacy; of preserving the peace, keeping the honor, establishing the boundaries, and vindicating the neutral rights of his country; restoring a sound currency, and laying its foundation sure and deep; in upholding public credit; in promoting foreign commerce and domestic industry; in developing our uncounted material resources—giving the lake and the river to trade—and vindicating and interpreting the constitution and the law. On all these subjects—on all measures practically in any degree affecting them—he has inscribed opinions and left the traces of his hand. Everywhere the philosophical and patriot

statesman and thinker will find that he has been before him, lighting the way, sounding the abyss. His weighty language, his sagacious warnings, his great maxims of empire, will be raised to view, and live to be deciphered when the final catastrophe shall lift the granite foundation in fragments from its bed.

In this connection I cannot but remark to how extraordinary an extent had Mr. Webster, by his acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us with every historical incident, or, at least, with every historical epoch, with every policy, with every glory, with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war; to the opening and march and close of the Revolutionary drama; to the age of the Constitution; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson; to the whole train of causes, from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be Republicans; to that other train of causes which led us to be unionists—look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected; look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common harmony—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America. We seem to see his form and hear his deep, grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word, spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others; it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas, and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness," our encircling ocean, the Rock of the Pilgrims, our newborn sister of the Pacific, our popular assemblies, our free schools, all our cherished doctrines of education, and the influence of religion, and material policy, and the law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on, what subject of American interest will you study, what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that does not recall him!

I shall not venture, in this rapid and general recollection of Mr. Webster, to attempt to analyze that intellectual power which all admit to have been so extraordinary, or to compare or contrast it with the mental greatness of others, in variety or degree, of the living or the dead; or even to attempt to appreciate, exactly, and in reference to canons of art, his single attribute of eloquence. Consider, however, the remarkable phenomenon of excellence in three unkindred, one might have thought, incompatible forms of public speech—that of the forum, with its double audience of bench and jury, of the halls of legislation, and of the most thronged and tumultuous assemblies of the people.

Consider, further, that this multiform eloquence exactly as his words fell, became at once so much accession to permanent literature, in the strictest sense, solid, attractive and rich, and ask how often in the history of public life such a thing has been exemplified. Recall what pervaded all these forms of display, and every effort in every form,—that union of naked intellect, in its largest measure, which penetrates to the exact truth of the matter in hand, by intuition or by inference, and discerns everything which may make it intelligible, probable, or credible to another, with an emotional and moral nature profound, passionate, and ready to kindle; that union of greatness of soul with depth of heart, which made his speaking almost more an exhibition of character than of mere genius; the style, not merely pure, clear Saxon, but so constructed, so sonorous as far as becomes prose, so forcible, so abounding in unlabored felicities; the words so choice; the epithet so pictured; the matter absolute truth, or the most exact and specious resemblance the human wit can devise; the treatment of the subject, if you have regard to the kind of truth he had to handle—political, ethical, legal—as deep, as complete as Paley's, or Locke's, or Butler's, or Alexander Hamilton's, of their subjects; yet that depth and that completeness of sense, made transparent as though crystal waters, all embodied in harmonious or well-composed periods, raised on winged language, vivified, fused, and poured along in a tide of emotion, fervid, and incapable to be withstood; recall the form, the eye, the brow, the tone of voice, the presence of the intellectual king of men—recall him

thus, and, in the language of Mr. Justice Story, commemorating Samuel Dexter, we may well "rejoice that we have lived in the same age, that we have listened to his eloquence and been instructed by his wisdom."

I cannot leave this subject of his eloquence without returning to a thought I have advanced already. All that he has left, or the larger portion of all, is the record of spoken words. His works, as already collected, extend to many volumes—a library of reason and eloquence, as Gibbon has said of Cicero's—but they are volumes of speeches only, or mainly; and yet who does not rank him as a great American author? an author as truly expounding and as characteristically exemplifying, in a pure, genuine, and harmonious English style, the mind, thought, point of view of objects, and essential nationality of his country as any other of our authors, professedly so denominated? Against the maxim of Mr. Fox, his speeches read well, and yet were good speeches—great speeches—in the delivery. For so grave were they, so thoughtful and true, so much the eloquence of reason at last, so strikingly always they contrived to link the immediate topic with other and broader principles, ascending easily to widest generalizations, so happy was the reconciliation of the qualities which engage the attention of hearers, yet reward the perusal of students, so critically did they keep the right side of the line which parts eloquence from rhetoric, and so far do they rise above the penury of mere debate, that the general reason of the country has enshrined them at once, and forever among our classics.

It is a common belief that Mr. Webster was a various reader; and I think it is true, even to a greater degree than has been believed. In his profession of politics, nothing, I think, worthy of attention had escaped him; nothing of the ancient or modern prudence; nothing which Greek or Roman or European speculation in that walk had explored, or Greek or Roman or European or universal history or public biography exemplified. I shall not soon forget with what admiration he spoke at an interview to which he admitted me, while in the Law School at Cambridge, of the politics and ethics of Aristotle, and of the mighty mind which, as he said, seemed to have "thought through" so many of the great problems which form the discipline of social

man. American history and American political literature he had by heart—the long series of influences which trained us for representative and free government; that other series of influences which molded us into a united government; the Colonial era; the age of controversy before the Revolution; every scene and every person in that great tragic action; every question which has successively engaged our politics, and every name which has figured in them—the whole stream of our time was open, clear, and present ever to his eye.

Beyond his profession of politics, so to call it, he had been a diligent and choice reader, as his extraordinary style in part reveals; and I think the love of reading would have gone with him to a later and riper age if to such an age it had been the will of God to preserve him. This is no place or time to appreciate this branch of his acquisitions; but there is an interest inexpressible in knowing who were any of the chosen from among the great dead in the library of such a man. Others may correct me, but I should say of that interior and narrower circle were Cicero, Virgil, Shakespeare—whom he knew familiarly as the Constitution,—Bacon, Milton, Burke, Johnson,—to whom I hope it is not pedantic nor fanciful to say, I often thought his nature presented some resemblance; the same abundance of the general propositions required for explaining a difficulty and refuting a sophism copiously and promptly occurring to him; the same kindness of heart and wealth of sensibility, under a manner, of course, more courteous and gracious, yet more sovereign; the same sufficient, yet not predominant, imagination, stooping ever to truth, and giving affluence, vivacity, and attraction to a powerful, correct and weighty style of prose.

I cannot leave this life and character without selecting and dwelling a moment on one or two of his traits, or virtues, or felicities, a little longer. There is a collective impression made by the whole of an eminent person's life, beyond and other than, and apart from, that which the mere general biographer would afford the means of explaining. There is an influence of a great man derived from things indescribable, almost, or incapable of enumeration, or singly insufficient to account for it, but through which his spirit transpires, and his individuality goes

forth on the contemporary generation. And thus, I should say, one grand tendency of his life and character was to elevate the whole tone of the public mind. He did this, indeed, not merely by example. He did it by dealing, as he thought, truly and in manly fashion with that public mind. He evinced his love of the people, not so much by honeyed phrases as by good counsels and useful service, *vera pro gratis*. He showed how he appreciated them by submitting sound arguments to their understandings and right motives to their free will. He came before them, less with flattery than with instruction; less with a vocabulary larded with the words humanity and philanthropy, and progress and brotherhood, than with a scheme of politics, an educational, social and governmental system, which would have made them prosperous, happy and great.

What the greatest of the Greek historians said of Pericles, we all feel might be said of him: "He did not so much follow as lead the people, because he framed not his words to please them, like one who is gaining power by unworthy means, but was able and dared, on the strength of his high character, even to brave their anger by contradicting their will."

I should indicate it as another influence of his life, acts, and opinions, that it was, in an extraordinary degree, uniformly and liberally conservative. He saw with vision as of a prophet, that if our system of united government can be maintained till a nationality shall be generated, of due intensity and due comprehension, a glory indeed millennial, a progress without end, a triumph of humanity hitherto unseen, were ours; and, therefore, he addressed himself to maintain that united government.

Standing on the Rock of Plymouth, he bade distant generations hail, and saw them rising, "demanding life, impatient for the skies," from what then were "fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness"; from the shore of the great, tranquil sea, not yet become ours. But observe to what he welcomes them; by what he would bless them. "It is to good government." It is to "treasures of science and delights of learning." It is to the "sweets of domestic life, the immeasurable good of rational existence, the immortal hopes of Christianity, the light of everlasting truth."

It will be happy if the wisdom and temper of his administra-

tion of our foreign affairs shall preside in the time which is at hand. Sobered, instructed by the examples and warnings of all past, he yet gathered from the study and comparison of all the eras that there is a silent progress of the race—without pause, without haste, without return,—to which the counselings of history are to be accommodated by a wise philosophy. More than, or as much as that of any of our public characters, his statesmanship was one which recognized a Europe, an old world, but yet grasped the capital idea of the American position, and deduced from it the whole fashion and color of its policy; which discerned that we are to play a high part in human affairs, but discerned, also, what part it is—peculiar, distant, distinct, and grand as our hemisphere; an influence, not a contact—the stage, the drama, the catastrophe, all but the audience, all our own—and if ever he felt himself at a loss, he consulted, reverently, the genius of Washington.

In bringing these memories to a conclusion—for I omit many things because I dare not trust myself to speak of them—I shall not be misunderstood, or give offense, if I hope that one other trait in his public character, one doctrine, rather, of his political creed, may be remembered and be appreciated. It is one of the two fundamental precepts in which Plato, as expounded by the great master of Latin eloquence and reason and morals, comprehends the duty of those who share in the conduct of the state—*ut quaecumque agunt, totum corpus republica curent, nedum partem aliquam tuenter, reliquas deserant"*; that they comprise in their care the whole body of the Republic, nor keep one part and desert another. He gives the reason—one reason—of the precept, *qui autem parti civium, consulunt, partem negligunt, rem perniciosissimam in civitatem inducunt, seditonem atque discordiam.* The patriotism which embraces less than the whole induces sedition and discord, the last evil of the State.

How profoundly he had comprehended this truth; with what persistency, with what passion, from the first hour he became a public man to the last beat of the great heart, he cherished it; how little he accounted the good, the praise, the blame of this locality or that, in comparison of the larger good and the general and thoughtful approval of his own, and our, whole America,

—she this day feels and announces. Wheresoever a drop of her blood flows in the veins of men, this trait is felt and appreciated. The hunter beyond Superior; the fisherman on the deck of the nigh night-foundered skiff; the sailor on the uttermost sea—will feel, as he hears these tidings, that the protection of a sleepless, all-embracing, parental care is withdrawn from him for a space, and that his pathway henceforward is more solitary and less safe than before.

But I cannot pursue these thoughts. Among the eulogists who have just uttered the eloquent sorrow of England at the death of the great Duke, one has employed an image and an idea which I venture to modify and appropriate. "The Northmen's image of death is finer than that of other climes; no skeleton, but a gigantic figure that envelops men within the massive folds of his dark garment." Webster seems so unshrouded from us, as the last of the mighty three, themselves following a mighty series—the greatest closing procession. The robe draws round him, and the era is past.

Yet how much there is which that all-ample fold shall not hide, the recorded wisdom, the great example, the assured immortality. They speak of monuments!

> Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
> No pyramids set off his memories
> But the eternal substance of his greatness;
> To which I leave him.

HENRY CLAY

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE

Address by Henry Clay, lawyer, statesman, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President John Quincy Adams (born in "The Slashes," Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777; died in Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852), delivered in the House on December 10, 1824, on the occasion of Lafayette's visit to America. Two other speeches by Henry Clay are given in Volume XI.

GENERAL:—The House of Representatives of the United States, impelled alike by its own feelings and by those of the whole American people, could not have assigned to me a more gratifying duty than that of presenting to you cordial congratulations upon the occasion of your recent arrival in the United States, and to assure you of the very high satisfaction which your presence affords on this early theater of your glory and renown. Although but few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the war of our Revolution, all have, from impartial history, or from faithful tradition, a knowledge of the perils, the sufferings and the sacrifices which you voluntarily encountered and the signal service, in America and Europe, which you performed for an infant, a distant and an alien people; and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country.

But the relations in which you have ever stood to the United States, interesting and important as they have been, do not constitute the only motive of the respect and admiration which the House of Representatives entertain for you. Your consistency of character, your uniform devotion to a regulated liberty, in all the vicissitudes of a long and arduous life, also command its admiration. During all the recent convulsions of Europe, amid, as after the dispersion of, every political

storm, the people of the United States have beheld you, true to your old principles, firm and erect, cheering and animating with your well-known voice, the votaries of liberty, its faithful and fearless champion, ready to shed the last drop of that blood which here you so freely and nobly spilled in the same holy cause.

The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains leveled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advance of learning and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site.

In one respect you behold us unaltered, and this is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to our departed friend, the Father of his Country, and to you and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted with unabated vigor down the tide of time through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

POPE LEO XIII

Address by F. Marion Crawford, novelist (born in Italy, August 2, 1854; died, 1909), delivered first before the Contemporary Club, Bridgeport, Conn., October 28, 1897. It was repeated in various cities over the United States. Protestant clergymen, it has been stated, listened to it as cordially as any other persons in Mr. Crawford's audience, and several of them extended invitations to him to give it in their churches. The address is here considerably abbreviated. Pope Leo XIII died in 1903 at the age of 93.

Joachim Vincente Pecci, who has been Pope under the title of Leo XIII, since 1878, was born in the year 1810. That wonderful old man is now nearly ninety years of age. He was born in a small mountain town called Carpinato, situated thirty or forty miles to the south of Rome, on the very border of a district which is called Sandal land—the land where the people wear sandals. There, in that town, is still the residence of the family of the present Pope, and in the old residence are portraits of the Pope's father and mother. His Holiness resembles both his parents in a striking degree. He has from his father the upper part of his head and the main features, the bony forehead, the prominent cheekbones, a very aquiline nose and firm jaw. From his mother he has the piercing black eyes that seem to hold you as you get into his presence so that you cannot get away from his look. Then he has a very strong mouth, very white, very thin lips, always set in a peculiar expression, which is firm, not unkind, something like a smile, and yet not altogether gentle.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of his appearance is his complexion, which he shares with other members of his

Copyright, by J. B. Pond.

family. When the Pope comes toward you in one of those shadowy galleries of the Vatican, or in the dimmer church below, a real radiance seems to proceed from his face. It is absolutely colorless, but yet it is luminously pale. It has often been compared to a face carved out of alabaster, with a strong light within it. This peculiarity applies to his family, but is more especially noticeable in himself.

Born up there in those southern hills, he is by nature a mountaineer. He is a very tall man, in youth was a strong man, a man of good proportions, even noble proportions, but now thin to emaciation, a mere shadow of a past man, as it were.

There is, indeed, a very strong resemblance between Pope Leo XIII, Mr. Gladstone, and Abraham Lincoln. They were all three, in their prime, long, sinewy men, of very bony constitution, and with great joints, with large bony heads, high cheekbones, prominent jaws. All three men in their youth possessed very extraordinary physical strength, far beyond that of ordinary members of the race. All three were men capable of most profound study and concentration, all eloquent men on occasion, and all three, to complete the resemblance, having in them a certain something of profound melancholy and sadness which is often in the natures of men at once very strong, very energetic, and who are also very deep thinkers. You might almost say, that some of nature's stuff had been developed by circumstances in three different ways—in the material way, the intellectual way, and the spiritual way. Abraham Lincoln was thrown back upon the hardest, the most brutal of material facts in this work-a-day world, for his self-gotten education. Mr. Gladstone received the modern form of education in its highest development, and was an eminent and learned scholar before he was a statesman.

Leo XIII was brought up under the domination of spiritual ideas at a time when they had just survived the tremendous shock of the French Revolution. Born towards the close of Napoleon's career, when a great struggle had been going on for years in men's minds between believing and not believing, he was raised to the pontificate when the next great European struggle about belief was raging at the height of what was

called the "Kulturkampf," a religious war in Prussia, to which the eyes of the world were riveted upon the struggle between the Roman Catholic Church on the one side and Prince Bismarck on the other. At that juncture came Leo XIII, the great, evenly-balanced, deep-thinking, honorable statesman.

Leo XIII is one of those characters, with their suppressed energy, that come to the front when events will not wait for little men's long phrases, when the pendulum is swinging the full stroke of history, when it is glory or death to lay hands upon the weight and hold it, or to touch it, as though there were no danger in it, and make long theories about what it will do.

Leo XIII's childhood and early youth were spent in the simple surroundings of the mountain town where he was born. Early hours, constant exercise, an outdoor life, with farm interests, made a strong man of him, with plenty of common sense. He was very athletic, a great climber, a great sportsman, fond of being out whole days among the hills with his gun. Yet at the same time he was a student and when he had finished his studies he entered the priesthood, and thenceforward his career was straight—direct as careers of most men have been who have reached the very highest destinies. He was never a parish priest. He was from the first day of his ordination immediately attached to the offices of the Vatican. Not very long after that we find him promoted, in the due course of events, to the diplomacy, representing the Vatican abroad in Brussels as Nuncio, learning something of that great game of European politics in which he was afterwards to play so important a part. Then he is back in Italy again, consecrated an archbishop, with an archdiocese in Tuscany, in central Italy, and there he remains until he is elected Pope.

But it was while there that he showed the courage, the personal independence, which was very much remarked at that time, long before it was ever thought that he could possibly be Pope.

And it was in this way: In those days, the struggle between the Church, the Vatican and the young Italy was very bitter. Churchmen and statesmen were at swords drawn, and churchmen shut themselves up and would have nothing to do with politics nor with persons engaged in politics. Leo XIII did

just the contrary. He opened the doors of his house, he received constantly and daily and familiarly the Italian government officials, and the officers of the Italian government stationed nearby, and conversed with them upon current topics, conversed with them earnestly and freely showed them that he was not only a churchman and archbishop, but that he was an Italian and could love his country.

That required a man of courage and independence of which we have no idea now that these things are all smoothed over. And that love of conversation, that love of talking freely with the men of the time, still characterizes Leo XIII. It is a part of his nature. Few persons of distinction ever pass through Rome without being taken to his presence, and he will talk freely with them, sometimes as much as two hours without stopping. And yet, though he is one of the greatest living conversationalists, perhaps, there is something in his manner while talking which is far from pleasant, sometimes authoritative, sometimes very formal, sometimes almost harsh. You feel that he is using his words like blades, and using them like a fencer. You feel that he will let no possible opportunity escape, and you feel that, whatever he says, he wishes to be obeyed. It is a strong, dictatorial mode of conversation. But those who are near him soon become used to it, and see that he not only expresses his ideas wonderfully, but that there is also a brilliancy behind all, which is lost at the time in that something harsh that is peculiar to his manner.

His voice is just as attractive as his way of using it. You may not think it very loud; you would not call it a deep voice. But it has a certain far-reaching, carrying utility that makes it audible at an immense distance and to a vast multitude of people. To persons in various parts of St. Peter's, upon one occasion not long since, he made himself distinctly heard, and there were within St. Peter's at that time sixty thousand persons.

Pius IX, always contrasted with Leo XIII, had no such power of making himself heard to the enormous multitude. But, on the other hand, he possessed one of the most beautiful, one of the sweetest and richest voices that ever fell to the lot of a singer. No one who ever heard him intone the great "Te

Deum" in the chapel can forget the music of those notes. And, too, Pius IX was one of the handsomest men of his day. He had a ready wit, and always a quick retort, and above all he possessed the most serviceable of all qualities, personal charm. But he had also a superabundance of the most unserviceable of all virtues, which is political humanity.

Leo XIII has only to speak a half dozen words in that trenchant, dominant voice of his, and give one glance of his flashing eyes, one gesture of his long arm, with his thin white hand, and the moral distance between him and his predecessor is apparent in a moment. There is strength in every movement. There is deliberate decision in every tone. There is personal independence in every gesture. Behind that there may be kindness, gentleness, charity, all the milder virtues, but what is most apparent is a certain trenchancy, which imposes respect rather than awakens sympathy. Of course, it is not always true that a man's outward gestures, a man's way of speaking, even a man's words, or his public actions, correspond with his inmost self. The discrepancies are often lamentably great.

Of his statesmanship, of his scholarship, we shall hear more while he lives; most, perhaps, hereafter, when he is gone, when a weaker and less significant man sits in the great Pope's chair. For he is emphatically a great Pope, a great individuality. We have not seen such a man at the head of the Roman Catholic Church for centuries.

Leo XIII is a man who has accomplished a wonder in Europe in twenty years. He has turned the opinion of all Europe from a hostile one to a favorable one with regard to the Roman Catholic Church, with a unanimity of opinion which has not been seen, perhaps, for centuries. He is a great individuality. Without pretending that he is the greatest man that ever lived, I say, and those who have known and followed his life, will also say, that of all great men of his time, he possesses the most evenly balanced, the most stubbornly sane disposition, under all circumstances, of them all. And that fact alone speaks well for the men who elected him Pope at the time when Italy was crazed with grief over the loss of her hero king.

In spite of his great age, Leo XIII leads a life of constant

activity and hard work. He sleeps very little, not more than four or five hours in the night. He sometimes takes a nap in the afternoon but rarely of more than twenty minutes. When his faithful old servant comes to his room every morning at 6 o'clock and not at 7 (as I have sometimes seen it stated) he more often finds the Pope up, busy writing, than asleep. Once, to my knowledge, he has been found in his chair at his writing-table sound asleep upon the sheet of paper upon which he had been working in the night, not having been to bed at all.

As soon as he is dressed, he says mass in his private chapel. Immediately afterwards, according to an old custom, he hears another mass said by one of the chaplains on duty for the week. Then he has a very light breakfast, which consists almost entirely of coffee and goat's milk—that mountain taste has clung to him since he was a boy. Then begins the work of the day, which lasts from 8 o'clock until 2 in the afternoon. He not only directs all letters connected with the Catholic Church in general, but he oversees the Vatican household. He knows everything that goes on. He receives many persons in audience and besides that, he keeps himself constantly acquainted with European politics, and constantly in communication with his own political agents, the Nuncios, in the various courts in Europe. At 2 o'clock he dines.

What is hard to understand is, that with hardly any nourishment he can maintain such unceasing efforts and such a vast expenditure of energy.

It is said of him by his physician that what Leo XIII eats in a week would not suffice him for a day. After his dinner Leo XIII goes down into the Vatican gardens, whenever the weather is fair. He is taken down from his apartments in a modern elevator, from which he steps into a sedan chair and is carried into the gardens. When he drives his carriage waits for him at the gate, a simple brougham, such as any ordinary personage in Europe might have. One hour after dark, no matter at what time by the clock, he retires to his private apartments. After prayers he is generally left to himself, and he reads, writes, and occupies himself until 10 o'clock. Then he has a simple supper, a very light meal, and after that he

goes to his own room and is not disturbed again until 6 o'clock the next morning, though he spends much of the time in reading, writing, study, and keeping himself informed upon political conditions in the world at large.

Leo XIII is more than a statesman; he is an eminent modern Italian poet. And though his reputation as a statesman will hereafter outshine his reputation as a man of letters, his verses will in the future, I think, rank high in the literature of his country. His favorite poets are Virgil and Dante, and Virgil was Dante's favorite poet. The Pope has a good verbal memory and can quote long passages from his favorite authors.

He reads a great deal of modern literature, even novels and newspapers. Nothing is ever cut and handed to him, but articles of importance are often marked to attract his attention. Like all other men whom I have ever known who have attained to anything like greatness (and it has been my good fortune to know several), he does his writing with his own hand and only dictates unimportant matters to his secretary. All of his wonderfully eloquent encyclicals are autograph letters which are afterwards printed on the Vatican press, which is a very modern place, provided with every kind of modern machinery for artistic printing. Leo XIII has opened the archives of the Vatican to scholars after they had been closed for centuries, and he has caused to be reproduced facsimiles of some of the most beautiful manuscripts in the Vatican.

The Pope is very rarely seen in public. Those solemn, gorgeous ceremonies which used to be the delight and wonder of thousands of people who flocked to Rome at Easter and Christmas, have all been discontinued since the fall of the temporal power. Now and then, on the occasion of a great pilgrimage, the Vatican displays all its ancient pomp and splendor, the like of which is not to be seen elsewhere in the civilized world, or in barbaric Asia either, where there is still much splendor surviving. Only twice a year regularly does he appear in the Sistine Chapel, and it is hard to get admittance to those functions which take place on the anniversary of his predecessor's death and his own coronation, two dates occurring close together.

When one endeavors to speak briefly of such a man as Leo

XIII, he exposes himself necessarily to an accusation of superficiality. But in these days we all have to deal with great questions, of which a full discussion would take half a lifetime. We have to judge them with such poor knowledge as we have, that we may pass on, and act, and do our duty in life and accomplish something. Humanity is too broad to be all brought under the lens of a single microscope. Humanity has grown too strong to be treated like a little child. In this day of many Cæsars all over the world, what imaginable political disaster shall tell us living men just what and just how much is to be rendered to each of these Cæsars? least of all, shall tell us such a thing here in our own country, where the power of Cæsar is delegated to a whole nation equally?

American Catholics are good Catholics; they are devout, energetic, ready to make great sacrifices for their faith. The very same words can be spoken, with the same truth, of Americans of other denominations. But beside that, beside our faith, we are all Americans alike, and any idea of political dictatorship is not only repugnant and distasteful to us, but it is so very different from all our other ideas that it cannot under any possibility take root in our thoughts, derive nourishment from our minds, nor flourish side by side with any of our convictions.

Leo XIII, as I say, is a great leader. He has been followed politically. But he is a leader on a higher plane than that of political dissension. He leads a great organization of Christian men and women spreading all over the world. He is at the head of a great body of human thought. He is the leader of a numerous conservative army, which will play a part in the coming struggle between anarchy and order. He himself will not be there to lead in the day of decisive battle, but he will leave a strong position for a successor to defend, and great weapons for him to wield, for he has done more to simplify, and therefore to strengthen, the position of the Catholic Church in the last twenty years than a dozen Popes have done in the last two centuries.

Such men fight the campaigns of the future over and over in their thoughts, while all the world is at peace around them. And when the time comes at last, though they themselves be gone, the roads they planned are broad and straight for the

march of other feet, the sword they forged lies ready for another hand, the spirit they called up still lives to lead, and they themselves, in their graves, in their well-earned rest, have their share in those victories that humanize mankind.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Address by George William Curtis (born in Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824; died on Staten Island, N. Y., August 31, 1892), delivered before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences in Association Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 22, 1892. It is customary at the Institute to have an address each year on Washington's Birthday upon some eminent American. It had been expected that the speaker in 1892 would be Mr. Lowell, but his death occurred during the previous summer. As Mr. Lowell was born on February 22 (1819) it was decided to observe a double anniversary, and Mr. Curtis was invited to make the address, with Mr. Lowell for its subject. It was given before a large audience which included many persons of note. Mr. Curtis himself died in the same year in which this tribute to his friend and fellow scholar was paid. Other speeches by Mr. Curtis are printed in Volumes I and XI.

The birthday of Washington not only recalls a great historic figure, but it reminds us of the quality of great citizenship. His career is at once an inspiration and rebuke. Whatever is lofty, fair and patriotic in public conduct instinctively we call by his name; whatever is base, selfish and unworthy is shamed by the luster of his life. Like the flaming sword turning every way that guarded the gate of Paradise, Washington's example is the beacon shining at the opening of our annals and lighting the path of our national life. But the service that makes great citizenship is as various as genius and temperament.

Washington's conduct of the war was not more valuable to the country than his organization of the government, and it was not his special talent but his character that made both of those services possible. In public affairs the glamour of arms is always dazzling. It is the laurels of Miltiades, not

those of Homer, or Phidias, or Demosthenes, which disturb and inspire the young Themistocles. But while military glory stirs the popular heart it is the traditions of national grandeur, the force of noble character, immortal works of literature and art, which nourish the sentiment that makes men patriots and heroes. The eloquence of Demosthenes aroused decadent Greece at last to strike for independence. The song of Körner fired the resistless charge of Lützow's cavalry. A pamphlet of our Revolution revived the flickering flame of colonial patriotism. The speech, the song, the written word, are deeds no less than the clash of arms at Chæronea and Yorktown and Gettysburg.

It is not only Washington the soldier and the statesman, but Washington the citizen, whom we chiefly remember. Americans are accused of making an excellent and patriotic Virginia gentleman a mythological hero and demigod But what mythological hero or demigod is a figure so fair? We say nothing of him to-day that was not said by those who saw and knew him, and in phrases more glowing than ours, and the concentrated light of a hundred years discloses nothing to mar the nobility of the incomparable man.

It was while the personal recollections and impressions of him were still fresh, while, as Lowell said, "Boston was not yet a city and Cambridge was still a country village," that Lowell was born in Cambridge seventy-three years ago to-day. His birth on Washington's birthday seems to be a happy coincidence, because each is so admirable an illustration of the two forces whose union has made America. Massachussetts and Virginia, although of very different origin and character, were the two colonial leaders. In Virginia politics, as in the aristocratic salons of Paris on the eve of the French Revolution, there was always a theoretical democracy; but the spirit of the State was essentially aristocratic and conservative. Virginia was the Cavalier of the Colonies, Massachusetts was the Puritan. And when John Adams, New England personified, said in the Continental Congress that Washington ought to be General, the Puritan and the Cavalier clasped hands. The union of Massachusetts and Virginia for that emergency

foretold the final union of the States, after a mighty travail of difference, indeed, and long years of strife.

The higher spirit of conservatism, its reverence for antiquity, its susceptibility to the romance of tradition, its instinct for continuity and development, and its antipathy to violent rupture; the grace and charm and courtesy of established social order; in a word, the feminine element in national life, however far from actual embodiment in Virginia or in any colony, was to blend with the masculine force and creative energy of the Puritan spirit and produce all that we mean by America. This was the consummation which the Continental Congress did not see, but which was none the less forecast when John Adams summoned Washington to the chief Revolutionary command. It is the vision which still inspires the life and crowns the hope of every generous American, and it has had no truer interpreter and poet than Lowell. Well was he born on the anniversary of Washington's birth, for no American was ever more loyal to the lofty spirit, the grandeur of purpose, the patriotic integrity, none ever felt more deeply the scorn of ignoble and canting Americanism, which invest the name of Washington with imperishable glory.

The house in which Lowell was born has long been known as Elmwood, a stately house embowered in lofty trees, still full, in their season, of singing birds. It is one of the fine old mansions of which a few yet linger in the neighborhood of Boston, and it still retains its dignity of aspect, but a dignity somewhat impaired by the encroaching advance of the city and of the architectural taste of a later day. The house has its traditions, for it was built before the Revolution by the last loyal Lieutenant-Governor of Massachussetts, whose stout allegiance to the British Crown was never shaken, and who left New England with regret when New England, also not without filial regret, left the British Empire. It is a legend of Elmwood that Washington was once its guest, and after the Revolution it was owned by Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who occupied it when he was Vice-President.

Not far away from Elmwood, Lowell's lifelong home, is the house which is doubly renowned as the headquarters of

Washington and the home of Longfellow. Nearer the colleges stands the branching elm—twin heir with the Charter Oak, of patriotic story—under which Washington took command of the Revolutionary army. Indeed, Cambridge is all Revolutionary ground and rich with Revolutionary tradition. Lexington common is but six miles away. Along the West Cambridge road galloped Paul Revere to Concord. Yonder marched the militia to Bunker Hill. Here were the quarters in which Burgoyne's redcoats were lodged after the surrender at Saratoga. But peaceful among the storied scenes of war stands the university, benign mother of educated New England, coeval with the Puritan settlement which has given the master impulse to American civilization.

The American is fortunate who, like Lowell, is born among such historic scenes and local associations, and to whose cradle the good fairy has brought the gift of sensitive appreciation. His birthplace was singularly adapted to his genius and his taste. The landscape, the life, the figures of Cambridge constantly appear both in his prose and verse, but he lays little stress upon the historic reminiscence. It is the picturesqueness, the character, the humor of the life around him which attract him. This apparent indifference to the historic charm of the neighborhood is illustrated in a little story that Lowell tells on his first visit to the White Mountains. In the Franconia Notch he stopped to chat with a recluse in a sawmill busy at work, and asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain. The busy workman answered: "Dunno; never see it." Lowell continues: "Too young and too happy to feel or affect the Juvenalian indifference, I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it. The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little while asked: 'Come from Baws'n?' 'Yes,' with peculiar pride. 'Goodle to see in the vicinity of Baws'n?' 'Oh, yes!' I said. 'I should like—wal, I should like to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've been there often, likely?' 'No-o,' unwillingly seeing the little end of the horn in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective. 'Wal, my young fren', you've learned now that wut a man kin see any day he never does see; nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally!'"

Lowell entered college at fifteen and graduated at nineteen, in 1838. His literary taste and talent were already evident, for in literature even then he was an accomplished student, and he was the poet of his class, although at the close of his last year he was rusticated at Concord, a happy exile, where he saw Emerson, and probably Henry Thoreau and Margaret Fuller, who was often a guest in Emerson's house. It was here that he wrote the class poem which gave no melodious hint of the future man, and disclosed the fact that the child of Cambridge, although a student, was as yet wholly uninfluenced by the moral and intellectual agitation called derisively transcendentalism.

Of this agitation John Quincy Adams writes in his diary in 1840: "A young man, named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once-loved friend, William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented son, George, after failing in the every-day avocation of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison, and the non-resident abolitionists, Brownson, and the Marat Democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling caldron of religion and politics." There could be no better expression of the bewildered and indignant consternation with which the old New England of fifty years ago regarded the awakening of the newer New England, of which John Quincy Adams himself was to be a characteristic leader, and which was to liberate still further Amercian thought and American politics, enlarging religious liberty, and abolishing human slavery. Like other Boston and Harvard youth of about this time, or a little earlier, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell seemed to be born for studious leisure or professional routine, as yet unheeding and unconscious of the real forces that were to mold his life. Of these forces, the first and most enduring was an early and happy passion for a lovely and high-minded woman who became his wife—the Egeria who exalted his youth and confirmed his noblest aspirations; a heaven-eyed counselor

of the serener air who filled his mind with peace and his life with joy.

During these years Lowell greatly impressed his college comrades, although no adequate literary record of the promise which they felt survives. When he left college and studied law the range of his reading was already extraordinarily large, and his observation of nature singularly active and comprehensive. His mind and memory like the Green Vaults of Dresden were rich with treasures accumulated from every source. But his earliest songs echoed the melodies of other singers and foretold no fame. They were the confused murmuring of the birds while the dawn is deepening into the day. Partly his fastidious taste, his conservative disposition, and the utter content of happy love, lapped him in soft Lydian airs which the angry public voices of the time did not disturb. But it was soon clear that the young poet whose early verses sang only his own happiness would yet fulfill Schiller's requirement that the poet shall be a citizen of his age as well as of his country.

The happy young scholar at Elmwood, devoted to literature and love and unheeding the great movement of public affairs, showed from time to time that beneath the lettered leisure of his life there lay the conscience and moral virility that give public effect to genius and accomplishment. Lowell's development as a literary force in public affairs is unconsciously and exquisitely portrayed in the prelude to Sir Launfal in 1848:—

> Over his keys the musing organist,
> Beginning doubtfully and far away,
> First lets his fingers wander as they list,
> And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
> Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
> Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
> First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
> Along the wavering vista of his dream.

In 1844-45 his theme was no longer doubtful or far away. Although Mr. Garrison and the early abolitionists refused to vote, as an act sanctioning a Government which connived at

slavery, yet the slavery question had already mastered American politics. In 1844 the Texas controversy absorbed public attention, and in that and the following year Lowell's poems on Garrison, Phillips, Giddings, Palfrey, and the capture of fugitive slaves near Washington, like keen flashes leaping suddenly from a kindling pyre, anounced that the anti-slavery cause had gained a powerful and unanticipated ally in literature. These poems, especially that on "The Present Crisis," have a Tyrtean resonance, a stately rhetorical rhythm, that makes their dignity of thought, their intense feeling and picturesque imagery, superbly effective in recitation. They sang themselves on every anti-slavery platform. Wendell Phillips winged with their music and tipped with their flame the darts of his fervid appeal and manly scorn. As he quoted them with suppressed emotion in his low, melodious, penetrating voice, the white plume of the resistless Navarre of eloquence gained loftier grace, that relentless sword of invective a more flashing edge.

The last great oration of Phillips was the discourse at Harvard University on the centenary of the Phi Beta Kappa. It was not the least memorable in that long series of memorable orations at Harvard of which the first in significance was Buckminster's in 1809, and the most familiar was Edward Everett's in 1824, its stately sentences culminating in the magnificent welcome to Lafayette, who was present. It was the first time that Phillips had been asked by his *alma mater* to speak at one of her festivals, and he rightly comprehended the occasion. He was never more himself, and he held an audience culled from many colleges and not predisposed to admire, in shuddering delight by the classic charm of his manner and the brilliancy of his unsparing censure of educated men as recreant to political progress. The orator was nearly seventy years old. He was conscious that he should never speak again upon a greater occasion nor to a more distinguished audience, and as his discourse ended, as if to express completely the principle of his own life and the cause to which it had been devoted, and the spirit which alone could secure the happy future of his country if it was to justify the hope of her children, he repeated the words of Lowell:—

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

When Lowell wrote the lines he was twenty-five years old. He was thoroughly stirred by the cause which Edmund Quincy in reply to Motley's question, "What public career does America offer?" had declared to be "the noblest in the world." But Lowell felt that he was before all a poet. When he was twenty-seven, he wrote: "If I have any vocation, it is the making of verse. When I take my pen for that, the world opens itself ungrudgingly before me; everything seems clear and easy, as it seems sinking to the bottom would be, as one leans over the edge of his boat in one of those dear coves at Fresh Pond. But when I do prose it is *invitâ Minervâ*. I feel as if I were wasting time and keeping back my message. My true place is to serve the cause as a poet. Then my heart leaps before me into the conflict." Already the musing organist had ceased to dream and he was about to strike a chord in a strange and unexpected key and with a force to which the public conscience would thrill in answer.

Lowell was an intense New Englander. There is no finer figure of the higher Puritan type. The New England soil from which he sprang was precious to him. The New England legend, the New England language, New England character and achievement, were all his delight and familiar study. Nobody who could adequately depict the Yankee ever knew him as Lowell knew him, for he was at heart the Yankee that he drew. The Yankee early became the distinctive representative of America. He is the Uncle Sam of comedy and caricature. Even the sweet-souled Irving could not resist the universal laugh, and gave it fresh occasion by his portrait of Ichabod Crane. Those who preferred the cavalier and courtier as a national type, traced the Yankee's immediate descent from the sniveling, sanctimonious, and crafty zealots of Cromwell's Parliament. Jack Downing and Sam Slick, the coarser forces and stories, broadly exaggerated this conception, and, in our

great controversy of the century, the anti-slavery movement, was derided as the superserviceable, sneaking fanaticism of the New England children of Tribulation Wholesome and Zeal-in-the-Land Busy, whom the Southern sons of gallant cavaliers and gentlemen would teach better morals and manners. The Yankee was made a byword of scorn and identified with a disturber of the national peace and the enemy of the glorious Union. Many a respectable citizen, many a prosperous merchant in New York and Boston and Philadelphia, many a learned divine, whose honor it was that they were Yankees, felt a half-hearted shame in the name and grudged the part played by their noses in conversation. They seemed perpetually to hear a voice of contempt saying, "Thy nose bewrayeth thee."

This was the figure which, with the instinct of genius, with true New England pride and the joy of conscious power, Lowell made the representative of liberty-loving, generous, humane, upright, wise, conscientious, indignant America. He did not abate the Yankee a jot or a tittle. He magnified his characteristic drawl, his good-natured simplicity, his provincial inexperience. But he revealed his unbending principle, his supreme good sense, his lofty patriotism, his unquailing courage. He scattered the clouds of hatred and ignorance that deformed and caricatured him, and showed him in his daily habit as he lived, the true and worthy representative of America, with mother-wit preaching the gospel of Christ, and in plain native phrase applying it to a tremendous public exigency in Christian America. The Yankee dialect of New England, like the Yankee himself, has become a jest of farce and extravaganza. But, thoroughly aroused, Lowell grasped it as lightly as Hercules his club and struck a deadly blow at the Hydra that threatened the national life. Burns did not give to the Scottish tongue a nobler immortality than Lowell to the dialect of New England.

In June, 1846, the first Biglow paper, which, in a letter written at the time, Lowell called "a squib of mine," was published in *The Boston Courier*. That squib was a great incident both in the history of American literature and politics. The serious tone of our literature from its grave colonial beginning has been almost unbroken. The rollicking laugh of Knickerbocker was a solitary sound in our literary air until

the gay notes of Holmes returned a merry echo. But humor as a literary force in political discussion was still more unknown, and in the fierce slavery controversy it was least to be anticipated. Banter in such a stern debate would seem to be blasphemy, and humor as a weapon of anti-slavery warfare was almost inconceivable. The letters of Major Jack Downing, a dozen years before the "Biglow Papers," were merely extravaganzas to raise a derisive laugh. They were fun of a day and forgotten. Lowell's humor was of another kind. It was known to his friends, but it was not a characteristic of Lowell the author. In his early books there is no sign of it. It was not a humorist whom the good-natured Willis welcomed in his airy way, saying that posterity would know him as Russell Lowell. Willis thought, perhaps, that another dainty and graceful trifler had entered the charmed circle of literature that pleases but not inspires.

But suddenly, and for the first time, the absorbing struggle of freedom and slavery for control of the Union was illuminated by humor radiant and piercing, which broke over it like daylight, and exposed relentlessly the sophistry and shame of the slave power. No speech, no plea, no appeal was comparable in popular and permanent effect with this pitiless tempest of fire and hail, in the form of wit, argument, satire, knowledge, insight, learning, common sense, and patriotism. It was humor of the purest strain, but humor in deadly earnest. In its course, as in that of a cyclone, it swept all before it, the press, the church, criticism, scholarship, and it bore resistlessly down upon the Mexican War, the pleas for slavery, the congressional debates, the conspicuous public men. Its contemptuous scorn of the public cowardice that acquiesced in the aggressions of slave power startled the dormant manhood of the North and of the country.

> The North hain't no kind of business with nothin',
> An' you've no idee how much bother it saves,
> We hain't none riled by their frettin' and frothin',
> We're used to layin' the string on our slaves;
> Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.
> Sez Mister Foote,
> I should like to shoot
> The hull gang, by the great horn spoon, sez he.

The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,
That's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree.
It puts all the cunningest on us in office,
An' reelizes our maker's orig'nal idee,
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.
That's as plain, sez Cass,
As that some one's an ass,
It's ez clear as the sun is at noon, sez he.

Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
But keep all your spare breath for coolin' your broth;
For I allers hev strove (at least that's my impression)
To make cussed free with the rights of the North,
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.
Yes, says Davis of Miss.,
The perfection o' bliss
Is in skinning that same old coon, sez he.

Such lines, as with a stroke of lightning, were burnt into the hearts and conscience of the North. Read to-day they recall as nothing else can recall the intensity of the feeling which swiftly flamed into civil war.

Apart from their special impulse and influence, the "Biglow Papers" were essentially and purely American. It is sometimes said that the best American poetry is only English poetry written on this side of the ocean. But the "Biglow Papers" are as distinctively American as Tam o' Shanter is Scotch or the Divine Comedy Italian. They could have been written nowhere else but in Yankee New England by a New England Yankee. With Uncle Tom's Cabin, they are the chief literary memorial of the contest, a memorial which as literature, and for their own delight, our children's children will read, as we read to-day the satires that scourge the long-vanished Rome which Juvenal knew, and the orations of Burke that discuss long-perished politics. So strong was Lowell's anti-slavery ardor that he proudly identified himself with the abolitionists.

But his anti-slavery ardor was far from being his sole and absorbing interest and activity. Lowell's studies, more and more various and incessant, were so comprehensive that, if not like Bacon, all knowledge, yet he took all literature for his

province, and in 1855 he was appointed to the chair of modern languages and *belles lettres* in Harvard University, succeeding Longfellow and Ticknor—an illustrious group of American scholars which gives to that chair a distinction unparalleled in our schools. His love and mastery of books were extraordinary, and his devotion to study so relentless than in those earlier years he studied sometimes fourteen hours a day, and pored over books until his sight seemed to desert him. But it was no idle or evanescent reading. Probably no American student was so deeply versed in the old French romance; none knew Dante and the Italians more profoundly; German literature was familiar to him; and perhaps even Ticknor in his own domain of Spanish lore was not more a master than Lowell. The whole range of English literature, not only its noble Elizabethan heights, but a delightful realm of picturesque and unfrequented paths, were his familiar park of pleasance. Yet he was not a scholarly recluse, a pedant, or a bookworm. The student of books was no less so acute and trained an observer of nature, so sympathetic a friend of birds and flowers, so sensitive to the influences and aspects of out-of-door life, that, as Charles Briggs, with singular insight, said that he was meant for a politician, so Darwin, with frank admiration, said that he was a born naturalist. He was as much the contented companion of Izaak Walton and White of Selborne, as of Donne or Calderon. His social sympathies were no less strong than his fondness for study, and he was the most fascinating of comrades. His extraordinary knowledge, whether of out-of-door or in-door derivation, and the racy humor in which his knowledge was fused, overflowed his conversation. There is no historical circle of wits and scholars, not that of Beaumont or Ben Jonson, where haply Shakespeare sat; nor Pope's nor Dryden's nor Addison's; nor Dr. Johnson's Club, nor that of Edinburgh; nor any Parisian salon or German study, to which Lowell's abundance would not have contributed a golden drop, and his glancing wit a glittering repartee. It was not of reading merely, it was of the reading of a man of Lowell's intellectual power and resources, that Bacon said "reading maketh a full man."

He said in 1846 that it was as a poet that he could do

his best work. But the poetic temperament and faculty do not exclude prose and like Milton's swain, "He touched the tender stops of various quills." The young poet early showed that prose would be as obedient a familiar to his genius as the tricksy Ariel of verse. Racy and rich, and often of the most sonorous or delicate cadence, it is still the prose of a poet and a master of the differences of form. His prose indeed is often profoundly poetic, that is, quick with imagination, but always in the form of prose, not of poetry. It is so finely compact of illustration, of thought and learning, of wit and fancy and permeating humor, that his prose page sparkles and sways like a phosphorescent sea. "Oblivion," he says, "looks in the face of the Grecian muse and forgets her errand." And again: "The garners of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus." Such concentrated sentences are marvels of felicity and, although unmetered, are as exquisite as songs.

Charles Emerson said of Shakespeare, "He sat above this hundred-handed play of his imagination pensive and conscious." And so Lowell is remembered by those who knew him well. Literature was his earliest love and his latest delight, and he has been often called the first man of letters in his time. The phrase is vague, but it expresses the feeling that while he was a poet, and a scholar, and a humorist, and a critic, he is something else and something more. The feeling is perfectly just. Living all summer by the sea, we watch with fascinated eyes the long-flowing lines, the flash and gleam of multitudinous waters, but beneath them all is the mighty movement of unfathomed ocean on whose surface only these undulating splendors play. Literature, whether in prose or verse, was the form of Lowell's activity, but his master impulse was not æsthetic but moral.

Literature was his pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. His love of country was that of a lover for his mistress. He resented the least imputation upon the ideal America, and nothing was finer than his instinctive scorn for the pinchbeck patriotism which brags and boasts and swaggers, insisting that bigness is greatness and vulgarity simplicity, and the will of the majority the moral law. No man perceived more shrewdly

the American readiness of resource, the Yankee good-nature, and the national rectitude. But he was not satisfied with an easy standard. To him the best, not the thriftiest, was most truly American. Lowell held that of all men the American should be master of his boundless material resources, not their slave, worthy of his unequaled opportunities, not the sycophant of his fellow Americans nor the victim of national conceit. No man rejoiced more deeply over our great achievements or celebrated them with ampler or prouder praise. He delighted with Yankee glee in our inventive genius and restless enterprise, but he knew that we did not invent the great muniments of liberty, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, constitutional restraint, the common school, of which we were common heirs with civilized Christendom. He knew that we have Niagara, and the prairies and the Great Lakes, and the majestic Mississippi; but he knew also with another great American that still—

> Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
> As the best gem upon her zone;
> And Morning opes with haste her lids
> To gaze upon the Pyramids.

As he would not accept a vulgar caricature of the New Englander as a Yankee, so he spurned Captain Bobadil as a type of American, for he knew that a nation may be as well-bred among nations as a gentleman among gentlemen, and that to bully weakness or cringe to strength are equally cowardly, and therefore not truly American.

Lowell's loftiest strain is inspired by this patriotic ideal. To borrow a German phrase from modern musical criticism, it is the *leitmotif* which is constantly heard in the poems and essays; and that inspiration reached its loftiest expression, both in prose and poetry, in the discourse on "Democracy" and the "Commemoration Ode." The genius of enlightened Greece breathes audibly still in the oration of Pericles on the Peloponnesian dead. The patriotic heart of America throbs forever in Lincoln's Gettysburg address. But nowhere in literature is there a more magnificent and majestic personification

of a country whose name is sacred to its children, nowhere a profounder passion of patriotic loyalty than in the closing lines of the "Commemoration Ode." The American whose heart, swayed by that lofty music, does not thrill and palpitate with solemn joy and high resolve, does not yet know what it is to be an American.

To a man of the highest public spirit like Lowell, and of a supreme self-respect which always keeps faith with itself, no spectacle is sadder than that of intelligent, superior, honest public men prostrating themselves before a party, professing what they do not believe, affecting what they do not feel, from abject fear of an invisible fetich, a chimera, a name, to which they alone give reality and force, as the terrified peasant himself made the specter of the Brocken before which he quailed. The last patriotic service of Washington—and none is more worthy of enduring commemoration on this anniversary—was the Farewell Address, with its strong and stern warning that party government may become a ruthless despotism, and that a majority must be watched as jealously as a king.

With his lofty patriotism and his extraordinary public conscience, Lowell was distinctly the Independent in politics. He was an American and a republican citizen. He acted with parties, as every citizen must act if he acts at all. But the notion that a voter is a traitor to one party when he votes with another was as ludicrous to him as the assertion that it is treason to the White Star steamers to take passage in a Cunarder. When he would know his public duty, Lowell turned within, not without. He listened, not for the roar of the majority in the street, but for the still small voice in his own breast. For while the method of republican government is party, its basis is individual conscience and common sense. This entire political independence Lowell always illustrated. As he allowed no church or sect to dictate his religious views or control his daily conduct, so he permitted no party to direct his political action. He was a Whig, an Abolitionist, a Republican, a Democrat, according to his conception of the public exigency, and never as a partisan. From 1863 to 1872 he was joint editor with his friend Mr. Norton of *The North American Review*, and he wrote often of public affairs. But

his papers all belong to the higher politics, which are those of the man and the citizen, not of the partisan, a distinction which may be traced in Burke's greatest speeches, where it is easy to distinguish what is said by Burke the wise and patriotic Englishman, for such he really was, from what is said by the Whig in opposition to the Treasury Bench.

But whatever his party associations and political sympathies, Lowell was at heart and by temperament conservative, and his patriotic independence in our politics is the quality which is always unconsciously recognized as the truly conservative element in the country. In the tumultuous excitement of our popular elections, the appeal on both sides is not to party, which is already committed, but to those citizens who are still open to reason and may yet be persuaded. In the most recent serious party appeal, the orator said: "Above all things, political fitness should lead us not to forget that at the end of our plans we must meet face to face at the polls the voters of the land, with ballots in their hands, demanding, as a condition of the support of our party, fidelity and undivided devotion to the cause in which we have enlisted them." This recognizes an independent tribunal which judges party. It implies that beside the host who march under the party color and vote at the party command, there are citizens who may or may not wear a party uniform, but who vote only at their own individual command, and who give the victory.

There could be no more signal tribute to political independence than that which was offered to Lowell in 1876. He was a Republican elector, and the result of the election was disputed. A peaceful solution of the difference seemed for some months to be doubtful, although the Constitution apparently furnished it, for if an elector, or more than one, should differ from his party and exercise his express and unquestionable constitutional right, in strict accord with the constitutional intention, the threatened result might be averted. But in the multitude of electors Lowell alone was mentioned as one who might exercise that right. The suggestion was at once indignantly resented as an insult, because it was alleged to imply possible bad faith. But it was not so designed. It indicated that Lowell was felt to be a man who, should he think it to

be his duty, under the indisputable constitutional provision, to vote differently from the expectation of his party, would certainly do it. But those who made the suggestion did not perceive that he could not feel it to be his duty, because nobody saw more clearly than he that an unwritten law with all the force of honor forbade. The constitutional intention was long since superseded by a custom which makes the Presidential elector the merest ministerial agent of a party, and the most wholly ceremonial figure in our political system.

By the time that he was fifty years old Lowell's conspicuous literary accomplishment and poetic genius, with his political independence, courage and ability, had given him a position and influence unlike those of any other American, and when in 1877 he was appointed Minister to Spain, and in 1880 transferred to England, there was a feeling of blended pride and satisfaction that his country would be not only effectively but nobly represented. Mr. Emerson once said of an English Minister, "He is a charming gentleman, but he does not represent the England that I know." In Lowell, however, no man in the world who honored America and believed in the grandeur of American destiny but would find his faith and hope confirmed. "To give your best," says the Oriental proverb, "is to do your utmost." The coming of such a man was the highest honor that America could pay to England. If we may personify America we can fancy a certain grim humor on her part in presenting this son of hers to the mother country, a sapling of the older oak more sinewy and supple than the parent stock. No eminent American has blended the Cavalier and the Puritan tradition, the romantic conservatism and the wise radicalism of the English blood, in a finer cosmopolitanism than Lowell. It was this generous comprehension of both which made him peculiarly and intelligently at home in England, and which also has made him more than His Excellency the Ambassador of American Literature to the Court of Shakespeare, as *The London Spectator* called him upon his arrival in London, for it made him the representative to England of an American scholarship, a wit, an intellectual resource, a complete and splendid accomplishment, a social grace and charm, a felicity of public and private speech, and a weight of good sense, which

pleasantly challenged England to a continuous and friendly bout in which America did not suffer.

During his official residence in England Lowell seemed to have the fitting word for every occasion and to speak it with memorable distinction. If a memorial of Dean Stanley were erected in his chapter-house, or of Fielding at Taunton, or of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey, or of Gray at Cambridge, the desire of literary England turned instinctively to Lowell as the orator whose voice would give the best expression, and whose character and renown the greatest dignity, to the hour. In Wordsworth's England, as president of the Wordsworth Society, he spoke of the poet with an affectionate justice which makes his speech the finest essay upon Wordsworth's genius and career; and of Don Quixote he spoke to the Workingman's College with a poetic appreciation of the genius of Cervantes and a familiarity with Spanish literature which was a revelation to British workmen. Continuously at public dinners, with consummate tact and singular felicity, he spoke with a charm which seemed to disclose a new art of oratory. He did not decline even political speech; but of course in no partisan sense. His discourse on "Democracy," at Birmingham, in October, 1884, was not only an event, but an event without precedent.

No American orator has made so clear and comprehensive a declaration of the essential American principle, or so simple a statement of its ethical character. Yet not a word of this republican, to whom Algernon Sidney would have bowed and whom Milton would have blest, would have jarred the Tory nerves of Sir Roger de Coverley, although no English Radical was ever so radical as he. The frantic French Democracy of '93, gnashing its teeth in the face of royal power, would have equality and fraternity, if every man were guillotined to secure it. The American Republic, speaking to monarchical Europe a century later by the same voice with which Sir Launfal had shown the identity of Christianity with human sympathy and succor, set forth in the address at Birmingham the truth that Democracy is simply the practical application of moral principles to politics. There were many and great services in Lowell's life, but of them all, none seem to me more character-

istic of the man than when, holding the commission of his country, in his own person representing its noblest character, standing upon the soil sacred to him by reverend and romantic tradition, his American heart loyal to the English impulse, which is the impulse of constitutional liberty, for one memorable moment he made monarchical England feel for republican America. His last official words in England show the reciprocal feeling. "While I came here as a far-off cousin," he said, "I feel that you are sending me away as something like a brother." He died, the poet, the scholar, the critic, the public counselor, the ambassador, the patriot, and the sorrowing voice of the English Laureate and of the English Queen, the highest voices of English literature and political power, mingling with the universal voice of his own country, showed how surely the true American, faithful to the spirit of Washington and of Abraham Lincoln, reconciles and not exasperates international feeling.

So varied, full and fair is the story of Lowell's life, and such services to the mind and heart and character of his country we commemorate on this hallowed day. In the golden morning of our literature and national life there is no more fascinating and inspiring figure. His literary achievement, his patriotic distinction, and his ennobling influence upon the character and lives of generous American youth, gave him at last power to speak with more authority than any living American for the intellect and conscience of America. Upon those who knew him well, so profound was the impression of his resource and power that these words must seem to be mere eulogy. All that he did was but the hint of this superb affluence, this comprehensive grasp; the overflow of an exhaustless supply, so that it seemed to be only incidental, not his life's business. Even his literary production was impromptu. "Sir Launfal" was the work of two days. "The Fable for Critics" was an amusement amid severer studies. The discourse on "Democracy" was largely written upon the way to Birmingham. Of no man could it be said more truly that

> Half his strength he put not forth.

But that must be always the impression of men of so large a

mold, and of such public service that they may be properly commemorated on this anniversary. Like mountain summits, bright with sunrise, that announce the day, such Americans are harbingers of the future which shall justify our faith and fulfill the promise of America to mankind. In our splendid statistics of territorial extension, of the swift civilization of the Western World, of the miracles of our material invention; in that vast and smiling landscape, the home of a powerful and peaceful people, humming with industry and enterprise, rich with the charm of every climate from Katahdin that hears the distant roar of the Atlantic to the Golden Gate through which the soft Pacific sighs; and in every form of visible prosperity, we see the resplendent harvest of the mighty sowing two hundred years ago of the new continent with the sifted grain of the old. But this is not the picture of a national greatness, it is only its glittering frame. Intellectual excellence, noble character, public probity, lofty ideals, art, literature, honest politics, righteous laws, conscientious labor, public spirit, social justice, the stern, self-criticizing patriotism which fosters only what is worthy of an enlightened people, not what is unworthy—such qualities and such achievements, and such alone, measure the greatness of a state, and those who illustrate them are great citizens. They are men whose lives are a glorious service and whose memories are a benediction. Among that great company of patriots let me to-day, reverently and gratefully, blend the name of Lowell with that of Washington.

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL

WASHINGTON

Address by John W. Daniel, lawyer, statesman, United States Senator from Virginia from 1887 (born in Lynchburg, Va., 1842; died 1910), delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., at the dedication of the Washington National Monument, February 21, 1885, Mr. Daniel being them a member of the House from Virginia. He was introduced by Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, President pro tempore of the Senate, who occupied the Speaker's chair, and presided at the dedicatory exercises.

Mr. President of the United States, Senators, Representatives, Judges, Mr. Chairman, and My Countrymen:—Alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; alone like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

"Washington," says Guizot, "Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by reëstablishing their sway."

Washington did indeed do these things. But he did more. Out of disconnected fragments he molded a whole and made it a country. He achieved his country's independence by the sword. He maintained that independence by peace as by war. He finally established both his country and its freedom in an enduring frame of constitutional government, fashioned to make Liberty and Union one and inseparable. These four

Copyright, 1901, by A. C. Butters.

things together constitute the unexampled achievement of Washington.

The world has ratified the profound remark of Fisher Ames, that "he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." It has approved the opinion of Edward Everett, that he was "the greatest of good men and the best of great men." It has felt for him, with Erskine, "an awful reverence." It has attested the declaration of Brougham, that "he was the greatest man of his own or of any age." It is a matter of fact to-day, as when General Hamilton, announcing his death to the army, said, "The voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivaled in the lists of true glory." America still proclaims him, as did Colonel Henry Lee, on the floor of the House of Representatives, the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And from beyond the sea the voice of Alfieri, breathing the soul of all lands and peoples, still pronounces the blessing, "Happy are you who have for the sublime and permanent basis of your glory the love of country demonstrated by deeds."

Ye who have unrolled the scrolls that tell the tale of the rise and fall of nations, before whose eyes has moved the panorama of man's struggles, achievements, and progression, find you anywhere the story of one whose life-work is more than a fragment of that which in his life is set before you? Conquerors, who have stretched your scepters over boundless territories; founders of empire, who have held your dominions in the reign of law, reformers, who have cried aloud in the wilderness of oppression; teachers, who have striven with reason to cast down false doctrine, heresy and schism; statesmen, whose brains have throbbed with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; scar-crowned Vikings of the sea, illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the standards of siege and battle—come forth in bright array from your glorious fanes—and would ye be measured by the measure of his stature? Behold you not in him a more illustrious and more venerable presence?

Statesman, Soldier, Patriot, Sage, Reformer of Creeds, Teacher of Truth and Justice, Achiever and Preserver of

Liberty—the First of Men—Founder and Savior of his Country, Father of his People—this is HE, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur. Oh! felicitous Providence that gave to America OUR WASHINGTON!

High soars into the sky to-day—higher than the Pyramids or the dome of St. Paul's or St. Peter's—the loftiest and most imposing structure that man has ever reared—high soars into the sky to where

Earth highest yearns to meet a star,

the monument which "We the people of the United States" have erected to his memory. It is a fitting monument, more fitting than any statue. For his image could only display him in some one phase of his varied character—as the Commander, the Statesman, the Planter of Mount Vernon, or Chief Magistrate of his Country. So Art has fitly typified his exalted life in yon plain lofty shaft. Such is his greatness, that only by a symbol could it be represented. As Justice must be blind in order to be whole in contemplation, so History must be silent, that by this mighty sign she may unfold the amplitude of her story.

It was fitting that the eminent citizen [Robert C. Winthrop] who thirty-seven years ago spoke at the laying of the corner-stone should be the orator at the consummation of the work which he inaugurated. It was Massachusetts that struck the first blow for independence; it was her voice that made the stones of Boston "rise in mutiny"; it was her blessed blood that sealed the covenant of our salvation. The firmament of our national life she has thickly sown with deeds of glory. John Adams, of Massachusetts, was among the first to urge the name of Washington to the Continental Congress when it commissioned him as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces; it was upon her soil that he drew the sword which was sheathed at Yorktown, and there that he first gave to the battle-breeze the thirteen stripes that now float in new galaxies of stars. And meet it was that here in the Capitol of the Republic, at the distance of more than a century from its birth, the eloquent son of that illustrious State should span the chasm with his bridge of gold, and emblazon the final arch

of commemoration. And I fancy, too, that in a land where the factious tongues of the elder nations are being hushed at last, and all rival strains commingled in the blood of brotherhood, the accomplished mission of America finds fitting illustration in the Sage descended from the Pilgrims crowning the Hero sprung from the Cavaliers.

It has seemed fitting to you, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Commission, that a citizen of the State which was the birthplace and the home of Washington,—whose House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, made the first burst of opposition against the Stamp Act, although less pecuniarily interested therein than their New England brethren, and was the first representative body to recommend a General Congress of the Colonies; of the State whose Mason drew that Bill of Rights which has been called the Magna Charta of America; whose Jefferson wrote, whose Richard Henry Lee moved, the Declaration that these Colonies be "free and independent States"; whose Henry condensed the Revolution into the electric sentence, "Liberty or Death"; of the State which cemented union with that vast territorial dowry out of which five States were carved, having now here some ninety representatives; of that State whose Madison was named "the Father of the Constitution"; and whose Marshall became its most eminent expounder; of the State which holds within its bosom the sacred ashes of Washington, and cherishes not less the principles which once kindled them with fires of Heaven descended—it has seemed fitting to you, gentlemen, that a citizen of that State should be also invited to deliver an address on this occasion.

Would, with all my heart, that a worthier one had been your choice. Too highly do I esteem the position in which you place me to feel aught but solemn distrustfulness and apprehension. And who indeed might not shrink from such a theater when Winthrop's eloquence still thrilled all hearts with Washington the theme? Yet, in Virginia's name, I thank you for the honor done her. She deserves it. Times there are when even hardihood is virtue; and to such virtue alone do I lay claim in venturing to abide your choice to be her spokesman.

None more than her could I offend did I take opportunity to give her undue exaltation. Her foremost son does not belong to her alone, nor does she so claim him. His part and her part in the Revolution would have been as naught but for what is so gloriously done by his brothers in council and in arms and by her sister Colonies, who kept the mutual pledge of "Life, Fortune, and Sacred Honor." New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, your comrade of the old heroic days salutes you once again in honor and affection; no laurel could be plucked too bright for Virginia's hand to lay upon your brows. And ye, our younger companions, who have sprung forth from the wilderness, the prairie and the mountain, and now extend your empire to the far slopes where your teeming cities light their lamps by the setting sun—what grander tribute to the past, what happier assurance of the present, what more auspicious omens of the future could Heaven vouchsafe us than those which live and move and have their being in your presence?

What heart could contemplate the scene to-day—grander than any of Old Rome, when her victor's car "climbed the Capitol"—and not leap into the exclamation, "I, too, am an American citizen!"

Yet may I not remind you that Washington was a Virginian before he became an American, to tell his countrymen that "the name of America, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discrimination?" And may I not seek the fountain from which sprang a character so instinct with love of country?

The Puritans of England, who from the landing at Plymouth in 1620 to the uprising against Charles I in 1640, "turned to the New World," in the language of Canning, "to redress the balance of the Old," were quickly followed to America by a new stream of immigration, that has left as marked an impress upon our civilization between the South Atlantic and the Mississippi as the sons of the Pilgrims have made between the North Atlantic and the Lakes.

When Charles I was beheaded in 1649, and when his son, the Second Charles, was beaten at Worcester in 1651, multitudes of the King's men turned their faces also to the new land of hope, the very events which checked the immigration of the Puritans to New England giving impulse to the tide which moved the Cavaliers to the Old Dominion. Between 1650 and 1670 the Virginia Colony increased from fifteen thousand to forty thousand souls, and nearly one-half of this number came thither within the decade after the execution of the King, and the establishment of Cromwell's Commonwealth on the ruins of his throne.

Intense loyalists were these new Virginians who "would defend the crown if it hung upon a bush"; and when indeed its substance vanished with the kingly head that wore it, these "faithful subjects of King and Church" held allegiance to its phantom and to the exiled claimant. But they were not inattentive to their liberties. And if Virginia was the last of all the countries belonging to England to submit to Cromwell, yet she was also "the first State in the world composed of separate boroughs, diffused over an extensive surface, where representation was organized on the principle of universal suffrage." And in the very terms of surrender to the Commonwealth it was stipulated that "the people of Virginia" should have all the liberties of the free-born people of England; should intrust their business, as formerly, to their own grand Assembly; and should remain unquestioned for past loyalty to the King.

As in New England the Pilgrim Colony grew apace, so in Virginia prospered that of the Cavaliers. With that love of landed estates which is an instinct of their race, they planted their homes in the fertile lowlands, building great houses upon broad acres, surrounded by ornamental grounds and gardens.

Mimic empires were those large estates, and a certain baronial air pervaded them. Trade with Europe loaded the tables of their proprietors with luxuries; rich plate adorned them. Household drudgeries were separated from the main dwelling. The family became a considerable government within itself—the mistress a rural queen, the master a local potentate, with his graziers, seedsmen, gardeners, brewers, butchers, and cooks

around him. Many of the heads of families were traveled and accomplished men. The parishes were ministered to by the learned clergy of the Established Church. In the old College of William and Mary ere long were found the resources of classic education, and in the old capital town of Williamsburg the winter season shone resplendent with the entertainments of a refined society. Barges imported from England were resources of amusement and means of friendly visitations along the water courses, and heavy coaches, drawn by four or six horses, became their mode of travel.

"Born almost to the saddle and to the use of firearms, they were keen hunters, and when the chase was over they sat by groaning boards and drank confusion to the Frenchman and Spaniard abroad, and to Roundhead and Prelatist at home. When the lurking and predatory Indian became the object of pursuit, no speed of his could elude their fiery and gallantly mounted cavalry."

This was the Virginia, these the Virginians, of the olden time. If even in retrospect their somewhat aristocratic manners touch the sensitive nerve of a democratic people, it may at least be said of them that nothing like despotism, nihilism, or dynamite was ever found amongst them; that they cherished above all things Honor and Courage, the virtues preservative of all other virtues, and that they nurtured men and leaders of men well fitted to cope with great forces, resolve great problems, and assert great principles. And it is at least true that their habits of thought and living never proved more dangerous to "life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness" than those of others who in later days corrupt the suffrage in the rank growth of cities; build up palaces and pile up millions amid crowded paupers; monopolize telegraph and railway lines by corporate machinery; spurn all relations to politics, save to debauch its agencies for personal gain; and know no Goddess of Liberty and no Eagle of Country save in the images which satire itself has stamped on the Almighty Dollar.

In 1657, while yet "a Cromwell filled the Stuarts' throne," there came to Virginia with a party of Carlists who had rebelled against him, John Washington, of Yorkshire, England, who became a magistrate and member of the House of Bur-

gesses, and distinguished himself in Indian warfare as the first colonel of his family on this side of the water. He was the nephew of that Sir Henry Washington who had led the forlorn hope of Prince Rupert at Bristol in 1643, and who, with a starving and mutinous garrison, had defended Worcester in 1649, answering all calls for surrender that he "awaited His Majesty's commands."

And his progenitors had for centuries, running back to the conquest, been men of mark and fair renown. Pride and modesty of individuality alike forbid the seeking from any source of a borrowed luster, and the Washingtons were never studious or pretentious of ancestral dignities. But "we are quotations from our ancestors," says the philosopher of Concord—and who will say that in the loyalty to conscience and to principle, and to the right of self-determination of what is principle, that the Washingtons have ever shown, whether as loyalist or rebel, was not the germ of that deathless devotion to Liberty and Country which soon discarded all ancient forms in the mighty stroke for independence?

Two traits of the Anglo-Saxon have been equally conspicuous—respect for authority; resistance to its abuse. Exacting service from the one, even the Second Charles learned somewhat from the other. When pressed by James to an extreme measure, he answered: "Brother, I am too old to start again on my travels." James, becoming King, forgot the hint, was soon on his travels, with the Revolution of 1688 in full blast, and William of Orange upon his throne. The Barons of Runnymede had, indeed, written in the Great Charter that if the King violated any article thereof they should have the right to levy war against him until full satisfaction was made. And we know not which is the most admirable, the wit or the wisdom of the English lawyer, John Seldon, who, when asked by what law he justified the right of resistance, answered, "By the *custom* of England, which is part of the common law." Mountains and vales are natural correspondences.

A very Tempe had Virginia been, sheltering the loyal Cavaliers in their reverence for authority. The higher and manlier trait of the Anglo-Saxon was about to receive more memorable illustration, and she uprose, Olympus-like in her re-

sistance to its abuse. And the Instrument of Providence to lead her people and their brethren, had he lived in the days when mythic lore invested human heroes with a Godlike grace, would have been shrouded in the glory of Olympian Jove.

One hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the banks of the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, on a spot marked now only by a memorial stone, of the blood of the people whom I have faintly described, fourth in descent from the Colonel John Washington whom I have named, there was born a son to Augustine and Mary Washington. And not many miles above his birthplace is the dwelling where he lived, and near which he now lies buried.

Borne upon the bosom of that river which here mirrors Capitol dome and monumental shaft in its seaward flow, the river itself seems to reverse its current and bear us silently into the past. Scarce has the vista of the city faded from our gaze when we behold on the woodland height that swells above the waters—amidst walks and groves and gardens—the white porch of that old colonial plantation home which has become the shrine of many a pilgrimage. Contrasting it as there it stands to-day with the marble halls which we have left behind us, we realize the truth of Emerson: "The atmosphere of moral sentiment is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the Universe."

The quaint old wooden mansion, with the stately but simple old-fashioned mahogany furniture, real and ungarnished; the swords and relics of campaigns and scenes familiar to every schoolboy now; the key of the Bastile hanging in the hall incased in glass, calling to mind Tom Paine's happy expression, "That the principles of the American Revolution opened the Bastile is not to be doubted, therefore the key comes to the right place"; the black velvet coat worn when the farewell address to the Army was made; the rooms all in nicety of preparation as if expectant of the coming host—we move among these memorials of days and men long vanished—we stand under the great trees and watch the solemn river, in its never-ceasing flow, we gaze upon the simple tomb whose silence is unbroken save by the low murmur of the waters or the wild

bird's note, and we are enveloped in an atmosphere of moral grandeur which no pageantry of moving men nor splendid pile can generate. Nightly on the plain of Marathon—the Greeks have the tradition—there may yet be heard the neighing of chargers and the rushing shadows of spectral war. In the spell that broods over the sacred groves of Vernon, Patriotism, Honor, Courage, Justice, Virtue, Truth, seem bodied forth, the only imperishable realities of man's being.

There emerges from the shades the figure of a youth over whose cradle had hovered no star of destiny, nor dandled a royal crown—an ingenious youth, and one who in his early days gave auguries of great powers. The boy whose strong arm could fling a stone across the Rappahannock; whose strong will could tame the most fiery horse; whose just spirit made him the umpire of his fellows; whose obedient heart bowed to a mother's yearning for her son and laid down the midshipman's warrant in the British Navy which answered his first ambitious dream; the student transcribing mathematical problems, accounts, and business forms, or listening to the soldiers and seamen of vessels in the river as they tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field"; the early moralist in his thirteenth year compiling matured "Rules for behavior and conversation"; the surveyor of sixteen, exploring the wilderness for Lord Fairfax, sleeping on the ground, climbing mountains, swimming rivers, killing and cooking his own game, noting in his diary soils, minerals, and locations, and making maps which are models of nice and accurate draughtsmanship; the incipient soldier studying tactics under Adjutant Muse, and taking lessons in broadsword fence from the old soldier of fortune, Jacob Van Braam; the Major and Adjutant-General of the Virginia frontier forces at nineteen:—we seem to see him yet as here he stood, a model of manly beauty in his youthful prime, a man in all that makes a man ere manhood's years have been fulfilled, standing on the threshold of a grand career, "hearing his days before him and the trumpet of his life."

The scene changes. Out into the world of stern adventure he passes, taking as naturally to the field and the frontier as the eagle to the air. At the age of twenty-one he is riding

from Williamsburg to the French post at Venango, in Western Pennsylvania, on a mission for Governor Dinwiddie, which requires "courage to cope with savages and sagacity to negotiate with white men"—on that mission which Edward Everett recognizes as "the first movement of a military nature which resulted in the establishment of American Independence." At twenty-two he has fleshed his maiden sword, has heard the bullets whistle, and found "something charming in the sound"; and soon he is colonel of the Virginia regiment in the unfortunate affair at Fort Necessity, and is compelled to retreat after losing a sixth of his command. He quits the service on a point of military etiquette and honor, but at twenty-three he reappears as a volunteer aide by the side of Braddock in the ill-starred expedition against Fort Duquesne, and is the only mounted officer unscratched in the disaster, escaping with four bullets through his garments, and after having two horses shot under him.

The prophetic eye of Samuel Davies has now pointed him out as "that heroic youth Colonel Washington, whom I can but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country"; and soon the prophecy is fulfilled. The same year he is in command of the Virginia frontier forces. Arduous conflicts of varied fortunes are ere long ended, and on the 25th of November, 1759, he marches into the reduced fortress of Fort Duquesne—where Pittsburgh now stands, and the Titans of Industry wage the eternal war of Toil—marches in with the advanced guard of his troops, and plants the British flag over its smoking ruins.

That self-same year Wolfe, another young and brilliant soldier of Britain, has scaled and triumphed on the Heights of Abraham—his flame of valor quenched as it lit the blaze of victory; Canada surrenders; the Seven Years' War is done; the French power in America is broken, and the vast region west of the Alleghanies, from the lakes to the Ohio, embracing its valley and tributary streams, is under the scepter of King George. America has been made whole to the English-speaking race, to become in time the greater Britain.

Thus, building wiser than he knew, Washington had taken

no small part in cherishing the seed of a nascent nation.

Mount Vernon welcomes back the soldier of twenty-seven, who has become a name. Domestic felicity spreads its charms around him with the "agreeable partner" whom he has taken to his bosom, and he dreams of "more happiness than he has experienced in the wide and bustling world."

Already, ere his sword had found its scabbard, the people of Frederick county had made him their member of the House of Burgesses. And the quiet years roll by as the planter, merchant, and representative superintends his plantation, ships his crops, posts his books, keeps his diary, chases the fox for amusement, or rides over to Annapolis and leads the dance at the Maryland capital—alternating between these private pursuits and serving his people as member of the Legislature and justice of the county court.

But ere long this happy life is broken. The air is electric with the currents of revolution. England has launched forth on the fatal policy of taxing her colonies without their consent. The spirit of liberty and resistance is aroused. He is loth to part with the Mother Land, which he still calls "home." But she turns a deaf ear to reason. The first Colonial Congress is called. He is a delegate, and rides to Philadelphia with Henry and Pendleton. The blow at Lexington is struck. The people rush to arms. The sons of the Cavaliers spring to the side of the sons of the Pilgrims. "Unhappy it is," he says, "that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy plains of America are to be either drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But how can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" He becomes Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. After seven years' war he is the deliverer of his country. The old Confederation passes away. The Constitution is established. He is twice chosen President, and will not consent longer to serve.

Once again Mount Vernon's grateful shades receive him, and there—the world-crowned Hero now—he becomes again the simple citizen, wishing for his fellow men "to see the whole world in peace and its inhabitants one band of brothers, striving who could contribute most to the happiness of man-

kind"—without a wish for himself, but "to live and die an honest man on his farm." A speck of war spots the sky. John Adams, now President, calls him forth as Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief to lead America once more. But the cloud vanishes. Peace reigns. The lark sings at Heaven's gate in the fair morn of the new nation. Serene, contented, yet in the strength of manhood, though on the verge of threescore years and ten, he looks forth—the quiet farmer from his pleasant fields, the loving patriarch from the bowers of home—looks forth and sees the work of his hands established in a free and happy people. Suddenly comes the mortal stroke with severe cold. The agony is over. He feels his own dying pulse—the hand relaxes—he murmurs, "It is well"; and Washington is no more. While yet Time had crumbled never a stone nor dimmed the lustrous surface, prone to earth the mighty column fell.

Washington, the friend of Liberty, is no more!

The solemn cry filled the universe. Amidst the tears of his People, the bowed heads of kings, and the lamentations of the nations, they laid him there to rest upon the banks of the river whose murmurs were his boyhood's music—that river which, rising in mountain fastnesses amongst the greatest works of man, is a symbol of his history, which in its ceaseless and ever-widening flow is a symbol of his eternal fame.

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes and repeat virtue by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of his country and its institutions—the history of his age and its progress—the history of man and his destiny to be free. But whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise. So clear was he in his great office that no ideal of the Leader or the Ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men, that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principles and emulate his example. We look with amazement on such eccentric characters as Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon; but when the serene face of Wash-

ington rises before us mankind instinctively exclaims, "This is the Man for the Nations to trust and reverence and for heroes and rulers to copy."

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror. Peace he welcomed as the Heaven-sent herald of Friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated; for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood, and proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no Veiled Prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us, a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of truthful speech, the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men by giving them high hearts and hopes to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which Charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which Purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric.

A true son of nature was George Washington, of nature in the brightest intelligence and noblest mold. Difficulty, if such there be in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half-a-century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite in their performance—the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection

of its proportions. If his exterior—in calm, grave, and resolute repose—ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only because that observer did not reflect that no great heart like his could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The Commander of Armies, the Chief of a People, the Hope of Nations could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children, thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the storm-wind makes music in its undertones.

Disinterested Patriot, he would receive no pay for his military services. Refusing gifts, he was glad to guide the benefaction of a grateful State to educate the children of his fallen braves in the institution at Lexington which yet bears his name. Without any of the blemishes that mark the tyrant, he appealed so loftily to the virtuous elements in man that he almost created the qualities of which his country needed the exercise; and yet he was so magnanimous and forbearing to the weaknesses of others, that he often obliterated the vices of which he feared the consequence. But his virtue was more than this. It was of that daring, intrepid kind that, seizing principle with a giant's grasp, assumes responsibility at any hazard, suffers sacrifice without pretense of martyrdom, bears calumny without reply, imposes superior will and understanding on all around it, capitulates to no unworthy triumph, but must carry all things at the point of clear and blameless conscience. Scorning all manner of meanness and cowardice, his bursts of wrath at their exhibition heighten our admiration for those nobler passions which were kindled by the inspirations and exigencies of virtue.

Invested with the powers of a Dictator, the country bestowing them felt no distrust of his integrity; he, receiving them, gave assurance that as the sword was the last resort of Liberty, so it should be the first thing laid aside when Liberty was won.

And keeping the faith in all things, he left mankind bewildered with the splendid problem whether to admire him most for what he was or what he would not be. Over and above all his virtues was the matchless manhood of personal honor, to which Confidence gave in safety the key of every treasure; on which Temptation dared not smile; on which Suspicion never cast a frown. And why prolong the catalogue? "If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trojan, or Alexander, on examining their features you are still led to ask, what was their stature and the forms of their persons? But if you discover in a heap of ruins the head or the limb of an antique Apollo, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured they were all conformable to those of a god."

Great as a Commander, it may not be said of him as of Marlborough, that "he never formed the plan of a campaign that he did not execute; never besieged a city that he did not take; never fought a battle that he did not gain." But it can he said of him that, at the head of raw volunteers, hungry to the edge of famine, ragged almost to nakedness, whose muniments of war were a burlesque of its necessities, he defeated the trained bands and veteran generals of Europe; and that, when he had already earned the name of the American Fabius, destined to save a nation by delay, he suddenly displayed the daring of a Marcellus. It may be said that he was the first general to employ large bodies of light infantry as skirmishers, catching the idea from his Indian warfare, and so developing it that it was copied by the Great Frederick of Prussia, and ere long perfected into the system now almost universal. It can be said of him, as testified by John Adams, that "it required more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough to ride on the whirlwind" of such tempestuous times as Washington dealt with, and that he did "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." It can be said that he was tried in a crucible to which Marlborough was never subjected—adversity, defeat, depression of fortune bordering on despair. The first battle of his youth ended in capitulation. The first general engagement of the Revolution at Long Island opened a succession of disasters and retreats. But with the energy that remolds broken

opportunities into greater ones, with the firmness of mind that cannot be unlocked by trifles but which when unlocked displays a cabinet of fortitude, he wrenched victory from stubborn fortune, compelling the reluctant oracle to exclaim as to Alexander, "My son, thou art invincible." So did he weave the net of war by land and sea, that at the very moment when an elated adversary was about to strike the final blow for his country's fall, he surrounded him by swift and far-reaching combinations, and twined the lilies of France with the Stars and Stripes of America over the ramparts of Yorktown. And if success be made the test of merit, let it be remembered that he conducted the greatest military and civil enterprises of his age, and left no room for fancy to divine greater perfection of accomplishment.

Great in action as by the council board, the finest horseman and knightliest figure of his time, he seemed designed by nature to lead in those bold strokes which needs must come when the battle lies with a single man—those critical moments of the campaign or the strife when, if the mind hesitates or a nerve flinches, all is lost. We can never forget the passage of the Delaware that black December night, amidst shrieking winds and great upheaving blocks of ice which would have petrified a leader of less hardy mold, and then the fell swoop at Trenton. We behold him as when at Monmouth he turns back the retreating lines, and galloping his white charger along the ranks until he falls, leaps on his Arabian bay, and shouts to his men: "Stand fast, my boys, the Southern troops are coming to support you!" And we hear Lafayette exclaim, "Never did I behold so superb a man!" We see him again at Princeton dashing through a storm of shot to rally the wavering troops; he reins his horse between the contending lines, and cries: "Will you leave your general to the foe?" then bolts into the thickest fray. Colonel Fitzgerald, his aid, drops his reins and pulls his hat down over his eyes that he may not see his chieftain fall, when, through the smoke he reappears waving his hat, cheering on his men, and shouting: "Away, dear Colonel, and bring up the troops; the day is ours." "Cœur de Lion" might have doffed his plume to such a chief, for a great knight was he, who met his

foes full tilt in the shock of battle and hurled them down with an arm whose sword flamed with righteous indignation. As children pore over the pictures in their books where they can read the words annexed to them so we linger with tingling blood by such inspiring scenes, while little do we reck of those dark hours when the aching head pondered the problems of a country's fate. And yet there is a greater theater in which Washington appears, although not so often has its curtain been uplifted.

For it was as a statesman that Washington was greatest. Not in the sense that Hamilton and Jefferson, Adams and Madison were statesmen; but in a larger sense. Men may marshal armies who cannot drill divisions. Men may marshal nations in storm and travail who have not the accomplishments of their cabinet ministers. Not so versed as they was he in the details of political science. And yet as he studied tactics when he anticipated war, so he studied politics when he saw his civil rôle approaching, reading the history and examining the principles of ancient and modern confederacies, and making notes of their virtues, defects, and methods of operation.

His pen did not possess the facile play and classic grace of their pens, but his vigorous eloquence had the clear ring of our mother tongue. I will not say that he was so astute, so quick, so inventive as the one or another of them—that his mind was characterized by the vivacity of wit, the rich colorings of fancy, or daring flights of imagination. But with him thought and action like well-trained coursers kept abreast in the chariot race, guided by an eye that never quailed, reined by a hand that never trembled. He had a more infallible discrimination of circumstances and men than any of his contemporaries. He weighed facts in a juster scale, with larger equity, and firmer equanimity. He best applied to them the lessons of experience. With greater ascendancy of character he held men to their appointed tasks; with more inspiring virtue he commanded more implicit confidence. He bore a truer divining-rod, and through a wilderness of contention he alone was the unerring Pathfinder of the People. There can, indeed, be no right conception of Washington that does not accord him a

great and extraordinary genius. I will not say he could have produced a play of Shakespeare, or a poem of Milton, handled with Kant the tangled skein of metaphysics, probed the secrecies of mind and matter with Bacon, constructed a railroad or an engine like Stephenson, wooed the electric spark from Heaven to earth with Franklin, or walked with Newton the pathways of the spheres. But if his genius were of a different order, it was of as rare and high an order. It dealt with man in the concrete, with his vast concerns of business stretching over a continent and projected into the ages, with his seething passions; with his marvelous exertions of mind, body, and spirit to be free. He knew the materials he dealt with by intuitive perception of the heart of man, by experience and observation of his aspirations and his powers, by reflections upon his complex relations, rights, and duties as a social being. He knew just where, between men and States, to erect the monumental mark to divide just reverence for authority from just resistance to its abuse. A poet of social facts he interpreted by his deeds the harmonies of justice.

Practical, yet exalted, not stumbling in the pit as he gazed upon the stars, he would "put no man in any office of consequence whose political tenets were opposed to the measures which the General Government was pursuing." Yet he himself, by the kingliness of his nature, could act independently of party, return the confidence and affections, use the brains and have thrust upon him the unanimous suffrage of all parties, walking the dizzy heights of power in the perfect balance of every faculty, and surviving in that rarefied atmosphere which lesser frames could only breathe to perish.

Brilliant I will not call him, if the brightness of the rippling river would exceed the solemn glory of old Ocean. Brilliant I will not call him, if darkness must be visible in order to display the light; for he had none of that rocket-like brilliancy which flames in instant coruscation across the black brow of night, and then is not. But if a steady, unflickering flame, slow rising to its lofty sphere, dispensing far and wide its rays, revealing all things on which it shines in due proportions and large relations, making Right, Duty, and Destiny so plain that in the vision we are scarce conscious of the light

—if this be brilliancy, then the genius of Washington was as full-orbed and luminous as the god of day in his zenith.

This is genius in rarest manifestation; and, as life is greater than any theory of living, in so much does he who points the path of Destiny and brings great things to pass, exceed the mere dreamer of great dreams.

The work of Washington filled the rounded measure of his splendid faculties. Grandly did he illustrate the Anglo-Saxon trait of just resistance to the abuse of power—standing in front of his soldier-husbandmen on the fields of Boston, and telling the general of earth's greatest Empire, who stigmatized them as "rebels" and threatened them "with the punishment of the cord," that "he could conceive of no rank more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free People, the original and purest fountain of all power," and that, "far from making it a plea for cruelty a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it." Victoriously did he vindicate the principle of the Declaration of Independence, that to secure the inalienable rights of man "governments are instituted amongst men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." By these signs he conquered. And had his career ended here, none other would have surpassed—whose could have equaled it? But where the fame of so many successful warriors has found conclusion, or gone beyond only to be tarnished, his took new flight upward.

If I might venture to discriminate, I would say that it was in the conflicts of opinion that succeeded the Revolution that the greatness of Washington most displayed itself; for it was then that peril thickened in most subtle forms; that rival passions burned in intestine flames; that crisis came, demanding wider-reaching and more constructive faculties than may be exhibited in war, and higher heroism than be avouched in battle. And it was then that the soldier uplifted the visor of his helmet

and disclosed the countenance of the sage; and passing from the fields of martial fame to the heights of civil achievement, still more resplendent, became the world-wide statesman, like Venus in her transit sinking the light of his past exploits only in the sun of a new-found glory.

First to perceive, and swift to point out, the defects in the Articles of Confederation, they became manifest to all long before victory crowned the warfare conducted under them. Charged by them with the public defense, Congress could not put a soldier in the field; and charged with defraying expenses, it could not levy a dollar of imposts or taxes. It could, indeed, borrow money with the assent of nine States of the thirteen, but what mockery of finance was that, when the borrower could not command any resource of payment.

The States had indeed put but a scepter of straw in the legislative hand of the Confederation—what wonder that it soon wore a crown of thorns! The paper currency ere long dissolved to nothingness; for four days the Army was without food, and whole regiments drifted from the ranks of our hard-pressed defenders. "I see," said Washington, "one head gradually changing into thirteen; I see one army gradually branching into thirteen, which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme controlling power, are considering themselves as dependent upon their respective States." While yet his sword could not slumber his busy pen was warning the statesmen of the country that unless Congress were invested with adequate powers, or should assume them as matter of right, we should become but thirteen States, pursuing local interests, until annihilated in a general crash—the cause would be lost—and the fable of the bundle of sticks applied to us.

In rapid succession his notes of alarm and invocations for aid to Union followed each other to the leading men of the States, North and South. Turning to his own State, and appealing to George Mason, "Where," he exclaimed, "where are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth and save the country?" He compared the affairs of this great continent to the mechanism of a clock of which each State was putting its own small part in order, but neglecting the great wheel,

or spring, which was to put the whole in motion. He summoned Jefferson, Wythe, and Pendleton to his assistance, telling them that the present temper of the States was friendly to lasting union, that the moment should be improved and might never return, and that "after gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpation of Britain we may fall a prey to our own folly and disputes."

How keen the prophet's ken, that through the smoke of war discerned the coming evil; how diligent the Patriot's hand, that amidst awful responsibilities reached futureward to avert it! By almost a miracle the weak Confederation, "a barrel without a hoop," was held together perforce of outside pressure; and soon America was free.

But not yet had beaten Britain concluded peace—not yet had dried the blood of Victory's field, ere "follies and disputes" confounded all things with their Babel tongues and intoxicated Liberty gave loose to license. An unpaid Army with unsheathed swords clamored around a poverty-stricken and helpless Congress. And grown at last impatient even with their chief, officers high in rank plotted insurrection and circulated an anonymous address, urging it "to appeal from the justice to the fears of government, and suspect the man who would advise to longer forbearance." Anarchy was about to erect the Arch of Triumph—poor, exhausted, bleeding, weeping America lay in agony upon her bed of laurels.

Not a moment did Washington hesitate. He convened his officers, and going before them he read them an address, which, for homethrust argument, magnanimous temper, and the eloquence of persuasion which leaves nothing to be added, is not exceeded by the noblest utterances of Greek or Roman. A nobler man than Coriolanus was before them, who needed no mother's or wife's reproachful tears to turn the threatening steel from the gates of Rome. Pausing, as he read his speech, he put on his spectacles and said: "I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind." This unaffected touch of nature completed the master's spell. The late fomenters of insurrection gathered to their chief with words of veneration—the storm went by—and, says Curtis in his History of the Constitution, "Had the Commander-in-Chief been other

than Washington, the land would have been deluged with the blood of civil war."

But not yet was Washington's work accomplished. Peace dawned upon the weary land, and parting with his soldiers, he pleaded with them for union. "Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced," he said, "who have contributed anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." But still the foundations of the stupendous fabric trembled, and no cement held its stones together. It was then, with that thickening peril, Washington rose to his highest stature. Without civil station to call forth his utterance, impelled by the intrepid impulse of a soul that could not see the hope of a nation perish without leaping into the stream to save it, he addressed the whole People of America in a Circular to the Governors of the States: "Convinced of the importance of the crisis, silence in me," he said, "would be a crime. I will, therefore, speak the language of freedom and sincerity." He set forth the need of union in a strain that touched the quick of sensibility; he held up the citizens of America as sole lords of a vast tract of continent; he portrayed the fair opportunity for political happiness with which Heaven had crowned them; he pointed out the blessings that would attend their collective wisdom; that in their fate was involved that of unborn millions; that mutual concessions and sacrifices must be made; and that supreme power must be lodged somewhere to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederate Republic, without which the Union would not be of long duration. And he urged that happiness would be ours if we seized the occasion and made it our own. In this, one of the very greatest acts of Washington, was revealed the heart of the man, the spirit of the hero, the wisdom of the sage—I might almost say the sacred inspiration of the prophet.

But still the wing of the eagle drooped; the gathering storms baffled his sunward flight. Even with Washington in the van, the column wavered and halted—States straggling to the rear that had hitherto been foremost for permanent Union, under an efficacious Constitution. And while three years rolled by

amidst the jargon of sectional and local contentions, "the half-starved government," as Washington depicted it, "limped along on crutches, tottering at every step." And while monarchical Europe with saturnine face declared that the American hope of Union was the wild and visionary notion of romance, and predicted that we would be to the end of time a disunited people, suspicious and distrustful of each other, divided and subdivided into petty commonwealths and principalities, lo! the very earth yawned under the feet of America, and in that very region whence had come forth a glorious band of orators, statesmen and soldiers to plead the cause and fight the battles of Independence—lo! the volcanic fires of Rebellion burst forth upon the heads of the faithful, and the militia were leveling the guns of the Revolution against the breasts of their brethren. "What, gracious God! is man?" Washington exclaimed: "It was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitutions under which we live, and now we are unsheathing our swords to overturn them."

But see! there is a ray of hope, Maryland and Virginia had already entered into a commercial treaty for regulating the navigation of the rivers and great bay in which they had common interest, and Washington had been one of the Commissioners in its negotiation. And now, at the suggestion of Maryland, Virginia had called on all the States to meet in convention at Annapolis, to adopt commercial regulations for the whole country. Could this foundation be laid, the eyes of the Nation-builders foresaw that the permanent structure would ere long rise upon it. But when the day of meeting came no State north of New York or south of Virginia was represented; and in their helplessness those assembled could only recommend a Constitutional Convention, to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, to provide for the exigencies of the situation.

And still thick clouds and darkness rested on the land, and there lowered upon its hopes a night as black as that upon the freezing Delaware; but through the gloom the dauntless leader was still marching on to the consummation of his colossal work, with a hope that never died; with a courage that never faltered; and with a wisdom that never yielded that "all is vanity."

It was not permitted the Roman to despair of the Republic, nor did he—our Chieftain. "It will all come right at last," he said. It did. And now let the historian, Bancroft, speak: "From this state of despair the country was lifted by Madison and Virginia." Again he says: "We come now to a week more glorious for Virginia beyond any in her annals, or in the history of any Republic that had ever before existed."

It was that week in which Madison, "giving effect to his own long-cherished wishes, and still earlier wishes of Washington," addressing, as it were, the whole country, and marshaling all the States, warned them "that the crisis had arrived at which the People of America are to decide the solemn question, whether they would, by wise and magnanimous efforts, reap the fruits of Independence and of Union, or whether by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they would renounce the blessings prepared for them by the Revolution," and conjuring them "to concur in such further concessions and provisions as may be necessary to secure the objects for which that Government was instituted, and make the United States as happy in peace as they had been glorious in war."

In such manner, my countrymen, Virginia, adopting the words of Madison, and moved by the constant spirit of Washington, joined in convoking that Constitutional Convention, in which he headed her delegation, and over which he presided, and whose deliberations resulted in the formation and adoption of that instrument which the Premier of Great Britain pronounces "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In such manner the State which gave birth to the Father of his Country, following his guiding genius to the Union, as it had followed his sword through the battles of Independence, placed herself at the head of the wavering column. In such manner America heard and harkened to the voice of her chief; and now closing ranks, and moving with reanimated step, the Thirteen Commonwealths wheeled and faced to the front, on the line of the Union under the sacred ensign of the Constitution.

Thus at last was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. Out of the tempests of war, and the tumults of civil commotion, the ages bore their fruit, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "Rome to America" is the eloquent inscription on one stone contributed to yon colossal shaft—taken from the ancient Temple of Peace that once stood hard by the Palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of Revolution, fabricated from the ruins of the battered Bastiles, and dismantled palaces of unhallowed power, stood forth now the Republic of Republics, the Nation of Nations, the Constitution of Constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues had contributed of their wisdom. And the Priestess of Liberty was in her Holy Temple.

When Salamis had been fought and Greece again kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor; but all agreed that Themistocles was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded in the muniment of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, Him, whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness; whom Liberty herself has anointed as the first Citizen in the great Republic of Humanity.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic which he founded—a freer Great Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be the citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the Eagle's

folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, Right and Justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example; may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man and shrink not from their assertion—may they be each a column, and altogether, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace, at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of Liberty and Brotherhood.

Long live our Country! Oh long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World's feuds and follies, alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of Him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of Truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

JOHN DILLON

ON THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE

John Dillon was born in 1851, the son of one of the leaders of "Young Ireland." He entered parliament in 1880. An ardent follower of Parnell and a leader in the campaign of the National League, he was several times arrested and twice imprisoned. In 1896 he became leader of the Irish Nationalist party, a position which he retained until the union of the various elements of the party under John Redmond in 1900. He has been noted for the bitterness and violence of his speeches, but there is only warmth and tenderness in this tribute to the great statesman and friend of Ireland, made in the House of Commons, May 20, 1898 and here reprinted from the London *Times*.

As an Irishman I feel that I have a special right to join in paying a tribute to the great Englishman who died yesterday, because the last and, as all men will agree, the most glorious years of his strenuous and splendid life were dominated by the love which he bore to our nation, and by the eager and even passionate desire to serve Ireland and give her liberty and peace. By virtue of the splendid quality of his nature, which seemed to give him perpetual youth, Mr. Gladstone's faith in a cause to which he had once devoted himself never wavered, nor did his enthusiasm grow cold. Difficulties and the weight of advancing years were alike ineffectual to blunt the edge of his purpose or to daunt his splendid courage, and even when racked with pain, and when the shadow of death was darkening over him, his heart still yearned toward the people of Ireland, and his last public utterance was a message of sympathy for Ireland and of hope for her future.

His was a great and deep nature. He loved the people with a wise and persevering love. His love of the people and his abiding faith in the efficacy of liberty and of government based

on the consent of the people, as an instrument of human progress, was not the outcome of youthful enthusiasm, but the deep-rooted growth of long years, and drew its vigor from an almost unparalleled experience of men and of affairs. Above all men I have ever known or read of, in his case the lapse of years seemed to have no influence to narrow his sympathies or to contract his heart. Young men felt old beside him. And to the last no generous cause, no suffering people, appealed to him in vain, and that glorious voice which had so often inspirited the friends of freedom and guided them to victory was to the last at the service of the weak and the oppressed of whatever race or nation. Mr. Gladstone was the greatest Englishman of his time.

He loved his own people as much as any Englishman that ever lived. But through communion with the hearts of his own people he acquired that wider and greater gift—the power of understanding and sympathizing with other peoples. He entered into their sorrows and felt for their oppressions. And with splendid courage he did not hesitate, even in the case of his much-loved England, to condemn her when he thought she was wronging others, and in so doing he fearlessly faced odium and unpopularity among his own people, which it must have been bitter for him to bear; and so he became something far greater than a British statesman, and took a place amid the greatest leaders of the human race. Amid the obstructions and the cynicism of a materialistic age he never lost his hold on the "ideal." And so it came to pass that wherever throughout the civilized world a race or nation of men were suffering from oppression, their thoughts turned toward Gladstone, and when that mighty voice was raised in their behalf Europe and the civilized world listened, and the breathing of new hopes entered into the hearts of men made desperate by long despair.

In the years that have gone by England has lost many men who served their country splendidly and round whose graves the British people deeply mourned; but round the death-bed of Gladstone the people of this island are joined in their sorrow, by many peoples, and to-day throughout the Christian world—in many lands and in many tongues—prayers will be offered to that God on whom in his last supreme hour of trial

Mr. Gladstone humbly placed his firm reliance, begging that He will remember to His great servant how ardently he loved his fellow men, without distinction of race, while he lived among them, and how mightily he labored for their good.

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

ROBERT EMMET

Address by J. P. Dolliver, lawyer, United States Senator from Iowa (born in Kingwood, West Virginia, 1858: died 1910), delivered March 3, 1892, the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, in Cooper Union Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Clan-na-Gael. His speech on the "American Occupation of the Philippines" and his introduction, "Oratory of the Stump," are given in Volume XI.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am here by the favor of your invitation to speak a few words in memory of the most picturesque character in the legends of patriotism. It is now nearly a century since a court of justice, upon the hurried finding of a jury, immortalized the name of Robert Emmet. The years have wrought a miracle in dealing with the verdict of the English law. The friendless boy who stood before the judge and received upon a blameless conscience the penalty of death has entered, by the general consent of men, into the glorious company of the martyrs and is numbered with the choice and master spirits of the world.

His fame does not rest, like common reputations of the great, upon the achievements of a long career, for history has only half saved from the waste of time events in which he had a share. It rests upon the fact that in anxious and disturbed times, when the hearts of his countrymen had sunk within them, this fearless man, bearing within his breast the injuries of an afflicted nation, was ready with willing sacrifice to lay down his life for the emancipation of his country. [Applause.]

The insurrection of 1803, though lacking in prudence at the beginning and quickly falling into failure almost grotesque at the end, is nevertheless a most impressive incident in the annals of the Irish race. It affixed the final seal of blood upon

the declared purpose of the people to attain the rights of self-government. The struggle of that popular aspiration against the implacable barriers of English prejudice has made Ireland the arena of a controversy that has enlisted the good-will of mankind. That controversy has produced statesmen equipped with all the effective weapons of intellectual strife; orators whose perfect art of speech has commanded alike the applause of senates and of the great multitudes; poets whose syllables of music have fallen like the gentle rain from heaven upon all hearts; patriots upon the robes of whose civic virtue not even the dungeon and the gallows have left a stain.

Among these selected leaders of the people stands the unique figure whose name, not by the glory of things done, but by the simple heroism of things suffered, has engaged the affection of three generations. The Irish revolt against an alien despotism has raised up a score of greater men while thousands from every walk of life, with equal fortitude, have met the barbarous sentences of an arbitrary code. But to-night we easily pass by the names of all to think upon an unknown grave and bring the name of Robert Emmet a kindly tribute of our love.

The anniversary suggests no arch of triumph. It gives to the imagination no pageant of victory. It recalls a child learning the first lessons of patriotism at the fireside of an illustrious family; a youth expelled from school, because he would not become an informer; a wanderer in strange capitals, taking counsel in blind credulity with Bonaparte and Tallyrand, the one a professional butcher, the other a professional liar; an enthusiast, dreaming of war with no armies, and of military exploits without money; a fanatic, throwing himself upon the strongholds of an established government at the head of an insignificant mob; a fugitive, forsaking the way of safety and returning to the hands of the police, for a last word with the girl he loved; a prisoner, despising the aid of lawyers and refusing to call witnesses in his own behalf; a convict, making the dock in which he stood famous and endeared by the passion of an inspired eloquence; a piece of bleeding earth cast into potter's field, for obloquy and oblivion, without the ceremony of a prayer or the poor service of a tear. [Applause.]

This century, now coming to an end, early reversed the judgment of the King's Commission which doomed Robert Emmet to death. About his times have gathered the masters of song and fable, and the cheap framework of useless lumber upon which he died has become the tribune from which he speaks to-day in the ears of all the world. Nor is it strange that men should listen now to words which were heard with angry impatience by his accusers, for the century to which he speaks has begun to understand the cause of Ireland in equity. It has learned to look upon the grim *régime* of anarchy plus the constable (if you will permit the phrase from old Carlyle), and to see the fallen and prostrate figure of Justice. The nineteenth century knows that there are not laws enough in all the statute-books of men effectually to put to confusion the eternal law of Right. It makes no apology for the blunders and crimes which have attended the exercise of English authority in Ireland, but in good faith has begun to offer visible redress for the grievances of the unhappy island. It knows that the record of the government of Ireland is against the real spirit of English liberty. It remembers that the most splendid tribute ever paid to the English Constitution was paid by John Philpot Curran in the defense of an Irishman accused of high treason in 1784. It believes that the common law, broadened by the influence of a generous century, is adequate to secure the rights of men in every quarter of the British Empire.

Already by the coöperation of all creeds, the fight for a free conscience in Ireland has been won. The subjection of the Catholic Church to the burdens of an alien establishment, and the civil disabilities invented by the bigotry of a narrow age, have gone down before the principles asserted by the united Irishmen of the last century. The 15th day of May, 1828, is a veritable waymark in the history of religious freedom. On that day Daniel O'Connell, elected to Parliament for Clare, stepped to the bar of the House of Commons and, refusing to take the absurd oath, challenged the infamous enactments that for generations had insulted the conscience of a Christian nation. [Applause.]

The spoliation of the people by an obsolete theory of titles involving most of the evils of feudal villenage, has been a chief

factor in the Irish grievance against the English Crown. The process by which an alien proprietor takes away the whole profit of the soil is so obviously an offense against justice that the wonder is, not that the people have united to resist it, but that the statesmen of England have waited so many years to propose any measure of relief. No possible local warrant can create the right to expose the whole people to the hardships of perpetual poverty. Neither parliaments nor the will of kings can give validity to the claims by which a few enjoy the power to turn the industrious peasantry out of doors. The rights of man are higher than the rights of property—at least of stolen property. The time is at hand when English opinion, brought to its senses by the zeal of one man [Charles Stewart Parnell], whose sudden and mournful end has hidden his human frailties behind the splendor of his public service, will welcome the opportunity to restore to the Irish peasantry their ancient heritage.

With the settlement of the land question must come also the final disposition of the larger and not less restless question of self-government for Ireland. That issue, once the theme of jest and ridicule, has acquired an importance that disturbs the plans of all leaders and breaks the program of every party. The raw and insufficient project of the government, introduced the other day, though worthy only of the laughter with which it was received, is a significant concession to the little band of Irish representatives who have mastered the House of Commons, reversed the decree of English opinion, and prepared the way for ultimate victory of Home Rule. The interest of every free nation turns now to the approaching English elections, with solicitude for the health and strength of the venerable statesman [Gladstone], renowned in all the tongues and dialects of the world's thought, who has dedicated the ripened faculties of his great career to the service of public liberty.

It is true that the sum of these social and political reforms—even if they were accomplished—while they were included in the manifestoes on the early Irish rebellions, does not reach the level of that sublime national sentiment which warmed the hearts of the patriots of the past. In those times, dependent communities, overborne with despotism, had no available refuge

except rebellion. The colonies of America, with only a few complaints, all of which would in these days be the subject of speedy consultation and fair adjustment, could hear nothing but insults from the stupid Government of George III. A similar policy, if now applied, would leave the British Empire without the allegiance of a single populous colony.

It is certain that the increasing purpose which runs through the ages has brought kings and parliaments under a new light. Governments can no longer be safely administered for the accommodation of royal families. The palace and the castle become less and less, and the cottages of the people more and more, so that Gladstone may to-day do more for the rights of Ireland, by the persuasion of an unanswerable argument, than poor Robert Emmet could have done, even if the men of Wexford and Wicklow and Kildare had followed his standard through the streets of Dublin.

In all her misfortunes, even in her frenzy of insurrection, Ireland has attracted the unfailing friendship of the United States. We have received her exiled leaders with demonstrations of honor, and given hospitable shelter to her expatriated children. We have shared with her in years of famine the stores of our abundance, and in the years of her persecution have gladdened her prisons with the light of our sympathy. We have contributed our money to save the lives of her robbed and evicted tenants, and have enabled her representatives to sit in a Parliament that shuts its doors in the faces of the poor by refusing to provide a salary for the legislative office. For all these things we have been brought into judgment and have passed through the harmless storm of English disapprobation.

We offer no excuse for our attachment for a people who began their contest against national grievances by hanging up in the banquet hall at the Donegal Arms the portrait of Franklin, with the motto: "Where liberty is, there is my country," and ended the feast with this toast to the New Republic beyond that sea: "Lasting freedom and prosperity to the United States of America!" It is too soon to deny the faith of our fathers by despising the faith of yours, either to conciliate the noise of London criticism or to suit the over-educated taste of persons among

us, who have acquired the capacity of appreciating the merits of every country except their own.

That historical alliance of friendly national interest, shown by the grateful words of Washington and Jefferson, and illustrated by the helpful counsel of James Monroe, our Minister at Paris, preserved in the journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone, has grown with our strength till to-day all factions of all parties unite in a common concern for the welfare of Ireland. Her people came with the emigrants of other nations, who settled the wilderness of America. On every field of every American war her blood has been shed for the national defense. She has given advocates to the American bar who have filled our highest courts with the treasures of professional learning. She has contributed the scattered children of her national genius to enrich our literature. She has sent among us the ministers of her faith to spread the truth of the Gospel and exemplify the lofty precepts of our holy religion. She has kept watch through her tears, while from the plundered hovels of her unnatural poverty millions of her people have set out to find in a land of strangers the fair and equal chance that is denied them in the country in which they were born.

These "fugitives from British justice" have taken upon them the oath of our citizenship, but we have not asked them to renounce their affection for their native land. On the other hand we ask to be counted among the lovers of Ireland, and though neither of your kindred nor of your faith, I bow with you in reverent commemoration of the ideal patriot of Ireland's heroic age.

The traditions that attest the tragedy of Robert Emmet's death relate a weird and pathetic story. It is told by those who saw the ghastly spectacle, that the executioner, having cut off the dead man's head, made this proclamation: "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." And as the blood fell from the rude scaffold, the dogs were seen lapping it from the pavement, while now and then some timid loiterer about the spot would stop to press his handkerchief upon the hallowed ground and hide it away securely in his bosom. I rejoice with you that long since the dogs of calumny and hatred have been driven from the grave of Robert Emmet; that the

hangman's proclamation has been put to universal scorn, and that the traitor of yesterday who begged in vain for the charity of silence and left his epitaph for other times and other men, has become the favorite hero of popular liberty, his name above the need of eulogy, his motives beyond the reach of malice. [Applause loud and long continued.]

EDWARD EVERETT

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

Eulogy by Edward Everett, statesman, orator (born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794; died in Boston, January 15, 1865), delivered at Charlestown, Mass., August 1, 1826, in commemoration of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who died on the fourth of July preceding. Another speech by Mr. Everett is printed in Volume XI.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—We are assembled beneath the canopy of the weeping heavens, under the influence of feelings in which the whole family of Americans unites with us. We meet to pay a tribute of respect to the revered memory of those to whom the whole country looks up as to its benefactors; to whom it ascribes the merit of unnumbered public services, and especially of the inestimable service of having led in the councils of the Revolution.

It is natural that these feelings, which pervade the whole American people, should rise into peculiar strength and earnestness, in your hearts. In meditating upon these great men, your minds are unavoidably carried back to those scenes of suffering and of sacrifice into which at the opening of their arduous and honored career, this town and its citizens were so deeply plunged. You cannot but remember that your fathers offered their bosoms to the sword, and their dwellings to the flames, from the same spirit which animated the venerable patriarchs whom we now deplore. The cause they espoused was the same which strewed your streets with ashes, and drenched your hilltops with blood. And while Providence, in the astonishing circumstances of their departure, seems to have appointed that the Revolutionary age of America should be closed up by a scene as illustriously affecting as its commencement was disastrous and terrific, you have justly felt it your

duty—it has been the prompt dictate of your feelings—to pay, within these hallowed precincts, a well-deserved tribute to the great and good men to whose counsels, under God, it is in no small degree owing that your dwellings have risen from their ashes, and that the sacred dust of those who fell rests in the bosom of a free and happy land.

It was the custom of the primitive Romans to preserve in the halls of their houses the images of all the illustrious men whom their families had produced. These images are supposed to have consisted of a mask exactly representing the countenance of each deceased individual, accompanied with habiliments of like fashion with those worn in his time, and with the armor, badges, and insignia of his offices and exploits; all so disposed around the sides of the hall as to present, in the attitude of living men, the long succession of the departed; and thus to set before the Roman citizen, whenever he entered or left his house, the venerable array of his ancestors revived in this imposing similitude. Whenever, by a death in the family, another distinguished member of it was gathered to his fathers, a strange and awful procession was formed. The ancestral masks including that of the newly deceased were fitted upon the servants of the family, selected of the size and appearance of those whom they were intended to represent, and drawn up in solemn array to follow the funeral train of the living mourners, first to the market-place, where the public eulogium was pronounced, and then to the tomb. As he thus moved along, with all the great fathers of his name quickening, as it were, from their urns, to enkindle his emulation, the virtuous Roman renewed his vows of respect to their memory, and his resolution to imitate their fortitude, frugality and patriotism.

Fellow citizens, the great heads of the American family are fast passing away; of the last, of the most honored, two are now no more. We are assembled, not to gaze with awe on the artificial and theatric images of their features, but to contemplate their venerated characters, to call to mind their invaluable services, and to lay up the image of their virtues in our hearts. The two men who stood in a relation in which no others stand to the whole Union, have fallen. The men whom

Providence marked out among the first of the favored instruments to lead this chosen people into the holy land of liberty, have discharged their high office, and are no more. The men whose ardent minds prompted them to take up their country's cause, when there was nothing else to prompt and everything to deter them; the men who afterwards, when the ranks were filled with the brave and resolute, were yet in the front of those brave and resolute ranks; the men who were called to the helm when the wisest and most sagacious were needed to steer the newly-launched vessel through the broken waves of the unknown sea; the men, who in their country's happier days, were found most worthy to preside over the Union they had so powerfully contributed to rear into greatness—these men are now no more.

They have not left us singly and in the sad but accustomed succession appointed by the order of nature; but having lived, acted, and counseled, and risked all, and triumphed and enjoyed together, they have gone together to their great reward. In the morning of life—without previous concert, but with a kindred spirit—they plunged together into a conflict which put to hazard all which makes life precious. When the storm of war and revolution raged, they stood side by side, on such perilous ground that, had the American cause failed, though all else had been forgiven, they were of the few whom an incensed empire's vengeance would have pursued to the ends of the earth. When they had served through their long career of duty, forgetting the little that had divided them, and cherishing the great communion of service, and peril, and success, which had united them, they walked in honorable friendship the declining pathway of age; and now they have sunk down together in peace. Time, and their country's service, a like fortune and a like reward, united them; and the last great scene confirmed the union. They were useful, honored, prosperous, and lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

Happiest at the last, they were permitted almost to choose the hour of their departure; to die on that day on which those who loved them best could have wished they might die. It is related as a singular happiness of Plato that he died in a

good old age at a banquet amidst flowers and perfumes and festal songs upon his birthday. Our Adams and Jefferson died on the birthday of the nation; the day which their own deed had immortalized, which their own prophetic spirit had marked out as the great festival of the land; amidst the triumphal anthems of a whole grateful people, throughout a country that hailed them as among the first and boldest of her champions in the times that tried men's souls.

Our jubilee, like that of old, is turned into sorrow. Among the ruins of Rome there is a shattered arch, erected by the Emperor Vespasian, when his son Titus returned from the destruction of Jerusalem. On its broken panels and falling frieze are still to be seen, represented as borne aloft in the triumphal procession of Titus, the well-known spoils of the second temple—the sacred vessels of the holy place, the candlestick with seven branches, and in front of all, the silver trumpets of the jubilee, in the hands of captive priests, proclaiming not now the liberty, but the humiliation and the sorrows, of Judah. From this mournful spectacle, it is said, the pious and heart-stricken Hebrew, even to the present day, turns aside in sorrow. He will not enter Rome through the gate of the arch of Titus, but winds his way through the by-paths of the Palatine, over the broken columns of the palace of the Cæsars, that he may not behold these sad memorials.

The jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet breathes a mingled strain. Henceforward, while America exists among the nations of the earth, the first emotion of the fourth of July will be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second will be one of chastened and tender recollection of the venerable men who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement there seems not enough to occupy our purest and best feelings. The fourth of July was before a day of triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the angel of death has mingled in the glorious pageant to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, it would have

been henceforward a day of mournful recollection. But now, the whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must soonor or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other had been the day of their decease. Our anniversary festival was before triumphant; it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent to join in the public rejoicing; it now also speaks, in a touching voice, to the retired, to the gray-headed, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober freemen. It is henceforward, what the dying Adams pronounced it, "a great and a good day." It is full of greatness, and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men who declared our independence—their death on the day of the jubilee—was all that was wanting to the fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams.

Think not, fellow citizens, that, in the mere formal discharge of my duty this day, I would overrate the melancholy interest of the great occasion; I do anything but intentionally overrate it. I labor only for words to do justice to your feelings and mine. I can say nothing which does not sound as cold and inadequate to myself as to you. The theme is too great and too surprising, the men are too great and good, to be spoken of in this cursory manner. There is too much in the contemplation of their united characters, their services, the day and coincidence of their death, to be properly described, or to be fully felt at once. I dare not come here and dismiss, in a few summary paragraphs, the characters of men who have filled such a space in the history of their age. It would be a disrespectful familiarity with men of their lofty spirits, their rich endowments, their long and honorable lives, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them. I leave that arduous task to the genius of kindred elevation by whom to-morrow it will be discharged. [Daniel Webster, whose eulogy on Adams and Jefferson was delivered on the following day in Faneuil Hall, Boston.] I feel the mournful contrast in the fortunes even of the first and best of men, that, after a life in the highest walks of usefulness; after conferring benefits, not merely on a neighborhood, a city, or even a State, but on a whole continent, and

a posterity of kindred men; after having stood in the first estimation for talents, services, and influence, among millions of fellow citizens—a day must come, which closes all up; pronounces a brief blessing on their memory; gives an hour to the actions of a crowded life; describes in a sentence what it took years to bring to pass, and what is destined for years and ages to operate on posterity; passes forgetfully over many traits of character, many counsels and measures, which it cost, perhaps, years of discipline and effort to mature; utters a funeral prayer; chants a mournful anthem; and then dismisses all into the dark chambers of death and forgetfulness.

But no, fellow citizens, we dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched, while their senses have slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, mo-

tionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire;—

> These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die.

This is their life, and this their eulogy. In these our feeble services of commemoration, we set forth not their worth, but our own gratitude. The eulogy of those who declared our independence is written in the whole history of independent America. I do not mean that they alone achieved our liberties; nor should we bring a grateful offering to their tombs, in sacrificing at them the merits of their contemporaries. But no one, surely, who considers the history of the times, the state of opinions, and the obstacles that actually stood in the way of success, can doubt that if John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had thrown their talents and influence into the scale of submission, the effect would have been felt to the cost of America, for ages. No, it is not too much to say that ages on ages may pass, and the population of the United States may overflow the uttermost regions of this continent, but never can there be an American citizen who will not bear in his condition and in his welfare some trace of what was counseled, and said, and done by these great men. This is their undying praise; a praise which knows no limits but those of America, and which is uttered not merely in these our eulogies, but in the thousand inarticulate voices of art and nature. It sounds from the woodman's axe, in the distant forests of the west; for what was it that unbarred to him the gates of the mountains? The busy water-wheel echoes back the strain; for what was it that released the industry of the country from the fetters of colonial restriction? Their praise is borne on the swelling canvas of America to distant oceans, where the rumor of acts of trade never came; for what was it that sent our canvas there? and it glistens at home, in the eyes of a prosperous and grateful

people. Yes, the people rise up and call them blessed. They invoke eternal blessings on the men who could be good as well as great; whose ambition was their country's welfare; who did not ask to be rewarded by being allowed to oppress the country which they redeemed from oppression.

I shall not, fellow citizens, on this occasion, attempt a detailed narrative of the lives of these distinguished men. To relate their history at length would be to relate that of the country, from their first entrance on public life to their final retirement. Even to dwell minutely on the more conspicuous incidents of their career would cause me to trespass too far on the proper limits of the occasion. Let us enumerate those few leading points in their lives and characters which will best guide us to the reflections we ought to make, while we stand at the tombs of these excellent and honored men.

Mr. Adams was born on the 30th of October, 1735, and Mr. Jefferson on the 13th of April, 1743. One of them rose from the undistinguished mass of the community, while the other, born in higher circumstances, voluntarily descended to its level. Although, happily, in this country it cannot be said of any one, that he owes much to birth or family, yet it sometimes happens, even under the equality which prevails among us, that a certain degree of deference follows in the train of family connections, apart from all personal merit. Mr. Adams was the son of a New England farmer, and in this alone, the frugality and moderation of his bringing up are sufficiently related. Mr. Jefferson owed more to birth. He inherited a good estate from his respectable father; but instead of associating himself with the opulent interests in Virginia—at that time, in consequence of the mode in which their estates were held and transmitted, an exclusive and powerful class, and of which he might have become a powerful leader—he threw himself into the ranks of the people.

It was a propitious coincidence, that of these two eminent statesmen, one was from the North, and the other from the South; as if, in the happy effects of their joint action, to give us the first lesson of union. The enemies of our independence, at home and abroad, relied on the difficulty of uniting the colonies in one harmonious system. They knew the difference in

our local origin; they exaggerated the points of dissimilarity in our sectional character. It was therefore most auspicious that, in the outset of the Revolution, while the North and the South had each its great rallying point in Virginia and Massachusetts, the wise and good men, whose influence was most felt in each, moved forward in brotherhood and concert. Mr. Quincy, on a visit to the Southern colonies, had entered into an extensive correspondence with the friends of liberty in that part of the country. Richard Henry Lee and his brother Arthur maintained a constant intercourse with Samuel Adams. Dr. Franklin, though a citizen of Pennsylvania, was a native of Boston; and from the first moment of their meeting at Philadelphia, Jefferson and Adams began to coöperate cordially in the great work of independence. While theoretical politicians, at home and abroad, were speculating on our local peculiarities, and the British ministry were building their hopes upon the maxim, Divide and Conquer, they might well have been astonished to see the Declaration of Independence reported into Congress, by the joint labor of a Virginia planter and of a New England yeoman.

Adams and Jefferson received their academical education at the colleges of their native States, the former at Cambridge, the latter at William and Mary. At these institutions, they severally laid the foundation of very distinguished attainments as scholars, and formed a taste for letters which was fresh and craving to the last. They were both familiar with the ancient languages and their literature. Their range in the various branches of general reading was perhaps equally wide, and was uncommonly extensive; and it is, I believe, doing no injustice to any other honored name, to say that, in this respect, they stood at the head of the great men of the Revolution.

Their first writings were devoted to the cause of their country. Mr. Adams, in 1765, published his essay on the Canon and Feudal Law, which two years afterwards was republished in London, and was there pronounced one of the ablest performances which had crossed the Atlantic. It expresses the boldest and most elevated sentiments in the most vigorous language; and might have taught in its tone what it taught in its doctrine, that America must be unoppressed, or must be-

come independent. Among Mr. Jefferson's first productions was, in like manner, a political essay, entitled, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." It contains a near approach to the ideas and language of the Declaration of Independence; and its bold spirit, and polished, but at the same time, powerful execution, are known to have had their effect in causing its author to be designated for the high trusts confided to him in the Continental Congress. At a later period of life, Mr. Jefferson became the author of "Notes on Virginia," a work equally admired in Europe and America; and Mr. Adams of the "Defense of the American Constitution," a performance that would do honor to the political literature of any country. But in enumerating their literary productions, it must be remembered that they were both employed, the greater part of their lives, in the active duties of public service; and that the fruits of their intellect are not to be sought in the systematic volumes of learned leisure, but in the archives of state, and in a most extensive public and private correspondence.

The professional education of these distinguished statesmen had been in the law, and was therefore such as peculiarly fitted them for the contest in which they were to act as leaders. The law of England, then the law of America, is closely connected with the history of the liberty of England. Many of the questions at issue between the Parliament of Great Britain and the colonies were questions of constitutional, if not of common law. For the discussion of these questions, the legal profession, of course, furnished the best preparation. In general, the contest was, happily for the colonies, at first forensic; a contest of discussion and debate; affording time and opportunity to diffuse throughout the people, and stamp deeply on their minds, the great principles which, having first been triumphantly sustained in the argument, were then to be confirmed in the field. This required the training of the patriot lawyer, and this was the office which, in that capacity, was eminently discharged by Jefferson and Adams, to the doubtful liberties of their country. The cause in which they were engaged abundantly repaid the service and the hazard. It gave them precisely that breadth of view and elevation of feeling which the technical routine of the profession is too apt to destroy.

Their practice of the law soon passed from the narrow litigation of the courts to the great forum of contending empires. It was not nice legal fictions they were there employed to balance, but sober realities of indescribable weight. The life and death of their country was the all-important issue. Nor did the service of their country afterwards afford them leisure for the ordinary practice of their profession. Mr. Jefferson indeed, in 1776 and 1777, was employed, with Wythe and Pendleton, in an entire revision of the code of Virginia; and Mr. Adams was offered, about the same time, the first seat on the bench of the Superior Court of his native State. But each was shortly afterwards called to a foreign mission, and spent the rest of the active years of his life, with scarce an interval, in the political service of his country.

Such was the education and quality of these men, when the Revolutionary contest came on. In 1774, and on June 17th—a day destined to be in every way illustrious—Mr. Adams was elected a member of the Continental Congress, of which body he was from the first a distinguished leader. In the month of June in the following year, when a commander-in-chief was to be chosen for the American armies, and when that appointment seemed in course to belong to the commanding general of the army from Massachusetts and the neighboring States which had rushed to the field, Mr. Adams recommended George Washington to that all-important post, and was thus far the means of securing his guidance to the American armies. In August, 1775, Mr. Jefferson took his seat in the Continental Congress, preceded by the fame of being one of the most accomplished and powerful champions of the cause, though among the youngest members of that body. It was the wish of Mr. Adams, and probably of Mr. Jefferson, that independence should be declared in the fall of 1775: but the country seemed not then ripe for the measure.

At length the accepted time arrived. In May, 1776, the colonies, on the proposition of Mr. Adams, were invited by the General Congress to establish their several State governments. On June 7th the resolution of independence was moved by Richard Henry Lee. On the 11th a committee of five was chosen to announce this resolution to the world; and Thomas

Jefferson and John Adams stood at the head of this committee. From their designation by ballot to this most honorable duty, their prominent standing in the Congress might alone be inferred. In this amicable contention and deference each to the other of the great trust of composing the all-important document, we witness their patriotic disinterestedness and their mutual respect. This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence. To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief, decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, and the justification of this great movement in human affairs; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind to a charter of public right, destined, or, rather, let me say, already elevated, to an importance, in the estimation of men, equal to anything human ever borne on parchment or expressed in the visible signs of thought—this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who foresaw and broke the way for this great consummation; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors; to have been among many able and generous spirits united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequaled in ability; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the Declaration; and then, with a fervid and overwhelming eloquence, to have taken the lead in inspiring Congress to adopt and proclaim it—this is the glory of John Adams.

Nor was it among common and inferior minds that these men were preëminent. In the body that elected Mr. Jefferson to draft the Declaration of Independence, there were other men of great ability. Franklin was a member of it, a statesman of the highest reputation in Europe and America, and especially master of a most pure, effective English style of writing. And Mr. Adams was pronounced by Mr. Jefferson himself the ablest advocate of independence, in a Congress which could boast among its members such men as Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and our own Samuel Adams. They were great and among great men; mightiest among the mighty; and

enjoyed their lofty standing in a body of which half the members might with honor have presided over the deliberative councils of any nation.

Glorious as their standing in this council of sages has proved, they beheld the glory only in distant vision, while the prospect before them was shrouded in darkness and terror. "I am not transported with enthusiasm," is the language of Mr. Adams, the day after the resolution was adopted. "I am well aware of the toil, the treasure, and the blood it will cost, to maintain this declaration, to support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means." Nor was it the rash adventure of uneasy spirits, who had everything to gain and nothing to risk by their enterprise. They left all for their country's sake. Who does not see that Adams and Jefferson might have risen to any station in the British empire open to natives of a colony? They might have stood within the shadow of the throne which they shook to its base. It was in the full understanding of their all but desperate choice that they chose for their country. Many were the inducements that called them to another choice. The voice of authority; the array of an empire's power; the pleadings of friendship; the yearning of their hearts towards the land of their father's sepulchers—the land which the great champions of constitutional liberty still made invulnerable; the ghastly vision of the gibbet, if they failed—all the feelings which grew from these sources were to be stifled and kept down, for a dearer treasure was at stake. They were anything but adventurers, anything but malcontents. They loved peace, order, and law; they loved a manly obedience to constitutional authority; but they loved freedom and their country more.

How shall I attempt to follow them through the succession of great events which a rare and kind Providence crowded into their lives? How shall I attempt to enumerate the posts they filled and the trusts they discharged, both in the councils of their native States and of the confederation, both before and after the adoption of the Federal Constitution; the codes of law and systems of government they aided in organizing; the foreign embassies they sustained; the alliances with powerful

states they contracted, when America was weak; the loans and subsidies they procured from foreign powers, when America was poor; the treaties of peace and commerce which they negotiated; their participation in the Federal Government on its organization, Mr. Adams as the first Vice-President, Mr. Jefferson as the first Secretary of State; their mutual possession of the confidence of the only man to whom his country accorded a higher place; and their successive administration of the Government, after his retirement? These are all laid up in the annals of the country; her archives are filled with the productions of their fertile and cultivated minds; the pages of her history are bright with their achievements; and the welfare and happiness of America pronounce, in one general eulogy, the just encomium of their services.

Nor need we fear to speak of their political dissensions. If they who opposed each other, and arrayed the nation, in their arduous contention, were able in the bosom of private life to forget their former struggles, we surely may contemplate them, even in this relation, with calmness. Of the counsels adopted, and the measures pursued, in the storm of political warfare, I presume not to speak. I knew these great men, not as opponents, but as friends to each other, not in the keen prosecution of a political controversy, but in the cultivation of a friendly correspondence. As they respected and honored each other, I respect and honor both. Time, too, has removed the foundation of their dissensions. The principles on which they contended are settled, some in favor of one, and some in favor of the other. The great foreign interests which lent ardor to the struggle have happily lost their hold on the American people; and the politics of the country now turn on questions not agitated in their days. Meantime, I know not whether, if we had it in our power to choose between the recollection of these revered men as they were, and what they would have been without their great struggle, we could have wished them to have been different, even in this respect. Twenty years of friendship succeeding ten of rivalry appear to me a more amiable, and certainly a more instructive, spectacle even than a life of unbroken concert. As a friend of both their respected memories, I would not willingly spare the attestation which

they took pleasure in rendering to each other's characters. We are taught, in the valedictory lessons of Washington, that "the spirit of party is the worst enemy of a popular government." Shall we rejoice that we are taught, in the lives of Adams and Jefferson, that the most embittered contentions which as yet have divided us furnish no ground for lasting disunion?

The declining period of their lives presents their characters in the most delightful aspect, and furnishes the happiest illustration of the perfection of our political system. We behold a new spectacle of moral sublimity; the peaceful old age of the retired chiefs of the Republic; an evening of learned, useful, and honored leisure, following upon a youth and manhood of hazard and service, and a whole life of alternate trial and success. We behold them, indeed, active and untiring to the last. At the advanced age of eighty-five years, our venerable fellow-citizen and neighbor was still competent to take a part in the convention for revising the State Constitution, to whose original formation, forty years before, he so essentially contributed; and Mr. Jefferson, at the same protracted age, was able to project, and carry on to their completion, the extensive establishments of the University of Virginia.

But it is the great and closing scene, which appears to crown their long and exalted career with a consummation almost miraculous. Having done so much and so happily for themselves, so much and so beneficially for their country, at that last moment, when man can no more do anything for his country or himself, it pleased a kind Providence to do that for both of them, which, to the end of time, will cause them to be deemed not more happy in the renown of their lives than in the opportunity of their death.

I could give neither force nor interest to the account of these sublime and touching scenes by anything beyond the simple recital of the facts already familiar to the public. Their deaths were nearly simultaneous. For several weeks the strength of Mr. Jefferson had been gradually failing, though the vigor of his mind remained unimpaired. As he drew nearer to the last, and no expectation remained that his term could be much prolonged, he expressed no other wish than that he might live to breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary of independence.

This he was graciously permitted to do. But it was evident, on the morning of the fourth, that Providence intended that this day, consecrated by his deed, should be solemnized by his death. On some momentary revival of his wasting strength, the friends around would have soothed him with the hope of continuing; but he answered their encouragements only by saying, he did not fear to die. Once, as he drew nearer to his close, he lifted up his head, and murmured with a smile, "It is the fourth of July"; while his repeated exclamation on the last great day was, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine*"—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He departed in peace, a little before one o'clock of this memorable day, unconscious that his compatriot, who fifty years before had shared its efforts and perils, was now the partner of its glory.

Mr. Adams' mind had also wandered back, over the long line of great things with which his life was filled, and found rest on the thought of independence. When the discharges of artillery proclaimed the triumphant anniversary, he pronounced it "a great and a good day." The thrilling word of independence, which, fifty years before, in the ardor of his manly strength, he had sounded out to the nations from the hall of the Revolutionary Congress, was now among the last that dwelt on his lips; and when, toward the hour of noon, he felt his noble heart growing cold within him, the last emotion which warmed it was, that "Jefferson still survives!" But he survives not; he is gone. They are gone together!

Friends, fellow citizens, free, prosperous, happy Americans! The men who did so much to make you so are no more. The men who gave nothing to pleasure in youth, nothing to repose in age, but all to that country, whose beloved name filled their hearts, as it does ours, with joy, can now do no more for us; nor we for them. But their memory remains, we will cherish it; their bright example remains, we will strive to imitate it; the fruit of their wise counsels and noble acts remains, we will gratefully enjoy it.

They have gone to the companions of their cares, of their dangers, and their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there! How few remain with

us! There is our Washington; and those who followed him in their country's confidence are now met together with him, and all their illustrious company.

The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, O for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our venerated fathers shall be remembered in their triumphal song!

The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear, and in the long lapse of ages, the races of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our fathers shone is immortal. They did that to which no age, no people of civilized men, can be indifferent. Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall be all forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed, in the bright list of those who have best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson!

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

Address by the Very Reverend Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury since 1895 (born in Bombay, British India, 1831; died 1903), delivered in Westminster Abbey, London, August 4, 1885, at the hour when funeral services in honor of General Grant were being held simultaneously in America and England.

EIGHT years have not passed since the Dean of Westminster, whom Americans so much loved and honored, was walking round this Abbey with General Grant, and explaining to him its wealth of great memorials. Neither of them had attained the allotted span of human life, and for both we might have hoped that many years would elapse before they went down to the grave, full of years and honors. But this is already the fourth summer since the Dean fell asleep, and to-day we are assembled at the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun has gone down while it yet was day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with his widow, family, and friends.

Yes; life at the best is but a vapor that passeth away. The glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things. But when death comes, what nobler epitaph can any man have than this, that, having served his generation, by the will of God he fell asleep? Little can the living do for the dead. The pomps and ceremonies of earthly grandeur have lost their significance, but when our soul shall leave its dwelling, the story of one fair and virtuous action is above all the escutcheons on our tombs or silken banners over us. I would desire to speak simply and directly, and, if with generous appreciation, yet with no idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, the faults and failings

of his character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. They are for the judgment of God, whose merciful forgiveness is necessary for the best of what we do and are. We touch only on his public actions and services, the record of his strength, his magnanimity, his self-control, his generous deeds. His life falls into four marked divisions, of which each has its own lessons for us. He touched on them himself in part when he said: "Bury me at West Point, where I was trained as a youth; or in Illinois, which gave me my first commission; or in New York, which sympathized with me in my misfortunes."

His wish has been respected, and on the cliff overhanging the Hudson, his monument will stand, to recall to the memory of future generations those dark days of a nation's history which he did so much to close. First came the early years of growth and training, of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial. Poor and humbly born, he had to make his own way in the world. God's unseen providence, which men nickname chance, directed his boyhood. A cadetship was given him at the Military Academy of West Point, and after a brief period of service in the Mexican War, in which he was three times mentioned in despatches, seeing no opening for a soldier in what seemed likely to be days of unbroken peace, he settled down to a humble life in a provincial town.

Citizens of St. Louis will remember the rough backwoodsman who sold cord-wood from door to door, and who afterward became a leather-seller in the obscure town of Galena. Those who knew him in those days have said that if any one had predicted that the silent, unprosperous, unambitious man, whose chief aim was to get a plank road from his shop to the railway depot, would become twice President of the United States, and one of the foremost men of his day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride how her dictators came from the ploughtail, America, too, may record the answer of the President who, on being asked what would be his coat of arms, answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt-

sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, the noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, and not for the prizes of birth and accident, which are without them. You have of late years had two martyr Presidents, both men sons of the people. One was the homely man, who, at the age of seven was a farm lad, at seventeen a rail-splitter, at twenty a boatman on the Mississippi, and who in manhood proved to be one of the most honest and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew up from a shoeless child in a log-hut on the prairies, round which the wolves prowled in the winter snow, to be a humble teacher in Hiram Institute. With these Presidents America need not blush to name also the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derived his patent of nobleness direct from God.

Did not God choose David from the sheepfold, from following the ewes great with young ones, to make him the ruler of his people Israel? Was not the Lord of Life and all the worlds for thirty years a carpenter at Nazareth? Do not such things illustrate the prophecy of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day, under the tree, moving round it as the shadow crossed, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the schoolroom as faithfully as he mastered his Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who came to load his cart with logs, and, finding no men, loaded the cart with his own boy's strength, they showed in the conscientious performance of duty the qualities which were to raise them to become kings of men. When John Adams was told that his son, John Quincy Adams, had been elected President of the United States, he said: "He has always been laborious, child and man, from infancy."

But the youth was not destined to die in the deep valley of obscurity and toil, in which it is the lot—and perhaps the happy lot—of most of us to spend our lives. The hour came; the man was needed. In 1861 there broke out that most ter-

rible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as Colonel of Volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had been raised to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years would make that enormous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tremendous crisis have stepped often, as it were, out of a door in the wall which no man had noticed; and, unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way silently and single-handed to the front. And there was no luck in it. It was a work of inflexible faithfulness, of indomitable resolution, of sleepless energy, and iron purpose and tenacity. In the campaigns at Fort Donelson; in the desperate battle at Shiloh; in the siege of Corinth; in battle after battle, in siege after siege; whatever Grant had to do, he did it with his might. Other generals might fail—he would not fail. He showed what a man could do whose will was strong. He undertook, as General Sherman said of him, what no one else would have ventured and his very soldiers began to reflect something of his indomitable determination.

His sayings revealed the man. "I have nothing to do with opinions," he said at the outset, "and shall only deal with armed rebellion." "In riding over the field," he said at Shiloh, "I saw that either side was ready to give way, if the other showed a bold front. I took the opportunity, and ordered an advance along the whole line." "No terms," he wrote to General Buckner at Fort Donelson (and it is pleasant to know that General Buckner stood as a warm friend beside his dying bed); "no terms other than unconditional surrender can be accepted." "My headquarters," he wrote from Vicksburg, "will be on the field." With a military genuis which embraced the vastest plans while attending to the smallest details, he defeated, one after another, every great general of the Confederates, except Stonewall Jackson. The Southerners felt that he held them as in the grasp of a vise; that this man could neither be arrested nor avoided. For all this he has been severely blamed. He ought not to be blamed. He has been called a butcher, which is grossly unjust. He loved peace; he hated bloodshed; his heart was generous and kind. His orders

were to save lives, to save treasure, but at all costs to save his country—and he did save his country. His army cheerfully accepted the sacrifice, wrote its farewell, buckled its belts, and stood ready.

The struggle was not for victory; it was for existence. It was not for glory; it was for life and death. Grant had not only to defeat armies, but to annihilate their forces; to leave no choice but destruction or submission. He saw that the brief ravage of the hurricane is infinitely less ruinous than the interminable malignity of the pestilence, and in the colossal struggle, victory, swift, decisive, overwhelming, was the truest mercy.

In silence and with determination, and with clearness of insight, he was like your Washington and our Wellington. He was like them also in this, that the word "cannot" did not exist in his soldier's dictionary, and what he achieved was achieved without bluster. In the hottest fury of all his battles, his speech was never known to be more than "yea, yea," and "nay, nay." He met General Lee at Appomattox. He received his surrender with faultless delicacy. He immediately issued an order that the Confederates should be supplied with rations. Immediately his enemies surrendered, he gave them terms as simple and as generous as a brother could have given them—terms which healed differences; terms of which they freely acknowledged the magnanimity. Not even entering the capital, avoiding all ostentation, unelated by triumph, and unruffled by adversity, he hurried back to stop recruits and to curtail the vast expenses of the country. After the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, the war was over. He had put his hand to the plow and had looked not back. He had made blow after blow, each following where the last had struck; he had wielded like a hammer the gigantic forces at his disposal, and had smitten opposition into the dust. It was a mighty work, and he had done it well. Surely history has shown that for the future destinies of a mighty nation it was a necessary and blessed work! The Church utters her most indignant anathema at an unrighteous war, but she has never refused to honor the faithful soldiers who fight in the cause of their country and God. The gentlest and most Christian of modern poets has used the tremendous thought:—

God's most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter,
Yea, Carnage is his daughter!

We shudder even as we quote the words, but yet the cause for which General Grant fought—the honor of a great people and the freedom of a whole race of mankind—was a great and noble cause. And the South has accepted that desperate and bloody arbitrament. Two of the Southern Generals, we rejoice to hear, will bear General Grant's funeral pall. The rancor and ill-feeling of the past are buried in oblivion; true friends have been made out of brave foemen. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, Federals and Confederates, but they are Americans. "Do not teach your children to hate," said General Lee, to an American lady; "teach them that they are Americans. I thought that we were better off as one nation than as two, and I think so now." "The war is over," said Grant, "and the best sign of rejoicing after victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." "Let us have peace," were the memorable words with which he ended his brief inaugural address as President. On the rest of the great soldier's life, we will only touch in a very few words. As Wellington became Prime Minister of England, and lived to be hooted in the streets of London, so Grant, more than half against his will, became President, and for a time lost much of his popularity. He foresaw it all, but it is not for a man to choose; it is for a man to accept his destiny. What verdict history may pronounce on him as a politician I know not; but here, and now, the voice of censure, deserved or undeserved, is silent. When the great Duke of Marlborough died and one began to speak of his avarice, "He was so great a man," said Bolingbroke, "I had forgotten that he had that fault."

It was a fine and delicate rebuke, and we do not intend to rake up a man's faults and errors. Those errors, whatever they may have been, we leave to the mercy of the Merciful, and the atoning blood of his Savior. Beside the open grave, we speak only in gratitude of his great achievements. Let us record his virtues in brass, for men's examples; but let his faults,

whatever they may have been, be writ in water. Some may think that it would have been well for Grant if he had died in 1865, when steeples clanged and cities were illuminated and congregations rose in his honor. Many and dark clouds overshadowed the last of his days—the blow of financial ruin; the dread that men should suppose that he had a tarnished reputation; the terribly agony of an incurable disease. But God's ways are not our ways. To bear that sudden ruin, and that speechless agony, required a courage nobler and greater than that of the battle-field, and human courage grows magnificently to the height of human need. "I am a man," said Frederick the Great, "and therefore born to suffer." On the long agonizing death-bed, Grant showed himself every inch a hero, bearing his agonies and trials without a murmur, with rugged stoicism, in unflinching fortitude; yes, and we believe in a Christian's patience and a Christian's prayers. Which of us can tell whether those hours of torture and misery may not have been blessings in disguise; whether God may not have been refining the gold from the brass, and the strong man had been truly purified by the strong agony?

We are gathered here in England to do honor to his memory and to show our sympathy with the sorrow of a great sister nation. Could we be gathered in a more fitting place? We do not lack here memorials to recall the history of your country. There is the grave of André; there is the monument raised by grateful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe; there is the temporary resting-place of George Peabody; there is the bust of Longfellow; over the Dean's grave there is the faint semblance of Boston Harbor. We add another memory to-day. Whatever there may have been between the two nations to forget and forgive, it is forgotten and forgiven. "I will not speak of them as two peoples," said General Grant at Newcastle in 1877, "because in fact, we are one people, with a common destiny, and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and coöperation of the brethren dwelling on each side of the Atlantic." Oh! if the two peoples, which are one people, be true to their duty, and true to their God, who can doubt that in their hands are the destinies of the world? Can anything short of utter dementation ever thwart a destiny so

manifest? Your founders were our sons; it was from our past that your present grew. The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh is not that nameless grave in St. Margaret's; it is the State of Virginia. Yours and ours alike are the memories of Captain John Smith and of the Pilgrim Fathers, of General Oglethorpe's strong benevolence of soul, of the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and the burning zeal of Wesley and Whitefield. Yours and ours alike are the plays of Shakespeare and the poems of Milton; ours and yours alike are all that you have accomplished in literature or in history—the songs of Longfellow and Bryant, the genius of Hawthorne and of Irving, the fame of Washington, Lee and Grant.

But great memories imply great responsibilities. It was not for nothing that God made England what she is; not for nothing that the free individualism of a busy multitude, the humble traders of a fugitive people, snatched the New World from feudalism and bigotry, from Philip II and Louis XIV, from Menendez and Montcalm, from the Jesuit and the Inquisition, from Torquemada, and from Richelieu, to make it the land of the Reformation and the Republic of Christianity and of Peace. "Let us auspicate all our proceedings in America," said Edmund Burke, "with the old Church cry, *Sursum corda!*" But it is for America to live up to the spirit of such words, not merely to quote them with profound enthusiasm. We have heard of—

> New times, new climes, new lands, new men, but still
> The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill.

It is for America to falsify the cynical foreboding. Let her take her place side by side with England in the very van of freedom and progress, united by a common language, by common blood, by common measures, by common interests, by a common history, by common hopes; united by the common glory of great men, of which this great temple of silence and reconciliation is the richest shrine. Be it the steadfast purposes of the two peoples who are one people to show all the world not only the magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but the still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples which are one people, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice which are the unchanging laws of God.

JOHN FISKE

COLUMBUS THE NAVIGATOR

Oration by John Fiske, author, historian, lecturer (born Edmund Fiske Green, in Middletown, Conn., 1842; died 1901), delivered in the Boston Theater, Oct. 21, 1892, on the occasion of the celebration by the city government of Boston of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—We have met here this morning to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of one of the greatest events in the history of the world. The first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by Christopher Columbus was an achievement of which Americans are not likely to underrate the importance, and which no one with a due sense of the relations of cause and effect in human affairs can for a moment fail to recognize as supremely important. When we duly consider what America already means to the world while the development of European civilization upon this fresh soil is still in its earliest stages, when we take sober thought of what the future must have in store if this early promise is even partially fulfilled, we shall be inclined to pronounce the voyage that led the way to this New World as the most epoch-making event of all that have occurred since the birth of Christ.

But I do not propose to take up your time with glittering generalities. The best way to do homage to Columbus, or to show our appreciation of the real grandeur of his achievement, is to try to understand it in its relations to what went before it; and that is a kind of understanding which people surely do not commonly show in speaking or writing on the subject. In order to appreciate the significance of any historical event we must look at it in perspective, and the greater the event the more is the need of such perspective.

Now, the discovery of America was simply a part of a great and sudden outburst of maritime activity the like of which had never been seen before, and which within the limits of a single century discovered not only America, but nearly all the rest of the world outside of Europe. Down to that time the great wanderings of mankind had been by land; no people except the Northmen had ventured far into the trackless ocean, and the knowledge of civilized Europeans extended but little way beyond their own continent. Perhaps it is not always remembered that the first European ship crossed the equator in 1471, when Columbus was a man grown, and that no European ship ever sailed to the eastern coast of Asia until 1517, after Columbus had been eleven years in the grave. When that great navigator was in his childhood, European knowledge of the surface of our planet was bounded on the south by the Tropic of Cancer, and to the east it was extremely hazy about everything beyond the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf. The globe made in 1492 by Martin Behaim, one of the most learned geographers of his time, may still be seen in the Town Hall of Nuremberg. It cuts off two-thirds of Hindustan, and puts in place of it an island of Ceylon magnified tenfold. But within half a century after 1492, the Antarctic Ocean had been visited, the earth had been circumnavigated once, the flag of Portugal was supreme in the East Indies, and Spaniards ruled in Mexico and Peru.

It is an interesting question, why should this wonderful outburst of maritime activity have come just at that time? why should the discovery of America by Columbus have happened in the Fifteenth century? and why did Europe have to wait until then for such an event? The answer is easy to find; but first we shall do well to ask another question, and then we may answer the two together. There is no doubt that toward the end of the Tenth century people from Iceland founded a colony in Greenland, or that ships from Greenland a few years later made voyages along the American coast, chiefly for the purpose of cutting timber, and in all probability came as far south as Massachusetts Bay. Icelandic chronicles have fortunately preserved the story of these interesting voyages, but Europe took no heed of them whatever, and they lapsed into

utter oblivion until about the time of Henry Hudson, when the Arctic world began again to be explored, and long after the death of Columbus. Now, why was this? What was the difference between the Eleventh century and the Fifteenth, such that in the latter case a visit to the western shores of the Atlantic Ocean soon led to the revelation of a new world, while in the former case it did not? The differences between the two ages were many, but the chief difference with which we are concerned is this: in the time of Columbus there was a propelling power at work which in the earlier time was absent, and that propelling power was furnished by a great and unprecedented disturbance of trade between Europe and Asia. That disturbance was caused by the Ottoman Turks. There is one other date in the Fifteenth century almost as famous as 1492; that is, 1453, that year of mourning and humiliation when the grandest city of Christendom was captured by the robber bands whose descendants have to this day been allowed to hold it. But for nearly a century before Constantinople fell, the Turks had been strangling trade on the eastern shores and in the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. Their aggressions closed up old routes of trade and forced Europe to seek new routes; and thus, I say, it was chiefly and primarily the Turks that set in motion the current of events that carried Columbus across the Atlantic. Aggressions from Asia as formidable as that of the Ottoman had occurred more than once before, but never had they encountered and displaced anything like so large a volume of commerce; and never had they been met with so highly developed a spirit of commercial enterprise. This point is very important and deserves a few more words of explanation.

Traffic between the Mediterranean and remote parts of Asia had been carried on from very early times, and some of its routes were doubtless in use before the dawn of history. During two thousand years preceding the time of Columbus three principal routes were used. One was through the Black and Caspian seas, the route associated with the commercial greatness of Constantinople and Genoa; a second was through Syria and the Persian Gulf, a route illustrious for such cities as Antioch, and Damascus, and Bagdad; the third was through

Egypt and the Red Sea, especially associated with the glorious days of Alexandria and of Venice. By such routes as these, after variously changing hands, did the goods of Eastern Asia make their slow way to European seaports—aromatic spices, black pepper, ivory, cotton fabrics, diamonds, sapphires and pearls, silk thread and silk stuffs, richly woven mats and shawls, in exchange for such European commodities as light woolen cloths, linens, coral, black lead, glass vessels of divers shapes and uses, brass, tin, and wrought silver, and Greek and Italian wines. It was probably seldom that the same persons traveled from end to end of the long routes that led toward the rising sun; still fewer were those commercial travelers who wrote an account of their experiences for the general increase of knowledge. So things went on for many generations.

But after the Crusades had brought Western Europe into closer contact with the luxury and refinement of the Eastern Empire, there was a change. The volume of trade with Asia began steadily to increase, and curiosity about Oriental countries and peoples was greatly stimulated. In the Thirteenth century the Mongol conquests brought the whole vast territory from China to Poland, from the Yellow Sea to the Euphrates, under the sway of a single monarch; the Mongol policy was liberal to foreigners, and in the course of a hundred years, from 1250 to 1350, a good many Europeans—chiefly merchants and Franciscan monks—visited China. Now came the first step toward the discovery of America. Soon after 1250 it became positively known, as a matter of personal experience, that China was a maritime country with seaports looking out upon an open ocean. By those Europeans who pondered upon this information it was at once assumed that this ocean must be the Atlantic, because of the spherical shape of the earth. Here I must pause for a moment to remark upon a gross historical blunder which vitiates most of the talk and a good deal of the popular writing about Columbus. It is evidently supposed by many people that the spherical shape of the earth was a new idea in his time; some seem to think that he originated it, or that it was opposed and ridiculed by most of his learned contemporaries and especially by the clergy. Noth-

ing could be further from the truth. The globular form of the earth was proved by Aristotle, and after him accepted by nearly all the ancient philosophers; and seventeen hundred years before Columbus the geographer Eratosthenes declared that it would be easy enough to sail from Spain to India on the same parallel were it not for the vast extent of the Atlantic Ocean. But that vast extent was all a matter of guesswork, and other ancient writers, such as Seneca, maintained that the distance was probably not so very great, and that with favoring winds a ship might make the voyage in a few days. This question of distance, as we shall see in a few moments, was the main difficulty which Columbus had to meet. Objections arising from a belief in the earth's flatness were made by ignorant clergymen, as by uneducated people in general; but learned clergymen, familiar with Aristotle and Ptolemy, did not for a moment call in question the roundness of the earth. Knowledge of such scientific points, however, was in those days apt to lie stagnant, and some striking experience was needed to vivify it. When the news of Chinese seaports was first brought to Europe, that far-sighted monk, Roger Bacon, in 1267 suggested that a ship might sail westward across the Atlantic to China, and he fortified his opinion by extracts from Aristotle and other ancient writers. There is nothing to show that Columbus ever saw Roger Bacon's book; but in 1410 a certain archbishop of Cambrai, named Pierre d'Ailly, wrote a book called "The Image of the World," which was widely circulated in manuscript and was printed in 1483; and in this very popular book that passage about sailing westward to China was cribbed—or perhaps it would be more amiable to say *quoted*—from Bacon. This book was diligently read by Columbus, and his own copy of it, with marginal notes in his own handwriting which show how powerfully it influenced him, may be seen to-day in the Columbian Library at Seville.

Thus we see that Roger Bacon's suggestion, though it found no practical response in his own time, was transmitted to Columbus two centuries later and sank deep into his heart. Things changed greatly between the Thirteenth century and the Fifteenth. So long as Asia was more accessible than ever by the old routes, men had no motives for undertaking the strange

and difficult work of finding new ones. Such new and strange work must wait until men were in a measure driven to it. Meanwhile, among the educated Europeans who found their way to the eastern ocean, there was one, the Venetian Marco Polo, who lived in the service of the Mongol emperor for five and twenty years and made journeys to and fro in the heart of Asia. In 1299, after his return to Europe, he wrote down his experiences in what is doubtless the greatest book of travels that has ever been written. It carried European thought still farther eastward than the Chinese seaports, for Marco Polo had heard a good deal about Japan, an island kingdom a thousand miles out in the ocean, which he called Cipango, and about which he told things which led many of his readers to set him down as a liar, but which we now know to have been for the most part true.

During the next century Marco Polo's book was widely read, curiosity about the East was strongly stimulated, and the trade along the old routes was rapidly increasing year by year, when the face of things was somewhat suddenly changed. In 1368 the Mongols were driven out of China, and that country was once more shut up. But that was a small calamity compared to the rise of the Turks who had entered Europe and taken Adrianople by 1365. Their corsairs swarmed in the Levant waters till the peril and cost of Christian voyages in that direction were increased manifold. The blow fell first and most heavily upon Genoa, which had profited most by the Black Sea route; but Venice also suffered gravely, and every town in the Netherlands felt the effects, which presently reverberated from end to end of Europe.

Thus upon men's minds began to dawn the question whether an outside route, an indirect path over the ocean, could be found to the lands whence silks and spices came. Perhaps civilized mankind had never asked of itself a more startling question. It involved a radical departure from the grooves in which the minds of sailors and merchants had been running ever since the days when Solomon's ships were laden with treasures brought from Ophir. The age that could propound such a problem was ripe for new ventures in other directions, too—for a renaissance in science, in art, and in religion. The

man that could solve it will always be remembered as one of the mightiest innovators of all time.

A whole generation passed while the question was gradually getting propounded, and the answer, as with all such great questions, came by slow stages. Portuguese navigators first gave shape to the problem; and here, as throughout the story, we never get far away from the conflict between the Crescent and the Cross. For many generations the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula had been striving to expel the Moorish invader. Portugal was first to free herself and carry the war into Africa. In suppressing Moorish piracy the Portuguese captains made their first acquaintance with longer and longer stretches of the coast of Africa and heard of Guinea and its mines of gold. A great man arose to the occasion, a man in whom missionary, merchant, statesman, pathbreaker, and scientific inquirer were combined after a fashion characteristic of that romantic age. Prince Henry of Portugal, called "The Navigator," own cousin to our Henry V of England, was founder of the great school of explorers in which Columbus was the most illustrious disciple. The first object of these mariners was to ascertain whether Africa could be circumnavigated and a route thus found into the Indian Ocean. Upon this question two different opinions were held by learned men, who were wont to settle all disputed points by referring to the wisdom of the ancients. The foremost authority on geography was still Claudius Ptolemy, who wrote in Alexandria in the Second century after Christ. Ptolemy held that the southern hemisphere was in great part filled by a huge continent which at one time was joined to Africa and at another place was joined to Asia somewhere near Farther India, of which he had some vague hearsay knowledge. Thus, according to Ptolemy, the Indian Ocean was a landlocked sea with no outlet, and of course if the Portuguese captains had believed this doctrine they would not have tried to sail around Africa. But a different opinion was entertained by Pomponius Mela, a native of the Spanish peninsula, who wrote in the First century of our era a little book that was highly esteemed throughout the Middle Ages, especially by Spaniards. Mela believed in a great continent lying southward of both Africa and Asia, but

he believed it to be separated from both these continents by a broad, open ocean. Still more, he chopped off the whole of Africa south of the Sahara, and maintained that you could sail from the Strait of Gibraltar around into the Indian Ocean without crossing the equator. Such was the theory upon which Portuguese navigators were allowed to feed their hopes until 1471, a few years after the death of Prince Henry. In that year, 1471, a voyage was made, the importance of which I was the first to point out. Portuguese ships had already reached the coast of Upper Guinea, where it runs for several hundred miles from west to east. Here it seemed as if Mela's opinion was correct, and as if one might go on sailing eastward to the mouth of the Red Sea. But in 1471 two captains, Santarem and Escobar, went on and followed that coast until they found it turning to the south; and on they went until—first of all Europeans—they crossed the equator, and sailed five degrees beyond it, and still that African coast stretched before them steadily southward. It was thus made clear that Mela was mistaken, and it was possible that Ptolemy might be right. For aught they knew that coast might keep running southward all the way to the pole, and even if that were not the case, one thing was clear: a route to Asia by sailing around Africa was going to be a much longer route than they had supposed. We can well believe that the prospect was discouraging. It was one of those interesting situations that make men stop and think. Now, if ever, was the natural moment for somebody to ask the question, whether there might not be some better and shorter ocean route to Asia than any that could be found by pursuing the African coast.

Now it was just about this time that Christopher Columbus seems to have found his way to Portugal. He was now between thirty and thirty-five, or, as many writers think, not more than twenty-five years old. A dozen or more towns and villages have been claimed as his birthplace, but I see no reason for doubting his own explicit statement, made in a solemn legal document, that he was born in the city of Genoa. Son of a wool-comber in very humble circumstances, he had taken to the sea at an early age, as was natural for a Genoese boy. Somewhere and somehow he had learned Latin and geometry and as

much of astronomy as that age knew how to apply to purposes of navigation. He had sailed to and fro upon the Mediterranean in merchant voyages, and had probably taken a hand in scrimmages with Turkish corsairs, which is the foundation for the ridiculous charge of "piracy" sometimes alleged against him by modern dabblers in history. His younger brother Bartholomew had led a similar life, and both had won a reputation for skill in map-making. In those days when Italian commerce, cut off from its eastern roots by Turkish shears, was languishing, Italian skill and talent was apt to drift westward to Lisbon and so it was with the brothers Columbus. Both were deeply interested in the problem of circumnavigating Africa, both sailed in more than one of the Portuguese voyages on that coast, and Bartholomew was in the first voyage that doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

Long before this his brother Christopher's scheme had been fully matured. I said a moment ago that the disappointing voyage of Santarem and Escobar furnished the occasion for asking the question if some better method of getting to Asia could be found. Now observe the eloquence of dates. Those captains returned to Lisbon in April, 1472; and before June, 1474, that question had already been asked by the King of Portugal. The person of whom he asked the question was the greatest astronomer of that century, Paolo Toscanelli, of Florence; and Toscanelli's reply was, "Can there be a shorter route? Of course there can. If you steer westward straight across the Atlantic, you will find Asia much sooner than by sailing down by Guinea;" and he drew a map, giving his idea of the situation, and sent it to the King of Portugal. Now about the same time Columbus asked the same question of Toscanelli and got the same reply. Some critics have lately tried to make out an interval of six or eight years between the two letters. I have elsewhere argued that it cannot have been more than six or eight weeks. It was probably not later than September, 1474, that Toscanelli sent to Columbus his letter, the tone of which implies that Columbus had done something more than ask a question. He had not only asked about the shorter route, but expressed a desire or intention to undertake it. The astronomer's reply was full of enthusiasm; he strongly

urged the undertaking upon Columbus, and sent him a duplicate of the map which he had sent to the King of Portugal. Columbus kept this map and carried it with him upon his first voyage.

Now the question here at issue, and in which an appeal was made to Toscanelli, was not whether the earth is a sphere. That was assumed by all the parties. The question was simply as to the length of the voyage required to reach the coasts of China or Japan by sailing due west. Here the astronomer's reply was encouraging. He greatly overestimated the length of Asia. I suppose he must have misunderstood some of Marco Polo's Chinese measures of distance. At any rate he carried his Chinese seaports so far to the east as to bring them near California. As for Japan, he brought it into the Gulf of Mexico. This gigantic error was of the greatest possible aid to Columbus, as it turned out; but Columbus improved upon it. His theoretical measure of the earth's circumference was smaller than Toscanelli's, and when he put that astronomer's guesswork measure of Asia upon it he carried Japan eastward even into the Atlantic, and held that you could reach it by sailing about two thousand five hundred miles due west from the Canary Islands. This was not much longer than the voyage from Lisbon to the Guinea coast, and thus there could be no doubt as to the commercial advantage of braving the unknown terrors of the voyage across the open ocean.

Such was the scheme which Columbus had to urge upon his fellow men for eighteen years before he could get the means for carrying it into practical operation. Like many scientific theories, as first formed it was a fairly even mixture of truth and error; but he was peculiarly fortunate in this, that the truth and the error alike helped him. Some of the Lisbon geographers urged against him that his estimate of the length of Asia was excessive. In this they were of course right; but if their wisdom had prevailed, no westward voyage would have been made, and the unknown continent between Portugal and Japan would have remained unknown until some other occasion had been evolved.

There were many elements in the complex character of

Columbus beside that of the scientific navigator. The crusading spirit was strong in him. Alike as a Genoese and as a Christian he hated the Turk, and it was quite to his credit that he did so. He was an idealist, a poetic dreamer, a religious fanatic, a man hard for some people to understand. Viewed as a whole, his scheme was somewhat as follows: God's kingdom on earth was to come. The bounds of Christendom were to be enlarged, and the unspeakable Turk was to be crushed. Old Crusaders had assailed the Infidel in front; but he would outflank him. He would gain access to the wealth of the Indies by a new and short cut across the Atlantic waves never before plowed by European keels, and with his share of the profits of this great commercial enterprise, he would equip such a vast army as would drive the Turk from Constantinople and set free the Holy Sepulcher.

Such was the noble, disinterested idea of Columbus. His young friend Las Casas, the purest and loftiest spirit of the Sixteenth century, so understood it and honored its author; while modern writers, incapable of entering into the mood of a time so remote from our own, peck and carp at details wherein Columbus seems to offend their precious ideas of propriety, and wave him away with a Podsnap flourish which, of course, always ends the matter. He was weak, we are told; he was selfish and avaricious, and after all he did not accomplish what he undertook to do. After all his fine promises he never set foot on the soil of Asia.

Well, it is part of the irony with which this world is governed, that the bravest and most strenuous spirits are apt to consecrate their lives to some grand purpose in the pursuit of which they strive and faint and die; and, after all is over, after death has sealed their eyelids and the voice of praise or blame is for them as nothing, it turns out that they have done a great and wonderful thing; but that great and wonderful thing is so far from being the object to which their arduous lives were consecrated, that if they could listen to the praise which posterity lavishes upon them, they would be daft with amazement. Well, they would say, we never dreamt of this. These monuments that are reared to us amid all this pomp and ceremony, we do not comprehend their meaning.

So might Columbus feel if he could be brought back to earth and witness what is going on to-day in all parts of this western world. What has been accomplished, as the result of his voyage of 1492, is something of which he never dreamed. He never meant to discover a New World, and he died without the slightest suspicion that he had made such a discovery. He died in obscurity and disgrace because he had not done the thing which he had set out to do; he had entailed fresh expenses upon his royal patrons instead of guiding them to boundless riches. When he died at Valladolid, on Ascension Day, 1506, the annals of that town, which mention everything of local interest great and small, from year to year, take no heed of the passing away of that great spirit. It was left for events of later ages to clothe with adequate significance the events of 1492.

It was not until this western continent became the seat of a high civilization that the significance began to be realized, and to reflect upon the memory of Columbus the glory of which he was defrauded in his lifetime. And it was long before the course of events had taught men this new lesson. A hundred years ago little heed was paid to the anniversary of the discovery of America; but in France, amid the spasms of the Revolution, a few prize essays were written, and what, do you think, was their general purport? It was generally agreed that the discovery of America had been an almost unmitigated curse to mankind, because it had led to greater wars—such, for example, as the Seven Years' War—than had ever been seen before. Only one benefit, said these humanitarians, had come from the discovery, and that was the use of quinine in averting fevers. But stay, said some of the prize essayists, to this general verdict of disparagement we can seem to see dimly one exception. Two or three million of English colonists are scattered along the coast of that unpromising wilderness; they have just won their independence; and in them rests the hope of mankind for the future of the western world. Theirs is the legacy of Columbus if they fulfil the promise with which they have started. Such was the purport of some of these ingenious prize essays a century ago. What will prize essayists or centennial orators a century hence be saying here in Boston?

Fellow citizens, it rests with us to determine the answer to

such a question. When one reads of Saul who went forth to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, one thinks of Columbus. But let the parable warn us. To Columbus we owe the fresh soil in which a nationality of the highest type has begun to be developed. Let us never forget that without the steadfast culture of the highest manhood in political life, the richest opportunities are no better than dust and chaff. The extension of God's kingdom on earth was the object nearest the heart of Columbus. It is our high duty and privilege to accept the legacy and defend it.

MARSHAL FOCH

NAPOLEON

This address was delivered on May 5, 1921, before the tomb of the Emperor, in commemoration of the centenary of his death. Marshal Foch was born in 1851, educated in the military schools, and early won distinction as a student and teacher of tactics and strategy. He was one of the group of brilliant French officers whose studies of Napoleon's correspondence and orders gave new meaning to the great commander's strategy. As Generalissimo of the Allied Forces during the final months of the World War, the pupil and interpreter of Napoleon had abundant opportunity to put into effect the lessons he had learned from the master. In this address Marshal Foch pays a brilliant tribute to the military genius of Napoleon, and at the same time indicates the source of the Emperor's ultimate failure. It is the victorious General of 1918 who declares that duty, patriotism, and justice are higher than victorious command, that "above war there is peace." Marshal Foch's tribute to his soldiers is given in Volume XII.

NAPOLEON! If the prestige of this name has won the admiration of the world, it is no less certain that its glory increases as the passage of time allows a measure to be taken of the amplitude of the task accomplished.

Yesterday, you were shown how Bonaparte had already reestablished peace, order and authority in a divided France, in a society overturned by the Revolution with its powers displaced, but mistress of new rights and searching for an equilibrium and stability capable of upholding it against a régimé of repeated shocks.

We must also observe that the French Revolution made profound changes in the substance and the proportions of war, in its aims, its means, as also in its methods and the sentiments brought into play. Henceforth our armies are fighting, for our independence, for the liberty of peoples. To this struggle are

consecrated without count all the resources of the nation, in men and material, and they are considerable. Our improvised soldiers battle for their opinions or their interests; their individual action amply utilized, taking the place of more regular and therefore more rigid action in ranks. This results in those organizations of sharp-shooters of a more aggressive nature and more effective results. Far from using position or siege warfare to conquer towns or acquire a province, it is the destruction of the hostile army which the Convention already aims at, under Carnot's direction, in order to force the enemy government thus disarmed, to the peace which it wishes to impose.

When Napoleon enters upon the scene in this new world, he has already studied and mastered all the teachings of the past on the art of war and he has grasped especially the significance of the changes effected by the National War. Soon Sieyès says of him, "He knows how to do everything, he is able to do everything, and he wishes to do everything."

With perfect mastery of the different elements of the whole problem he proceeds to map out a rational use of his forces, then with surprising activity he boldly produces from it a superior result and applies it to the objective which he has chosen, according to the circumstances, with rare breadth of view.

On the whole, if he consolidates the Revolution at home by organizing it and giving it wisdom, he exploits it abroad by launching all the forces concentrated in his power at a staggering pace, following a system always intelligent and well thought out. Thus he breaks down all obstacles to a policy guided more and more by military success and soon more and more dangerous because of the reactions which it arouses.

In principle, his objective is the main enemy army. But from 1796, contrary to the advice of Carnot, a more strict observer of the doctrine, he does not fear, after his first successes, to throw himself on the army of Piedmont and put it completely out of the game, before occupying himself with the main army, that of Austria.

And similarly, in 1805, attacked by a coalition of England, Sweden, Russia and Austria, which has placed its main army

in Italy under its best general, Archduke Charles, because Austria wishes to reconquer Italy, he takes care not to send the main body of his forces there. He defends himself there with a reduced army and uses the principal army in the valley of the Danube to break the coalition, to strike the Austrian power at Vienna and destroy both forces at Austerlitz.

What examples could one not find of this judgment in choosing the decisive objective, on this vast horizon always filled with military and political interests! At all events, once the direction to be followed is determined, it is a question of beating the enemy forces holding the road, and to accomplish this, he himself tells us, "There are many good generals in Europe, but they see too many things. I see only one, the masses. I strive to destroy them, certain that their accessories will fall afterwards." And to strike them a sure blow, he proceeds to follow systematically the plan of outnumbering the mass of the enemy on a given day.

Is there anything more descriptive of the novelty of this doctrine than the conversation of Bonaparte with Moreau at the home of Director Gohier in 1799? Gohier relates:

> The two generals, who had never seen each other, seemed equally delighted to meet. It was noted that at this interview they gazed at each other for a moment in silence. Bonaparte spoke first, expressing to Moreau the desire he had long had to know him.
>
> "You come victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy after a great defeat." After a few explanations of the cause of the defeat he concluded, "It was impossible to avoid having our valiant army overwhelmed by such a combination of forces. It is always the large number which defeats the small."
>
> "You are right," said Bonaparte, "it is always the large number which defeats the small."
>
> "Nevertheless, General," I said to Bonaparte, "with small armies you have often beaten large ones."
>
> "Even in that case," he said, "it was always the small number which was beaten by the larger." This led him to develop his tactics to us, "When with a smaller force I was in the presence of a great army, rapidly grouping my men, I fell like lightning on one of its wings and overwhelmed that. Then I profited by the disorder which this maneuver never failed to cause in the hostile army, to attack in another part, always with my entire forces. Thus I defeated the army

in detail and the victory which resulted was always, as you see, the triumph of the large numbers over the small."

And in order to outnumber, to present on the field of battle more troops than the enemy, especially when he is disposing of a smaller army on the theater of operations, he utilizes the particular qualities of his troops in a constantly well reasoned combination on the defensive in one place and the offensive in others. He knows indeed that a reduced force is capable of resisting a superior adversary and of coping with him so long as it is aided by a position naturally strong, or artificially reinforced, by the force of its fire or by the systematic organization of its lines. By making liberal use of the conditions of reinforcement and assigning to each detachment a particular rôle he will be able, for a limited time, to reduce to the extreme the strength of the troops having the passive rôle, and to increase equally the effectives designed for action, while a strong reserve, grouped in the rear, will be always ready to respond to the eventuality of an enemy attack at any point of its periphery until the desired moment when he himself takes it and launches it to finish in a driving mass against the point he wishes to strike, thus again seizing the occasion to appear in superior numbers. At all times, to arrive at that result, his systems of forces, though widely distributed over the ground which they hold, are wisely linked and kept in touch with the chief so that they may be rapidly drawn together and form the hammer for his hand.

This disposition and use of his forces, characteristic of his art, Napoleon practices in a situation of waiting as well as when seeking battle.

Thus we see him in 1796 when, based on the lines of the Adige and the Mincio, he proceeds to cope with the Austrian armies to defeat three successively, and with forces never exceeding 50,000 men, to put to rout more than 200,000. Then we see him in 1800 at the Stradella, when he spreads his net to catch the Austrian, Melas, whom he has turned through the St. Bernard, but whom he intends to destroy, whence Marengo, a surprise on June 14 but bound to end in a victory the next day.

And in the same way in 1805, arriving at the Danube, he undertakes to surround and defeat the Austrian, Mack, whose communications he has cut off. And again rushing to Austerlitz, he wins that immortal victory while holding in awe the Austrian forces of Hungary and guarding against a declaration of war from Prussia.

And again at Wagram, when at the same time he has to watch the Austrian troops on the right bank of the Danube and guard his communications which were continually menaced.

But after having thus planned to win his battle by superiority of effectives, whether attacking or being attacked, he carries the art still higher; by engaging and striking the enemy in one direction, that of their communications, turning defeat into disaster. That is Marengo, that is Ulm, that is Jena.

After having thus reduced war to a simple art in conception, he says—for one who understands thoroughly the mechanism of all his forces, let us add—he completes his formula by saying that this art is all a matter of execution. Indeed he takes into account the fact that in such a field of realization, the idea is of value only as it is translated into material results.

To effect this execution he himself watches constantly and very closely the morale of the soldier, the preparation and maintenance of the forces, the commissary supplies, the munitions, the safety of communications, the formation of new bases, the investigation and examination of information, the direction and duration of movements; nothing escapes him, he keeps an eye on everything but avoids being noticed by any one. Furthermore, what ordered activity he impresses on every one! To cite only one example, what could be more magnificent than that Grand Army of 1805, spread out on the hills from the Somme to Holland until the last days of August, arriving in concentrated force on the Danube at the rear of the Austrian army on the sixth of October to the entire surprise of Europe!

His resolution equals his surprising activity. On the evening of the twelfth of April he gets the news, already two days old, of the Austrian entry into war. He leaves at once, arrives at Donauwerth on the seventeenth at a general headquarters

devoid of chiefs, gathers immediately himself from the couriers information concerning the troops which gives evidence of great confusion in their movements and also of the progress of the enemy along the whole front. Taking the direction of the difficult situation at once into his own hands, in a country particularly bleak and obscure because of its forests, between the Danube and the Isar, in less than six days he reunites his scattered forces, charges the center of the enemy army, throws it into disorder, retreating toward the south through Landshut across the Isar and to the north across the Danube by Ratisbon. In numerous battles crowned by Eckmühl, he has on April twenty-third, eleven days after his departure from Paris, put to rout the great Austrian army and opened the way to Vienna.

In the midst of the gloom and confusion, he himself casts the ray of light which guides each element of his army; and the enemy, incapable of grasping the situation as a whole, see only one way of finishing by desperate crushing attacks, and throw themselves frantically against him but too late to do any good. Napoleon runs far ahead of events to direct them, instead of waiting to submit to them. But he does not proceed blindly; first of all he makes a careful study of the country and circumstances in which he is going to operate. He knows in advance the unchangeable elements, he acts upon them if not with certainty, always with substantial knowledge. His improvisation is never risky.

"It is no genius which suddenly reveals to me in secret what I am to say and do in circumstances unforeseen by others; it is reflection and meditation."

Thanks to this power, he is the soul which so powerfully animates the whole army, the beacon which illuminates it. But whatever may be the extent of his power, it is bound some day to be exceeded, and our arms will lose their superiority when our armies are extended from one end of Europe to the other or are fighting on the vast theaters of operation of Russia and Germany.

To this requirement of preparation and understanding is added an imagination never in any way limited by distance or by obstacles of nature.

If one considers that he revealed his powers in 1796 at the age of twenty-seven, it is plain that nature endowed him extraordinarily. These talents he applied unceasingly through the whole length of his prodigious career.

Through them he marks out his way along a resplendent path in the military annals of humanity. He carries his victorious eagles from the Alps to the Pyramids, and from the banks of the Tagus to those of the Moskova, surpassing in their flight the conquests of Alexander, of Hannibal and of Cæsar. Thus he remains the great leader, superior to all others in his prodigious genius, his need of activity, his nature, ardent to excess, which is always favorable to the profits of war but dangerous to the equilibrium of peace.

Thus he lifts the art of war far above all known heights, but this carries him to regions of dizziness. Identifying the greatness of the country with his own, he would rule the destinies of nations with arms, as if one could bring about the prosperity of the people from a succession of victories at grievous sacrifices. As if this people could live by glory instead of by labor. As if the conquered nations, deprived of their independence, would not rise some day to reconquer it, putting an end to a régimé of force and presenting armies strong in numbers and invincible in the ardor of outraged justice. As if in a civilized world, moral right should not be greater than a power created entirely by force, however talented that force might be. In attempting this Napoleon himself goes down, not for lack of genius, but because he attempted the impossible, because he undertook with a France exhausted in every way, to bend to his laws a Europe already instructed by its misfortunes, and soon entirely in arms.

Decidedly, duty is common to all. Higher than commanding armies victoriously, there is our country to be served for her good as she understands it; there is justice to be respected everywhere. Above war there is peace.

Assuredly, the most gifted man errs who, in dealing with humanity, depends upon his own insight and intelligence and discards the moral law of society, created by respect for the individual, and those principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, the basis of our civilization, and the essence of Christianity.

Sire, sleep in peace; from the tomb itself you labor continually for France. At every danger to the country, our flags quiver at the passage of the Eagle. If our legions have returned victorious through the triumphal arch which you built, it is because the sword of Austerlitz marked out their direction, showing how to unite and lead the army that won the victory. Your masterly lessons, your determined labors, remain indefeasible examples. In studying them and meditating on them the art of war grows daily greater. It is only in the reverently and thoughtfully gathered rays of your immortal glory that generations of the distant future shall succeed in grasping the science of combat and the management of armies for the sacred cause of the defense of the country.

HENRY GEORGE

MOSES

Henry George was born in Philadelphia in 1839. He began to work for his living as a boy of fourteen on a ship bound for the Far East. He was in Victoria, British Columbia, when the gold excitement was at its height and afterwards worked in San Francisco in a printing office and in other employments. In 1861, together with other printers, he started a daily paper, *The Evening Journal*. This did not prosper and Henry George became a reporter and won a reputation through his attacks on the monopolies of the railroads and express companies. He was attracted to the land problem by the rapid rise in values in California and a study of this question led to his most important work, "Progress and Poverty," expounding the doctrine of the single tax. This book had an immense popularity in England as well as in the United States and as a result Henry George gave many lectures in both countries. He was defeated as a candidate for Mayor in New York in 1886 after a vigorous campaign. He was again a candidate in 1907 but died a few days before the election. "Progress and Poverty" is one of the notable books of the century, and Henry George won wide fame as a lecturer and campaign speaker. The following address was delivered in Glasgow, Scotland, December 28, 1884, and was repeated in New York City in 1887.

THERE is in modern thought a tendency to look upon the prominent characters of history as resultants rather than as initiatory forces. As in an earlier stage the irresistible disposition was to personification, so now it is to reverse this process, and to resolve into myths mighty figures long enshrined by tradition.

Yet, if we try to trace to their sources movements whose perpetuated impulses eddy and play in the currents of our times, we at last reach the individual. It is true that "in-

stitutions make men" but it is also true that "in the beginnings men made institutions."

In a well-known passage Macaulay has described the impression made upon the imagination by the antiquity of that church, which, surviving dynasties and empires, carries the mind back to a time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon and camelopard and tiger bounded in the Flavian amphitheater. But there still exists among us observances—transmitted in unbroken succession from father to son —that go back to a yet more remote past. Each recurring year brings a day on which, in every land, there are men who, gathering about them their families, and attired as if for a journey, eat with solemnity a hurried meal. Before the walls of Rome were traced, before Homer sang, this feast was kept, and the event to which it points was even then centuries old.

That event signals the entrance upon the historic stage of a people on many accounts remarkable—a people who, though they never founded a great empire nor built a great metropolis, have exercised upon a large portion of mankind an influence, widespread, potent, and continuous; a people who have for nearly two thousand years been without country or organized nationality, yet have preserved their identity and faith through all vicissitudes of time and fortune—who have been overthrown, crushed, scattered; who have been ground, as it were, to very dust, and flung to the four winds of heaven; yet who, though thrones have fallen, and empires have perished, and creeds have changed and living tongues have become dead, still exist with a vitality seemingly unimpaired—a people who unite the strangest contradictions; whose annals now blaze with glory, now sound the depth of shame and woe.

The advent of such a people marks an epoch in the history of the world. But it is not of that advent so much as of the central and colossal figure around which its traditions cluster that I propose to speak.

Three great religions place the leader of the Exodus upon the highest plane they allot to man. To Christendom and to Islam, as well as to Judaism, Moses is the mouth-piece and lawgiver of the Most High; the medium, clothed with supernatural powers, through which the Divine Will has spoken.

Yet this very exaltation, by raising him above comparison, may prevent the real grandeur of the man from being seen. It is amid his brethren that Saul stands taller and fairer.

On the other hand, the latest school of Biblical criticism asserts that the books and legislation attributed to Moses are really the product of an age subsequent to that of the prophets. Yet to this Moses, looming vague and dim, of whom they can tell us almost nothing, they, too, attribute the beginning of that growth which flowered after centuries in the humanities of Jewish law, and in the sublime conception of one God, universal and eternal, the Almighty Father; and again, higher still and fairer, culminated in that guiding star of spiritual light which rested over the stable of Bethlehem in Judea.

But whether wont to look on Moses in this way or in that, it may be sometimes worth our while to take the point of view in which all shades of belief or disbelief may find common ground, and accepting the main features of Hebrew record and tradition, consider them in the light of history as we know it, and of human nature as it shows itself to-day. Here is a case in which sacred history may be treated as we treat profane history without any shock to religious feeling. Nor can the keenest criticism resolve Moses into a myth. The fact of the Exodus presupposes such a leader.

To lead into freedom a people long crushed by tyranny; to discipline and order such a mighty host; to harden them into fighting men, before whom warlike tribes quailed and walled cities went down; to repress discontent and jealousy and mutiny; to combat reactions and reversions; to turn the quick, fierce flame of enthusiasm to the service of a steady purpose, require some towering character—a character blending in highest expression the qualities of politician, patriot, philosopher, and statesman.

Such a character in rough but strong outline the tradition shows us—the union of the wisdom of the Egyptians with the unselfish devotion of the meekest of men. From first to last, in every glimpse we get, this character is consistent with itself and with the mighty work which is its monument. It is the character of a great mind, hemmed in by conditions and limita-

tions, and working with such forces and materials as were at hand—accomplishing, yet failing. Behind grand deeds a grander thought. Behind high performance the still nobler ideal.

Egypt was the mold of the Hebrew nation—the matrix, so to speak, in which a single family, or, at most, a small tribe grew to a people as numerous as the American people at the time of the Declaration of Independence. For four centuries, according to Hebrew tradition—that is to say, for a period longer than America has been known to Europe, this growing people, coming a patriarchal family from a roving, pastoral life, had been under dominance of a highly developed and ancient civilization—a civilization whose fixity is symbolized by monuments that rival in endurance the everlasting hills—a civilization so ancient that the Pyramids, as we now know, were hoary with centuries ere Abraham looked upon them.

No matter how clearly the descendants of the kinsmen who came into Egypt at the invitation of the boy-slave become prime minister, maintained the distinction of race, and the traditions of a freer life, they must have been powerfully affected by such a civilization; and just as the Hebrews of to-day are Polish in Poland, German in Germany, and American in the United States, so, but far more clearly and strongly, the Hebrews of the Exodus must have been essentially Egyptians.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that the ancient Hebrew institutions show in so many points the influence of Egyptian ideas and customs. What is remarkable is the dissimilarity. To the unreflecting, nothing may seem more natural than that a people, in turning their backs upon a land where they had been long oppressed, should discard its ideas and institutions. But the student of history, the observer of politics, knows that nothing is more unnatural. Habits of thought are even more tyrannous than habits of body. They make for the masses of men a mental atmosphere out of which they can no more rise than out of the physical atmosphere. A people long used to despotism may rebel against a tyrant; they may break his statutes and repeal his laws, cover with odium that which he loved, and honor that which he hated; but they will hasten to set up

another tyrant in his place. A people used to superstition may embrace a purer faith, but it will be only to degrade it to their old ideas. A people used to persecution may flee from it, but only to persecute in their turn when they get power.

For "institutions make men." And when amid a people used to institutions of one kind, we see suddenly arise institutions of an opposite kind, we know that behind them must be that active, that initiative force—the men who in the beginnings make institutions.

This is what occurs in the Exodus. The striking differences between Egyptian and Hebrew polity are not of form but of essence. The tendency of the one is to subordination and oppression; of the other to individual freedom. Strangest of recorded births! From out the strongest and most splendid despotism of antiquity comes the freest republic. From between the paws of the rock-hewn Sphinx rises the genius of human liberty, and the trumpets of the Exodus throb with the defiant proclamation of the rights of men.

Consider what Egypt was. The very grandeur of her monuments, that after the lapse, not of centuries but of millenniums, seem to say to us, as the Egyptian priest said to the boastful Greeks, "Ye are children!" testify to the enslavement of the people—are the enduring witnesses of a social organization that rested on the masses an immovable weight. That narrow Nile valley, the cradle of the arts and sciences, the scene, perhaps, of the greatest triumphs of the human mind, is also the scene of its most abject enslavement. In the long centuries of its splendor, its lord, secure in the possession of irresistible temporal power, and securer still in the awful sanctions of a mystical religion, was as a god on earth, to cover whose poor carcass with a tomb befitting his state hundreds of thousands toiled away their lives. For the classes who came next to him were all the sensuous delights of a most luxurious civilization, and high intellectual pleasures which the mysteries of the temple hid from vulgar profanation. But for the millions who constituted the base of the social pyramid there was but the lash to stimulate their toil, and the worship of beasts to satisfy the yearnings of the soul. From time immemorial to the present day the lot of the Egyptian peasant

has been to work and to starve that those above him might live daintily. He has never rebelled. The spirit for that was long ago crushed out of him by institutions which make him what he is. He knows but to suffer and to die.

Imagine what opportune circumstance we may, yet to organize and to carry on a movement resulting in the release of a great people from such soul-subduing tyranny, backed by an army of half a million highly trained soldiers, requires a leadership of a most commanding and consummate genius. But this task, surprisingly great though it is, is not the measure of the greatness of the leader of the Exodus. It is not in the deliverance from Egypt, it is in the constructive statesmanship that laid the foundations of the Hebrew commonwealth that the superlative grandeur of that leadership looms up. As we cannot imagine the Exodus without the great leader, neither can we account for the Hebrew polity without the great statesman. Not merely intellectually great but morally great—a statesman aglow with the unselfish patriotism that refuses to grasp a scepter or found a dynasty.

The lessons of modern history, the manifestations of human nature that we behold around us, would teach us to see in the essential divergence of the Hebrew polity from that of Egypt the impress of a master mind, even if Hebrew tradition had not testified both to the influence of such a mind, and to the constant disposition of accustomed ideas to reassert themselves in the minds of the people. Over and over again the murmurings break out; no sooner is the back of Moses turned than the cry, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" announces the setting up of the Egyptian calf; while the strength of the monarchial principle shows itself in the inauguration of a king as quickly as the far-reaching influence of the great leader is somewhat spent.

It matters not when or by whom were compiled the books popularly attributed to Moses; it matters not how much of the code there given may be the survivals of more ancient usage or the amplifications of a later age; its great features bear the stamp of a mind far in advance of people and time, of a mind that beneath effects sought for causes, of a mind

that drifted not with the tide of events but aimed at a definite purpose.

The outlines that the record gives us of the character of Moses—the brief relations that wherever the Hebrew scriptures are read have hung the chambers of the imagination with vivid pictures—are in every way consistent with this idea. What we know of the life illustrates what we know of the work. What we know of the work illumines the life.

It was not an empire such as had reached full development in Egypt, or existed in rudimentary patriarchal form in the tribes around, that Moses aimed to found. Nor was it a republic where the freedom of the citizen rested on the servitude of the helot, and the individual was sacrificed to the state. It was a commonwealth based upon the individual—a commonwealth whose ideal it was that every man should sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to vex him or make him afraid; a commonwealth in which none should be condemned to ceaseless toil; in which, for even the bond slave, there should be hope, in which, for even the beast of burden, there should be rest. A commonwealth in which, in the absence of deep poverty, the manly virtues that spring from personal independence should harden into a national character —a commonwealth in which the family affections might knit their tendrils around each member, binding with links stronger than steel the various parts into the living whole.

It is not the protection of property, but the protection of humanity, that is the aim of the Mosaic code. Its sanctions are not directed to securing the strong in heaping up wealth so much as to prevent the weak from being crowded to the wall. At every point it interposes its barriers to the selfish greed that, if left unchecked, will surely differentiate men into landlord and serf, capitalist and workman, millionaire and tramp, ruler and ruled. Its Sabbath day and Sabbath year secure, even to the lowliest, rest and leisure. With the blast of the jubilee trumpets the slave goes free, the debt that cannot be paid is canceled, and a redivision of the land secures again to the poorest his fair share in the bounty of the common Creator. The reaper must leave something for the gleaner; even the ox cannot be muzzled as he treadeth

out the corn. Everywhere, in everything, the dominant idea is that of our homely phrase—"Live and let live!"

And the religion with which this civil policy is so closely intertwined exhibits kindred features—from the idea of brotherhood of man springs the idea of the fatherhood of God. Though the forms may resemble those of Egypt, the spirit is that which Egypt had lost. Though a hereditary priesthood is retained, the law in its fullness is announced to all the people. Though the Egyptian rite of circumcision is preserved and Egyptian symbols reappear in the externals of worship, the tendency to take the type for the reality is sternly repressed. It is only when we think of the bulls and the hawks, of the deified cats and sacred ichneumons of Egypt, that we realize the full meaning of the command: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image!"

And if we seek beneath form and symbol and command the thought of which they are but the expression, we find that the great distinctive feature of the Hebrew religion, that which separates it by such a wide gulf from the religions amid which it grew up, is its utilitarianism, its recognition of divine law in human life. It asserts, not a God who is confined to the far off beginning or the vague future, who is over and above and beyond men, but a God who in His inexorable law is here and now; a God of the living as well as of the dead; a God of the market place as well as of the temple; a God whose judgments wait not another world for execution but whose immutable decrees will in this life, give happiness to the people that heed them and bring misery upon the people that forget them. Amid the forms of splendid degradation in which a once noble religion had in Egypt sunk to petrification, amid a social order in which the divine justice seemed to sleep, I AM was the truth that dawned upon Moses. And in his desert contemplation of nature's flux and reflux, the death that bounds her life, the life she brings from death, always consuming yet never consumed—I AM was the message that fell upon his inner ear.

The absence in the Mosaic books of any reference to a future life is only intelligible by the prominence into which the truth is brought. Nothing could have been more familiar

to the Hebrews of the Exodus than the doctrine of immortality. The continued existence of the soul, the judgment after death, the rewards and punishments of the future state, were the constant subject of Egyptian thought and art. But a truth may be hidden or thrown into the background by the intensity with which another truth is grasped. And the doctrine of immortality, springing as it does from the very depths of human nature, ministering to aspirations which become stronger and stronger as intellectual life arises to higher planes and the life of the affections becomes more intense, may yet become so incrusted with degrading superstitions, may be turned by craft and selfishness into such a potent instrument for enslavement, and so used to justify crimes at which every natural instinct revolts, that to the earnest spirit of the social reformer it may seem like an agency of oppression to enchain the intellect and prevent true progress; a lying device with which the cunning fetter the credulous.

The belief in the immortality of the soul must have existed in strong forms among the masses of the Hebrew people. But the truth that Moses brought so prominently forward, the truth his gaze was concentrated upon, is the truth that has often been thrust aside by the doctrine of immortality, and that may perhaps, at times, react on it in the same way. This is the truth that the actions of men bear fruit in this world, that though on the petty scale of individual life wickedness may seem to go unpunished and wrong to be rewarded, there is yet a Nemesis that with tireless feet and pitiless arm follows every national crime, and smites the children for the father's transgression; the truth that each individual must act upon and be acted upon by the society of which he is a part, that all must in some degree suffer for the sin of each, and the life of each be dominated by the conditions imposed by all.

It is the intense appreciation of this truth that gives the Mosaic institutions so practical and utilitarian a character. Their genius, if I may so speak, leaves the abstract speculations where thought so easily loses and wastes itself, or finds expression only in symbols that become finally but the basis of superstition, in order that it may concentrate attention upon the laws which determine the happiness or misery of

men upon this earth. Its lessons have never tended to the essential selfishness of asceticism, which is so prominent a feature in Brahminism and Buddhism, and from which Christianity and Islamism have not been exempt. Its injunction has never been, "Leave the world to itself that you may save your own soul," but rather, "Do your duty in the world that you may be happier and the world be better." It has disdained no sanitary regulations that might secure the health of the body. Its promise has been of peace and plenty and length of days, of stalwart sons and comely daughters.

It may be that the feeling of Moses in regard to a future life was that expressed in the language of the Stoic: "It is the business of Jupiter, not mine"; or it may be that it partook of the same revulsion that shows itself in modern times, when a spirit essentially religious has been turned against the forms and expressions of religion, because these forms and expressions have been made the props and the bulwarks of tyranny, and even the name and teachings of the Carpenter's Son perverted into supports of social injustice—used to guard the pomp of Cæsar and justify the greed of Dives.

Yet, however such feelings influenced Moses, I cannot think that such a soul as his, living such a life as his—feeling the exaltation of great thoughts, feeling the burden of great cares, feeling the bitterness of great disappointments—did not stretch forward to the hope beyond; did not rest and strengthen and ground itself in the confident belief that the death of the body is but the emancipation of the mind; did not feel the assurance that there is a power in the universe upon which it might confidently rely, through wreck of matter and crash of worlds. Yet the great concern of Moses was with the duty that lay plainly before him; the effort to lay the foundation of a social state in which deep poverty and degrading want should be unknown—where men released from the meaner struggles that waste human energy should have opportunity for intellectual and moral development.

Here stands out the greatness of the man. What was the wisdom and stretch of the forethought which in the desert sought to guard in advance against the dangers of a settled state, let the present speak.

In the full blaze of the nineteenth century, when every child in our schools may know as common truths things of which the Egyptian sages never dreamed; when the earth has been mapped and the stars have been weighed; when steam and electricity have been passed into our service, and science is wrestling from nature secret after secret—it is but natural to look back upon the wisdom of three thousand years ago as the man looks back upon the learning of the child.

And yet for all this wonderful increase of knowledge, for all this enormous gain of productive power, where is the country in the civilized world in which to-day there is not want and suffering—where the masses are not condemned to toil that gives no leisure, and all classes are not pursued by a greed of gain that makes life an ignoble struggle to get and to keep? Three thousand years of advance, and still the moan goes up: "They have made our lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service!" Three thousand years of advance! and the piteous voices of little children are in the moan.

Over ocean wastes far wider than the Syrian desert we have sought our promised land—no narrow strip between the mountains and the sea but a wide and virgin continent. Here, in greater freedom, with vaster knowledge and fuller experience we are building up a nation that leads the van of modern figures. And yet while we prate of the rights of man there are already among us thousands and thousands who find it difficult to assert the first of natural rights—the right to earn an honest living; thousands who from time to time must accept of degrading charity or starve.

We boast of equality before the law; yet notoriously justice is deaf to the call of him who has no gold and blind to the sin of him who has.

We pride ourselves upon our common schools yet, after our boys and girls are educated we vainly ask, "What shall we do with them?" and about our colleges children are growing up in vice and crime, because from their homes poverty has driven all refining influences.

We pin our faith to universal suffrage, yet with all power in the hands of the people, the control of the public affairs is

passing into the hands of a class of professional politicians, and our governments are, in many cases, becoming but a means for robbery of the people.

We have prohibited hereditary distinctions, we have forbidden titles of nobility, yet there is growing up among us an aristocracy of wealth as powerful and merciless as any that ever held sway.

We progress and we progress, we girdle continents with iron rods and knit cities together with the mesh of telegraph wires; each day brings some new invention; each year marks a fresh advance—the power of production increased, and the avenues of exchange cleared and broadened. Yet the complaint of "hard times" is louder and louder, and everywhere are men harassed by care and haunted by the fear of want. With swift, steady strides and prodigious leaps, the power of human hands to satisfy human wants advances and advances, is multiplied and multiplied. Yet the struggle for mere existence is more and more intense, and human labor is becoming the cheapest of commodities. Beside glutted warehouses human beings grow faint with hunger and shiver with cold; under the shadow of churches festers the vice that is born of want.

We progress and we progress, yet pauperism is increasing; there are more and more men who do not get wives, more and more women who wait in vain for husbands; more and more children who must go to work before they have had time to play.

Trace to its root the cause that is thus producing want in the midst of plenty, ignorance in the midst of intelligence, aristocracy in democracy, weakness in strength—that is giving to our civilization a one-sided and unstable development, and you will find it something which this Hebrew statesman three thousand years ago perceived and guarded against. Moses saw that the real cause of the enslavement of the masses of Egypt was, what has everywhere produced enslavement, the possession by a class of the land upon which and from which the whole people must live. He saw that to permit in the land the same unqualified private ownership that by natural right attaches to the things produced by labor, would be in-

evitably to separate the people into the very rich and the very poor, inevitably to enslave labor—to make the few the masters of the many, no matter what the political forms; to bring vice and degradation, no matter what the religion.

And with the foresight of the philosophic statesman who legislates not for the need of a day, but for all the future, he sought, in ways suited to his times and conditions, to guard against this error. Everywhere in the Mosaic institutions is the land treated as the gift of the Creator to His common creatures, which no one has the right to monopolize. Everywhere it is, not your estate, or your property, not the land which you bought, or the land which you conquer, but "the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee"—"the land which the Lord lendeth thee." And by practical legislation, by regulations to which he gave the highest sanctions, he tried to guard against the wrong that converted ancient civilizations into despotisms—the wrong that in after centuries ate out the heart of Rome, that produced the imbruting serfdom of Poland and the gaunt misery of Ireland, the wrong that is to-day crowding families into single rooms in this very city and filling our new States on the other side of the Atlantic with tramps. He not only provided for the fair division of land among the people, and for making it fallow and common every seventh year, but by the institution of the jubilee he provided for a redistribution of the land every fifty years, and made monopoly impossible.

I do not say that these institutions were, for their ultimate purpose, the very best that might even then have been devised, for Moses had to work, as all great constructive statesmen have to work, with the tools that came to his hand, and upon materials as he found them. Still less do I mean to say that forms suitable for that time and people are suitable for every time and people. I ask, not veneration of the form, but recognition of the spirit.

Yet how common it is to venerate the form and to deny the spirit. There are many who believe that the Mosaic institutions were literally dictated by the Almighty, yet who would denounce as irreligious and "communistic" any application of their spirit to the present day. And yet to-day how

much we owe to these institutions! This very day the only thing that stands between our working classes and ceaseless toil is one of these Mosaic institutions. Nothing in political economy is better settled than that under conditions that now prevail the working classes could get no more for seven days' labor than they now get for six, and would find it as difficult to reduce their working hours as now.

Let the mistakes of those who think that man was made for the Sabbath, rather than the Sabbath for man, be what they may; that there is one day in the week that the working man may call his own, one day in the week on which hammer is silent and loom stands still, is due, through Christianity, to Judaism—to the code promulgated in the Sinaitic wilderness. And who that considers the waste of productive forces can doubt that modern society would be not merely richer but happier, had we received as well as the Sabbath day the grand idea of the Sabbath year, or adapting its spirit to our changed conditions, secured in another way an equivalent reduction of working hours.

It is in these characteristics of the Mosaic institutions that, as in the fragments of Colossus, we may read the greatness of the mind whose impress they bare—of a mind in advance of its surroundings, in advance of its age; of one of those star souls that dwindle not with distance, but, glowing with the radiance of essential truth, hold their light while institutions and languages and creeds change and pass.

That the thought was greater than the permanent expression it found, who can doubt? Yet from that day to this that expression has been in the world a living power.

From the free spirit of the Mosaic law sprang the intensity of family life that amid all dispersions and persecution has preserved the individuality of the Hebrew race; that love of independence that under the most adverse circumstances has characterized the Jew; that burning patriotism that flamed up in the Maccabees and bared the breasts of Jewish peasants to the serried steel of Grecian phalanx and the resistless onset of Roman legion; that stubborn courage that in exile and in torture held the Jew to his faith. It kindled that fire that has made the strains of Hebrew seer and poet phrase

for us the highest exaltations of thought; that intellectual vigor that has over and over again made the dry staff bud and blossom. And passing outward from one narrow race it has exerted its power wherever the influence of the Hebrew scriptures had been felt. It has toppled thrones and cast down hierarchies. It strengthened the Scottish covenanter in the hour of trial, and the Puritan amid the snows of a strange land. It charged with the Ironsides at Naseby; it stood behind the low redoubt on Bunker Hill.

But it is in example as in deed that such lives are helpful. It is thus that they dignify human nature and glorify human effort, and bring to those who struggle, hope and trust. The life of Moses, like the institutions of Moses, is a protest against the blasphemous doctrine, current now as it was three thousand years ago; that blasphemous doctrine preached oftimes even from Christian pulpits, that the want and suffering of the masses of mankind flow from a mysterious dispensation of providence, which we may lament, but can neither quarrel with nor alter. Let him who hugs that doctrine to himself, him to whom it seems that the squalor and brutishiness with which the very centers of our civilization abound are not his affair, turn to the example of that life. For to him who will look, yet burns the bush; and to him who will hear again comes the voice: "The people suffer; who will lead them forth?"

Adopted into the immediate family of the supreme monarch and earthly god; standing almost at the apex of the social pyramid which had for its base those toiling millions; priest and prince in a land where prince and priest might revel in all delights—everything that life could offer to gratify the senses or engage the intellect was open to him.

What to him the wail of them who beneath the fierce sun toiled under the whips of relentless masters? Heard from granite colonnade or beneath cool linen awning, it was mellowed by distance to monotonous music. Why should he question the Sphinx of Fate, or quarrel with destinies the high gods had decreed? So had it always been, for ages and ages; so must it ever be. The beetle rends the insect, and the hawk preys on the beetle; order on order, life rises from

death and carnage, and higher pleasures from lower agonies. Shall the man be better than nature? Soothing and restful flows the Nile, though underneath its placid surface finny tribes wage cruel war, and the stronger eat the weaker. Shall the gazer who read the secrets of the stars turn because under his feet a worm may writhe?

Theirs to make bricks without straw; his a high place in the glorious procession that with gorgeous banners and glittering emblems, with clash of music and solemn chant, winds its shining way to dedicate the immortal edifice their toil has reared. Theirs the leek and the garlic, his to sit at the sumptuous feast. Why should he dwell on the irksomeness of bondage, he for whom the chariots waited, who might at will bestride the swift courses of the Delta, or be borne on the bosom of the river with oars that beat time to songs? Did he long for the excitement of action?—there was the desert hunt, with the steeds fleeter than the antelope and lions trained like dogs. Did he crave rest and ease?—there was for him the soft swell of languorous music and the wreathed movements of dancing girls. Did he feel the stir of intellectual life?—in the arcana of the temples he was free to the lore of ages; an initiate in the select society where were discussed the most engrossing problems; a sharer in that intellectual pride that centuries after compared Greek philosophy to the babblings of children.

It was no sudden ebullition of passion that caused Moses to turn his back on all this, and to bring the strength and knowledge acquired in a dominant caste to the life-long service of the oppressed. The forgetfulness of self manifested in the smiting of the Egyptians shines through the whole life. In institutions that molded the character of a people, in institutions that to this day make easier the lot of toiling millions, we may read the stately purpose.

Through all that tradition has given us of that life runs the same grand passion—the unselfish desire to make humanity better, happier, nobler. And the death is worthy of the life. Subordinating to the good of his people the natural disposition to found a dynasty, which in his case would have been so easy, he discards the claims of blood and calls to his place of leader

the fittest man. Coming from a land where the rights of sepulture were regarded as all important, and the preservation of the body after death was the passion of life; among a people who were even then carrying the remains of their great ancestor, Joseph, to rest with his fathers, he yet conquered the last natural yearning and withdrew from the sight and sympathy of men to die alone and unattended, lest the idolatrous feeling, always ready to break forth, should in death accord him the superstitious reverence he had refused in life.

"No man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." But while the despoiled tombs of the Pharaohs mock the vanity that reared them, the name of the Hebrew who, revolting from their tyranny, strove for the elevation of his fellowmen, is yet a beacon light to the world.

Leader and servant of men! Law-giver and benefactor! Toiler toward the promised land seen only by the eye of faith! Type of the high souls who in every age have given to earth its heroes and its martyrs, whose deeds are the precious possession of race, whose memories are its sacred heritage! With whom among the founders of empire shall we compare him?

To dispute about the inspiration of such a man were to dispute about words. From the depths of the unseen such characters must draw their strength; from fountains that flow only from the pure in heart must come their wisdom. Of something more real than matter; of something higher than the stars; of a light that will endure when suns are dead and dark; of a purpose of which the physical universe is but a passing phase, such lives tell.

JOHN HAY

WILLIAM McKINLEY

John Hay was born in 1838, died in 1905. His career as author and statesman was notable for his own achievements and for his friendships with other great Americans. He was private secretary to Lincoln during the Civil War and afterwards wrote in collaboration with Nicolay the standard and monumental biography of Lincoln. He was Ambassador to England in 1897-98, and Secretary of State under McKinley and Roosevelt. The speech which follows is abridged from his memorial address before the Congress on February 27, 1903. Two other speeches by Mr. Hay are given in Volume I.

For the third time the Congress of the United States are assembled to commemorate the life and the death of a president slain by the hand of an assassin. The attention of the future historian will be attracted to the features which reappear with startling sameness in all three of these awful crimes: the uselessness, the utter lack of consequence of the act; the obscurity, the insignificance of the criminal; the blamelessness —so far as in our sphere of existence the best of men may be held blameless—of the victim. Not one of our murdered presidents had an enemy in the world; they were all of such preëminent purity of life that no pretext could be given for the attack of passional crime; they were all men of democratic instincts, who could never have offended the most jealous advocates of equality; they were of kindly and generous nature, to whom wrong or injustice was impossible; of moderate fortune, whose slender means nobody could envy. They were men of austere virtue, of tender heart, of eminent abilities, which they had devoted with single minds to the good of the Republic. If ever men walked before God and man without blame, it was these three rulers of our people. The only

temptation to attack their lives offered was their gentle radiance—to eyes hating the light, that was offense enough.

The life of William McKinley was, from his birth to his death, typically American. There is no environment, I should say, anywhere else in the world which could produce just such a character. He was born into that way of life which elsewhere is called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly universal as to make the other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble; he knew no hunger he was not sure of satisfying, no luxury which could enervate mind or body. His parents were sober, God-fearing people; intelligent and upright, without pretension and without humility. He grew up in the company of boys like himself, wholesome, honest, self-respecting. They looked down on nobody; they never felt it possible they could be looked down upon. Their houses were the homes of probity, piety, patriotism. They learned in the admirable school readers of fifty years ago the lessons of heroic and splendid life which have come down from the past. They read in their weekly newspapers the story of the world's progress, in which they were eager to take part, and of the sins and wrongs of civilization with which they burned to do battle. It was a serious and thoughtful time. The boys of that day felt dimly, but deeply, that days of sharp struggle and high achievement were before them. They looked at life with the wondering yet resolute eyes of a young esquire in his vigil of arms. They felt a time was coming when to them should be addressed the stern admonition of the Apostle, "Quit you like men; be strong."

The men who are living to-day and were young in 1860 will never forget the glory and glamor that filled the earth and the sky when the long twilight of doubt and uncertainty was ending and the time for action had come. A speech by Abraham Lincoln was an event not only of high moral significance, but of far-reaching importance; the drilling of a militia company by Ellsworth attracted national attention; the fluttering of the flag in the clear sky drew tears from the eyes of young men. Patriotism, which had been a rhetorical expression, became a passionate emotion, in which instinct, logic and

feeling were fused. The country was worth saving; it could be saved only by fire; no sacrifice was too great; the young men of the country were ready for the sacrifice; come weal, come woe, they were ready.

At seventeen years of age William McKinley heard this summons of his country. He was the sort of youth to whom a military life in ordinary times would possess no attractions. His nature was far different from that of the ordinary soldier. He had other dreams of life, its prizes and pleasures, than that of marches and battles. But to his mind there was no choice or question. The banner floating in the morning breeze was the beckoning gesture of his country. The thrilling notes of the trumpet called him—him and none other—into the ranks. His portrait in his uniform is familiar to you all—the short, stocky figure; the quiet, thoughtful face; the deep, dark eyes. It is the face of a lad who could not stay at home when he thought he was needed in the field. He was of the stuff of which good soldiers are made. Had he been ten years older he would have entered at the head of a company and come out at the head of a division. But he did what he could. He enlisted as a private; he learned to obey. His serious, sensible ways, his prompt, alert efficiency soon attracted the attention of his superiors. He was so faithful in little things that they gave him more and more to do. He was untiring in camp and on the march; swift, cool and fearless in fight. He left the army with field rank when the war ended, brevetted by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle.

In coming years when men seek to draw the moral of our great Civil War, nothing will seem to them so admirable in all the history of our two magnificent armies as the way in which the war came to a close. When the Confederate army saw the time had come, they acknowledged the pitiless logic of the facts and ceased fighting. When the army of the Union saw it was no longer needed, without a murmur or question, making no terms, asking no return, in the flush of victory and fullness of might, it laid down its arms and melted back into the mass of peaceful citizens. There is no event since the nation was born which has so proved its solid capacity for self-government. Both sections share equally in that crown of glory. They

had held a debate of incomparable importance and had fought it out with equal energy. A conclusion had been reached—and it is to the everlasting honor of both sides that they each knew when the war was over and the hour of a lasting peace had struck. We may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of common sense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to the men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough for honor and for country.

So it came naturally about that in 1876—the beginning of the second century of the Republic—he began, by an election to Congress, his political career. Thereafter for fourteen years this chamber was his home. I use the word advisedly. Nowhere in the world was he so in harmony with his environment as here; nowhere else did his mind work with such full consciousness of its powers. The air of debate was native to him; here he drank delight of battle with his peers. In after days, when he drove by this stately pile, or when on rare occasions his duty called him here, he greeted his old haunts with the affectionate zest of a child of the house; during all the last ten years of his life, filled as they were with activity and glory, he never ceased to be homesick for this hall. When he came to the presidency, there was not a day when his congressional service was not of use to him. Probably no other president has been in such full and cordial communion with Congress, if we may except Lincoln alone. McKinley knew the legislative body thoroughly, its composition, its methods, its habit of thought. He had the profoundest respect for its authority and an inflexible belief in the ultimate rectitude of its purposes. Our history shows how surely an executive courts disaster and ruin by assuming an attitude of hostility or distrust to the Legislature; and, on the other hand, McKinley's frank and sincere trust and confidence in Congress were repaid by prompt and loyal support and coöperation. During his entire term of office this mutual trust and regard—so essential to the public welfare—was never shadowed by a single cloud.

When he came to the presidency he confronted a situation of the utmost difficulty, which might well have appalled a man

of less serene and tranquil self-confidence. There had been a state of profound commercial and industrial depression from which his friends had said his election would relieve the country. Our relations with the outside world left much to be desired. The feeling between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union was lacking in the cordiality which was necessary to the welfare of both. Hawaii had asked for annexation and had been rejected by the preceding administration. There was a state of things in the Caribbean which could not permanently endure. Our neighbor's house was on fire, and there were grave doubts as to our rights and duties in the premises. A man either weak or rash, either irresolute or headstrong, might have brought ruin on himself and incalculable harm to the country.

The least desirable form of glory to a man of his habitual mood and temper—that of successful war—was nevertheless conferred upon him by uncontrollable events. He felt it must come; he deplored its necessity; he strained almost to breaking his relations with his friends, in order, first to prevent and then to postpone it to the latest possible moment. But when the die was cast, he labored with the utmost energy and ardor, and with an intelligence in military matters which showed how much of the soldier still survived in the mature statesman, to push forward the war to a decisive close. War was an anguish to him; he wanted it short and conclusive. His merciful zeal communicated itself to his subordinates, and the war, so long dreaded, whose consequences were so momentous, ended in a hundred days.

Mr. McKinley was reëlected by an overwhelming majority. There had been little doubt of the result among well-informed people, but when it was known, a profound feeling of relief and renewal of trust were evident among the leaders of capital and industry, not only in this country, but everywhere.

He felt that the harvest time was come, to garner in the fruits of so much planting and culture, and he was determined that nothing he might do or say should be liable to the reproach of a personal interest. Let us say frankly he was a party man; he believed the policies advocated by him and his friends counted for much in the country's progress and

prosperity. He hoped in his second term to accomplish substantial results in the development and affirmation of those policies. I spent a day with him shortly before he started on his fateful journey to Buffalo. Never had I seen him higher in hope and patriotic confidence. He was gratified to the heart that we had arranged a treaty which gave us a free hand in the Isthmus. In fancy he saw the canal already built and the argosies of the world passing through it in peace and amity. He saw in the immense evolution of American trade the fulfillment of all his dreams, the reward of all his labors. He was, I need not say, an ardent protectionist, never more sincere and devoted than during those last days of his life. He regarded reciprocity as the bulwark of protection—not a breach, but a fulfillment of the law. The treaties which for four years had been preparing under his personal supervision he regarded as ancillary to the general scheme. He was opposed to any revolutionary plan of change in the existing legislation; he was careful to point out that everything he had done was in faithful compliance with the law itself.

In that mood of high hope, of generous expectation, he went to Buffalo, and there, on the threshold of eternity, he delivered that memorable speech, worthy for its loftiness of tone, its blameless morality, its breadth of view, to be regarded as his testament to the nation. Through all his pride of country and his joy of its success runs the note of solemn warning, as in Kipling's noble hymn, "Lest We Forget."

The next day sped the bolt of doom, and for a week after—in an agony of dread, broken by illusive glimpses of hope that our prayers might be answered—the nation waited for the end. Nothing in the glorious life we saw gradually waning was more admirable and exemplary than its close. The gentle humanity of his words when he saw his assailant in danger of summary vengeance, "Do not let them hurt him"; his chivalrous care that the news should be broken gently to his wife; the fine courtesy with which he apologized for the damage which his death would bring to the great Exhibition; and the heroic resignation of his final words, "It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done," were all the instinctive expressions of a nature so lofty and so pure that pride in its nobility at

once softened and enhanced the nation's sense of loss. The Republic grieved over such a son,—but is proud forever of having produced him. After all, in spite of its tragic ending, his life was extraordinarily happy. He had, all his days, troops of friends, the cheer of fame and fruitful labor; and he became at last,

> On fortune's crowning slope,
> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The center of a world's desire.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

JOHN RUSKIN

Lecture by Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, since 1899, previously of the Central (Independent) Church, Chicago (born in Magnolia, Iowa, September 2, 1858), delivered in various parts of the country, as a Sunday evening sermon-lecture. The particular theme of the discourse is indicated by its formal title: "John Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture as Interpreters of the Seven Laws of Life: a Study of the Principles of Character-Building." His address on "The Pulpit in Modern Life" is given in Volume VI.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Among the heroic souls who have sought to recover the lost paradise and recapture the glory of an undefiled and blessed world stands John Ruskin, oft an apostle of gentle words that heal like medicines, and sometimes a prophet of Elijah-like sternness and grandeur, consuming man's sins with words of flame. "There is nothing going on among us," wrote Carlyle to Emerson, "as notable as those fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy around him. No other man has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and every man ought to have."

Full fifty years have passed since this glorious youth entered the arena, his face glowing with hope, the heroic flame of the martyrs burning within his breast, his message a plea for a return to the simplicities of virtue. During all these years he has been pouring forth prose of a purity and beauty that have never been surpassed. Over against the brocaded pages of Gibbon and the pomposity of Dr. Johnson's style stands Ruskin's prose, every page embodied simplicity, every sentence

From "Great Books as Life Teachers." Published by permission.

clear as a cube of solid sunshine. Effects that Keats produced only through the music and magic of verse, John Ruskin has easily achieved through the plainness of prose. What Leigh Hunt said of Shelley we may say of Ruskin—he needs only the green sod beneath his feet to make him a kind of human lark, pouring forth songs of unearthly sweetness.

But if the critics vote him by acclamation the first prose writer of the century, it must be remembered that his fame does not rest upon his skill as a literary artist. An apostle of beauty and truth, indeed, Ruskin is primarily an apostle of righteousness. Unlike Burns and Byron, Shelley and Goethe, no passion ever poisoned his purposes, and no vice ever disturbed the working of his genius. What he taught in theory he first was in character and did in practice. Rich with great wealth, inherited and acquired, he refused interest upon his loans, and having begun with giving away his income, he ended by giving away much of his capital. Unlike that rich young man who went away from Christ sorrowful, John Ruskin gladly forsook all possessions to follow Jesus. The child of leisure, he chose to earn to-morrow's bread by to-day's labor and toil.

Going every whither seeking for pictures and marbles that represented ideal beauty, he used these art treasures not so much for enriching his own life, and happiness, as for diffusing the beauty and furnishing models to laborers who worked in iron, steel and stone. If other rich men have given money to found workingmen's clubs, Ruskin gave himself also, and lent the toilers independence and self-reliance. It is said that through his favorite pupil, Arnold Toynbee, he developed the germ of the social settlements. But his fame rests neither upon his work as an art critic, nor his skill as a prose author, nor his work as a social reformer; it rests rather upon his unceasing emphasis of individual worth as the secret of happiness and progress. If Mazzini preached the gospel of social rights, and Carlyle the gospel of honest work and Matthew Arnold the gospel of culture, and Emerson the gospel of sanity and optimism, John Ruskin's message, repeated in a thousand forms, is one message—never altered and never retreated from—goodness is more than gold, and character out-

weighs intellect. Because he stood for fine, high heroic regimen, he conquered confidence, and has his place among the immortals.

If we search out the fascination of Ruskin's later works, we shall find the secret in their intense humanity. Loving nature, Ruskin's earliest, latest, deepest enthusiasm was for man. With eager and passionate delight, in "Modern Painters" he sets forth the claim of rock and wave, of herb and shrub, upon man's higher life. But the white clouds, the perfumed winds, the valleys covered with tended corn and cattle, the mountains robed in pine as with the garments of God, seemed as nothing compared to man, who goes weeping, laughing, loving through his pathetic career. One morning, crossing the field toward the Matterhorn, he met a suffering peasant, and in that hour the mountain became as nothing in the presence of his brother man. In all his later books, therefore, he is a light-bearer, seeking to guide men into happiness and virtue. He reminds the weary king and tormented slave alike that the secrets of happiness are in "drawing hard breath over chisel, or spade, or plow, in watching the corn grow and the blossom set, and, after toil, in reading, thinking, in hoping and praying." Would any man be strong, let him work; or wise, let him observe and think; or happy, let him help; or influential, let him sacrifice and serve. Does some youth deny beauty to the eye, books to the mind, and friendship to the heart, that he may gather gold and daily eat stalled ox in a palace? Such a one is a prince who hath voluntarily entered a dungeon to spend his time gathering the rotting straw from the damp stones to twist it into a filthy wreath for his forehead. Does some Samson of industry use his superior wisdom to gather into his hands all the lines of some branch of trade while others starve? He is like unto a wrecker, who lures some good ship upon the rocks that he may clothe himself with garments and possess purses unwrapped from the bodies of brave men slain by deceit. Wealth, he asserts, is like any other natural power in nature—divine if divinely used. In the hands of a miserly man wealth is clogged by selfishness and becomes like rivers that "overwhelm the plains, poisoning the winds, their breath pestilence, their work famine," while honest and

benevolent wealth is like those rivers that pass softly from field to field, moistening the soil, purifying the air, giving food to man and beast, bearing up fleets of war and peace.

For John Ruskin the modern Pharisee was the man who prayed, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; I feast seven days a week, while I have made other men fast." And against every form of selfishness and injustice he toiled, ever seeking to overthrow the kingdoms of Mammon and Belial, laboring to make his land a "land of royal thrones for kings, a sceptered isle for all the world, a realm of light, a center of peace, a mistress of arts, a faithful guardian of great memories, in the midst of irreverence and ephemeral visions." But from the first volume of "Modern Painters" to the last pages of the "Præterita" his own message is, Doing is better than seeming, giving is better than getting, and stooping to serve better than climbing toward the throne to wear an outer crown and scepter.

Over against these books dealing with man's ambitions, strifes, defeats and sins stands Ruskin's "Lamps of Architecture," a book written at an hour when the sense of life's sins, sorrows, and wrongs swept through his heart with the might of a destroying storm. In that hour when the pen dropped from his hands and hope departed from his heart, one problem distracted his mind by day and disturbed his sleep by night—"Why is the fruit shaken to the earth before its ripeness, the glowing life and the goodly purpose dissolved away in sudden death, the words half spoken chilled upon the lips touched into clay forever, the whole majesty of humanity raised to its fullness, with every gift and power necessary for a given purpose at a given moment centered in one man, and all this perfected blessing permitted to be refused, perverted, crushed, and cast aside by those who need it most—the city which is not set upon a hill, the candle that giveth light to none, enthroned in the candlestick?" The world's ingratitude to its best men rested like a black cloud upon his spirit. In that hour when the iron entered his soul and ingratitude blighted the blossoms of the heart, Ruskin turned from the baseness of man to the white statue that lifts no mailed hand to strike, and exchanged the coarse curses of the market-place for the sacred silence of the

cathedral. He knew that if wholesome labor wearies at first, afterwards it lends pleasure; that if the frosty air now chills the peasant's cheek, afterward it will make his blood the warmer. But he also knew that "labor may be carried to a point of utter exhaustion from which there is no recovery; that cold passing to a certain point will cause the arm to molder in its socket," and that heartsickness through ingratitude may cause the soul to lose its life forever.

Leaving behind the tumult of the street and the din of the market-place, he entered the cathedral, hoping in its silence and peace to find healing of life's hurts. Standing beneath the vast dome, in vision hour he saw Von Rile or Angelo, stretching out hands upon the stones of the field and rearing them into some awful pile with vast springing arches and intrepid pinnacles that go leaping toward Him whose home is above the clouds and beyond them. He saw walls all glorious with lustrous beauty, and knew that artists had taken the flower-girls from the streets and turned them into angels for the ceiling; had taken the shrunken beggar, hobbling homeward, and made him to reappear upon the canvas as an Apollo of beauty. He saw chapels once the scenes of rubbish, plaster, and litter become chapels of peace, glowing with angels and prophets and sibyls.

One day, crossing the square of Venice, he saw St. Mark's rising like a vision out of the ground, its front one vast forest of clustered pillars of white and gold and rose, upon which rested domes glorious enough to have been let down from heaven; a pile made partly of mother-of-pearl, partly of opal, partly of marble, every tower surmounted by a golden cross flinging wide its arms to uplift the world, every niche holding some angel upon whose lips trembled words of mercy and healing. Lingering there, slowly the fever passed from his heart and the fret from his mind. Studying the laws by which foundations were made firm, by which towers were made secure and domes perfect, he completed a volume in which he forgot man, and remembered only the problems of stone and steel and wood; and yet as we analyze these chapters we find that these seven lamps of architecture are in reality the seven laws of life and happiness. For the soul is a temple more majestic than

any cathedral—a temple in which principles are foundation stones, and habits are columns and pillars, and facilities are master-builders, every thought driving a nail and every deed weakening or making strong some timber, every holy aspiration lending beauty to the ceiling, as every unclean thing lends defilement—the whole standing forth at last builded either of passions, worthless as wood, hay, and stubble, or builded of thoughts and purposes more precious than gold and flashing gems.

Lingering long in the cities of Italy, Ruskin found some temples in the full pride of their strength and the perfection of their beauty, having passed unharmed through the snows of a thousand winters and the storms of a thousand summers. But other temples he found that were mere shells of their former loveliness, bare skeletons of pierced walls, here a tower and there an arch. Studying these deserted temples through which the sea wind moaned and murmured, and the ruins that time was plowing into dust, he discovered that no robber's hand had wrought this ruin, that no fire had consumed the arch or overthrown the column. In Venice the roof of the great church had fallen because the architect had put lying stones in the foundation. In Verona the people had deserted the cathedral because the architect had built columns of plaster and painted them to look like veined marble, forgetting that time would soon expose the ugly, naked lie. One day, entering a church in a heavy rain-storm, he found buckets placed to catch the rain that was dripping from the priceless frescoes of Tintoretto because a builder had put lying tiles upon the roof.

And in that hour his whole soul revolted from "the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lies of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself." For if untruth is fatal to the permanency of buildings, much more is it fatal to excellence in the soul. For man, the beginning of lies is ruin, and thereof death. Therefore, in John's vision of the city of God he saw there no sorcerer, no murderer, and no man "who loveth and maketh a lie." For life's deadliest enemy, and its most despicable one, is falseness. In the last analysis, untruth is inferiority and weakness. When

the teacher lifts the rod, the child without other defense lifts up the lie as a shield against the blow.

In the realm of traffic, also, the wise merchant can afford to sell his goods for what they are, but the weak one feels that he must sell lying threads, lying foods, and lying drinks. But nature hates lies. She makes each law a detective. Sooner or later she runs down every falsehood. A tiny worm may pierce the heart of a young tree, and the bark may hide the secret gash. But as the days go on the rain will cut one fiber and the heat another, and when years have passed, some time when a soft zephyr goes sighing through the forest, the great tree will come crashing down. For at last nature will hunt out every hidden weakness. If the law of truth is the first law in temple-rearing and palace-building, truth is also the first law in happiness and character. When Christ pleads for the new heart, He urges man to break with Him who is the father of lies and swear fidelity to Him who is the God of truth, whose ways are happiness, and whose paths are peace.

To that law of truth that firmly fixes foundations for cathedrals, Ruskin adds the law of obedience. In springing his wall the architect must plumb the stones in obedience to the law of gravity. In springing his arch he must brace it, obeying the law of resistance. In lifting his tower he must relate it to the temple, obeying the law of proportion and symmetry; and he who disobeys one fundamental law will find great nature pulling his towers down over his head. For no architect builds as he pleases, but only as nature pleases, through laws of gravity, stone and steel. In the kingdom of the soul also, obedience is strength and life, and disobedience is weakness and death. In the last analysis liberty is a phantom, a dream, a mere figment of the brain.

Society's greatest peril to-day is the demogogues who teach and the ignorant classes who believe that there is such a thing as liberty. The planets have no liberty; they follow their sun. The seas knows no liberty; they follow the moon in tidal waves. When the river refuses to keep within its banks, it becomes a curse and a destruction. It is the stream that is restrained by its banks that turns mill-wheels for men. The clouds, too, have their beauty in that they are led forth in

ranks, and columns, generaled by the night winds. And in proportion as things pass from littleness toward largeness they go toward obedience to law. Because the dead leaf obeys nothing, it flutters down from its bough, giving but tardy recognition to the law of gravity; while our great earth, covered with cities and civilization, is instantly responsive to gravity's law. Indeed, he who disobeys any law of nature flings himself athwart her wheels, to be crushed to powder. And if disobedience is destruction, obedience is liberty. Obeying the law of steam, man has an engine. Obeying the law of fire, he has warmth. Obeying the law of speech, he has eloquence. Obeying the law of sound thinking, he has leadership. Obeying the law of Christ, he has character. The stone obeys one law, gravity, and is without motion. The worm obeys two laws, and has movement. The bird obeys three laws, and can fly as well as stand or walk. And as man increases the number of laws he obeys, he increases in richness of nature, in wealth, in strength, and influence. Nature loves paradoxes, and this is her chiefest paradox—he who stoops to wear the yoke of law becomes the child of liberty, while he who will be free from God's law wears a ball and chain through all his years. Philosophy reached its highest fruition in Christ's principle, "Love is the fulfillment of the law."

Not less important are the laws of beauty and of sacrifice. When the marble, refusing to express an impure or wicked thought, has fulfilled the law of strength, suddenly it blossoms into the law of beauty. For beauty is no outer polish, no surface adornment. Workers in wood may veneer soft pine with thin mahogany, or hide the poverty of brick walls behind thin slabs of alabaster. But real beauty is an interior quality, striking outward and manifest upon the surface. When the sweet babe is healthy within, a soft bloom appears upon the cheek without. When ripeness enters the heart of the grape, a purple flush appears upon the surface of the cluster. Carry the rude speech of the forest child up to beauty, and it becomes the musical language of Xenophon. Carry the rude hut of a savage up to beauty, and it becomes a marble house. Carry the stumbling thought of a slave up to beauty, and it becomes the essay of Epictetus. But beauty obeys the law of sacrifice, and is

very simple. The truly beautiful column stands forth a single marble shaft. The most perfect capitol has one adornment, an acanthus leaf. Is Antigone or Rosalind to dress for her marriage day? Let her wear one color—white—and one flower at her throat—a sweet briar. Ours is a world in which the sweetest song is the simplest.

And when the vestal virgin of beauty has adorned the temple without, it asks the artist to adorn his soul with thoughts, and worship and aspirations. If the body lives in a marble house, the soul should revolt from building a mud hut. The law of divine beauty asks the youth to flee from unclean thoughts and vulgar purposes as from a bog or foul slough. It bids him flee from irreverence, vanity, and selfishness as man flees from some plague-smitten village or filthy garment. How sweet the voice of beauty that whispers, "Seek whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are virtuous, whatsoever things are of good report." Having doubled the beauty of his house, having doubled the wisdom of his book, man should also double the nobility and beauty of his life, making the soul within as glorious as a temple without.

When the palace or temple has been founded in strength and crowned with beauty, the law of remembrance comes in to bid men guard well their treasures. This building that the fathers reared out of their thoughts, their gold, their aspirations and worship, is theirs, not ours. Rather it is ours only to guard and enjoy, not to destroy or alter. Our Independence Hall, England's great Abbey, Italy's St. Peter's, the Parthenon of Athens, these are not ours. They belong partly to the noble fathers who built them and partly to the generations that shall come after us. What we build we may cast down or change. But their illuminated missals and books are to be guarded in glass cases and handed forward; their immortal frescoes and statutes are to be watched as we watch the crown jewels of kings; the doors of their temples are to be guarded as man once guarded the gates of the city. Profane, indeed, the destroying hands lifted upon some ancient marble, or picture, or bronze! Sacred forever the steps of that temple which passed the seven good emperors of Rome! Sacred that

abbey where the parliaments of kings and churches oft did meet! Little wonder that men, worn and weary by life's fierce strife, make long pilgrimages to the Duomo in Florence, or the great square in Venice, or to that marble hall in Milan. Frederic Harrison thinks the Parthenon of Phidias is as sacred as the "Iliad" of Homer; Giotto's tower in Florence is as precious as the "Paradiso" of Dante; the Abbey of England is as immortal as the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare. No punishment can be too severe for him who lifts a vandal's hand to destroy these treasure-houses of great souls.

And then, like a sweet voice falling from the sky, come the words: "Ye are the temple of God. This house not made with hands is eternal in the heavens." He who asks men to guard dead statues and the decaying canvas will himself guard and keep in immortal remembrance the soul-temple of the dying statesman, and hero, and martyr. If Milton says that "a book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life," and affirms that we may as well "kill a man as kill a good book," then the divine voice whispers that the soul is the precious life-temple into which three-score years and ten have swept their thoughts, and dreams, and hopes, and prayers, and tears, and committed all this treasure into the hands of that God who never slumbers and never sleeps.

Slowly the soul's temple rises. Slowly reason and conscience make beautiful the halls of imagination, the galleries of memory, the chambers of affection. When success makes the colors so bright as to dazzle, trouble comes in to soften the tints. If adversity lends gloom to some room of memory, hope enters to lighten the dark lines. For character is a structure that rises under the direction of a divine Master Builder. Full often a divine form enters the earthly scene. Thoughts that are not man's enter his mind. Hopes that are not his, like angels, knock at his door to aid him in his work. Even death is no "Vandal." When the body hath done its work, death pulls the body down his scaffold to reveal to men a ceiling glorious with lustrous beauty. At the gateway of ancient Thebes watchmen stood to guard the wicked city. Upon the walls of bloody

Babylon soldiers walked the long night through, ever keeping towers where tyranny dwelt. And if kings think that dead stones and breathless timbers are worthy of guarding, we may believe that God doth set keepers to guard the living city of man's soul. He gives us angels' charge over the fallen hero, the dying mother and the sleeping child. He will not forget His dead. Man's soul is God's living temple. It is not kept by earthly hands. It is eternal in the heavens.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

IN MEMORY OF MARK TWAIN

Opening address at the Memorial Meeting in honor of Mark Twain, held by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Mr. Howells, President of the Academy, presiding; November 30, 1910. Another address by Mr. Howells is given in Volume I.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Academicians and Guests of the Academy:—At other times and in other places I have said so much of the friend whom all the world has lost in the death of Samuel Langhorne Clemens that I need say very little of him here to-night. It is my official privilege to ask you rather to hear what shall be said by the distinguished men whom the Academy of Arts and Letters has invited to join us in our commemoration of him. It is they who will determine what the mood and make of this commemoration shall be. If the question could be left to him, with the hope of answer, I could imagine his answering:

"Why, of course, you musn't make a solemnity of it; you mustn't have it that sort of obsequy. I should want you to be serious about me—that is, sincere; but not too serious, for fear you should not be sincere enough. We don't object here to any man's affections; we like to be honored, but not honored too much. If any of you can remember some creditable things about me, I shouldn't mind his telling it, provided always he didn't blink the palliating circumstances, the mitigating motives, the selfish considerations, that accompany every noble action. I shouldn't like to be made out a miracle of humor, either, and left a stumbling-block for any one who was intending to be moderately amusing and instructive, hereafter. At the same time, I don't suppose a commemoration is exactly

Copyright by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and reprinted by special permission.

the occasion for dwelling on a man's shortcomings in his life or his literature, or for realizing that he has entered upon an immortality of oblivion."

So, I believe, or in some such terms, I imagine he might deliver his preference, if indeed it were his preference. He would put it in the lowest terms, for the soul of the man was modest. Yet no man loved more to bask in the sunshine of full recognition. He loved the limelight of life's stage, and for long years he sought it. The time came when physically he could not bear it. But now again, when all physical inadequacy is past for him, I cannot help thinking how he would have glowed, how he would have gloried, in such a magnificent presence as this, where every man and woman of it is his loving and praising friend.

I must speak of him as if he were still alive, with a living interest in this occasion. He is indeed alive, as part of the universal life we shared with him and share with one another here. But he is living for us in yet another sense. In that microcosm which each man is, there will remain till he dies such an image of his epoch as he has been capable of receiving. The great men he has known by living in sight and hearing of them abide his contemporaries as long as he lives after them. For him they do not become of the past; through his unsevered association they continue of the present. The man whom we commemorate survives in us our contemporary, because in our several measure or manner we personally knew him. Others hereafter may prove him the greatest humorist, the kindest and wisest moralist. We alone who were of his acquaintance can best offer by our remembrance a composite likeness of him which will keep him actual in the long time to come.

In certain details our respective impressions of him must vary one from another, but in the large things, the vital traits that characterize, they must be alike. What he would do next no man could forecast from what he had done last; but he could be unerringly predicted from what he was, and he could be expected wherever a magnanimous word, or a generous deed, or a sanative laugh was due. He was not only a lover of the good, but a lover of doing good. If you were of his mere acquaintance you could not help seeing this; if you were of

his intimacy, you felt in your heart a warmth, a joy. Then you understood how he could be one of the subtlest intelligences, because he was one of the openest natures. Sanguine, sorrowful; despairing, exulting; loving, hating; blessing, cursing; mocking, mourning; laughing, lamenting: he was a congeries of contradictions, as each of us is; but contradictions confessed, explicit, positive; and I wish we might show him frankly, as he always showed himself.

We may confess that he had faults, while we deny that he tried to make them pass for merits. He disowned his errors by owning them; in the very defects of his qualities he triumphed, and he could make us glad with him at his escape from them. We can be glad with him now at his escape from them to that being, hoped for in our faltering or unfaltering faith, where the cosmic defects of the cosmic qualities, the seeming aberrations of the highest Wisdom and the primal Love which so daunt and bewilder our reason here, shall haply or surely be justified to all doubting souls, and a world where death is, shall be retrieved by a world where death is no more.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO

VOLTAIRE

Address by Victor Hugo, author, poet, and publicist (born in Besançon, France, February 26, 1802; died in Paris, May 22, 1885), delivered in Paris, May 30, 1878, on the one hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was present, tells us that the oration was delivered from notes, written in an immense hand on sheets twice as large as foolscap, from which Hugo, then seventy-six years of age, though looking ten years younger, read without glasses. "He used much gesture, and in impassioned moments waved his arm above his head, the fingers apart and trembling with emotion. Sometimes he clapped one hand to his head as if to tear out some of his white hairs, though this hardly seemed, at the moment, melodramatic. . . . His delivery was as characteristic as his literary style, and quite in keeping with it, being a series of brilliant detached points. . . . Never was there a more powerful picture than his sketch of 'that frightful international exposition called a field of battle.'"

A HUNDRED years to-day a man died. He died immortal. He departed laden with years, laden with works, laden with the most illustrious and the most fearful of responsibilities, the responsibility of the human conscience informed and rectified. He went cursed and blessed, cursed by the past, blessed by the future; and these are the two superb forms of glory. On the death-bed he had, on the one hand, the acclaim of contemporaries and of posterity; on the other, that triumph of hooting and of hate which the implacable past bestows upon those who have combated it. He was more than a man; he was an age. He had exercised a function and fulfilled a mission. He had been evidently chosen for the work which he had done by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws of nature.

The eighty-four years which this man lived span the interval between the Monarchy at its apogee and the Revolution at its dawn. When he was born, Louis XIV still reigned; when he died, Louis XVI already wore the crown; so that his cradle saw the last rays of the great throne, and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss.

Before going further, let us come to an understanding upon the word abyss. There are good abysses: such are the abysses in which evil is engulfed.

Since I have interrupted myself, allow me to complete my thought. No word imprudent or unsound will be pronounced here. We are here to perform an act of civilization. We are here to make affirmation of progress, to pay respect to philosophers for the benefits of philosophy, to bring to the Eighteenth century the testimony of the Nineteenth, to honor magnanimous combatants and good servants, to felicitate the noble effort of people, industry, science, the valiant march in advance, the toil to cement human concord; in one word, to glorify peace, that sublime, universal desire. Peace is the virtue of civilization; war is its crime. We are here, at this grand moment, in this solemn hour, to bow religiously before the moral law, and to say to the world, which hears France, this: There is only one power, conscience in the service of justice; and there is only one glory, genius in the service of truth. That said, I continue.

Before the Revolution the social structure was this:—

At the base, the people;

Above the people, religion represented by the clergy;

By the side of religion, justice represented by the magistracy.

And, at that period of human society, what was the people? It was ignorance. What was religion? It was intolerance. And what was justice? It was injustice. Am I going too far in my words? Judge.

I will confine myself to the citation of two facts, but decisive.

At Toulouse, October 13, 1761, there was found in the lower story of a house a young man hanged. The crowd gathered, the clergy fulminated, the magistracy investigated. It was a

suicide; they made of it an assassination. In what interest? In the interest of religion. And who was accused? The father. He was a Huguenot, and he wished to hinder his son from becoming a Catholic. There was here a moral monstrosity and a material impossibility; no matter! This father had killed his son; this old man had hanged this young man. Justice travailed, and this was the result. In the month of March, 1762, a man with white hair, Jean Calas, was conducted to a public place, stripped naked, stretched upon a wheel, the members bound upon it, the head hanging. Three men are there upon a scaffold, a magistrate named David, charged to superintend the punishment, a priest to hold the crucifix, and the executioner with a bar of iron in his hand. The patient, stupefied and terrible, regards not the priest, and looks at the executioner. The executioner lifts the bar of iron, and breaks one of his arms. The victim groans and swoons. The magistrate comes forward; they make the condemned inhale salts; he returns to life. Then another stroke of the bar; another groan. Calas loses consciousness; they revive him and the executioner begins again; and, as each limb before being broken in two places receives two blows, that makes eight punishments. After the eighth swooning the priest offers him the crucifix to kiss; Calas turns away his head, and the executioner gives him the *coup de grâce;* that is to say, crushes in his chest with the thick end of the bar of iron. So died Jean Calas.

That lasted two hours. After his death the evidence of the suicide came to light. But an assassination had been committed. By whom? By the judges.

Another fact. After the old man, the young man. Three years later, in 1765, at Abbeville, the day after a night of storm and high wind, there was found upon the pavement of a bridge an old crucifix of worm-eaten wood, which for three centuries had been fastened to the parapet. Who had thrown down this crucifix? Who committed this sacrilege? It is not known. Perhaps a passer-by. Perhaps the wind. Who is the guilty one? The Bishop of Amiens launches a *monitoire.* Not what a *monitoire* was: it was an order to all the faithful, on pain of hell, to declare what they knew or believed they

knew of such or such a fact; a murderous injunction, when addressed by fanaticism to ignorance. The *monitoire* of the Bishop of Amiens does its work; the town gossip assumes the character of the crime charged. Justice discovers, or believes it discovers, that on the night when the crucifix was thrown down, two men, two officers, one named La Barre, the other D'Etallonde, passed over the bridge of Abbeville, that they were drunk, and that they sang a guard-room song.

The tribunal was the Seneschalcy of Abbeville. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville was equivalent to the court of the Capitouls of Toulouse. It was not less just. Two orders for arrest were issued. D'Etallonde escaped, La Barre was taken. Him they delivered to judicial examination. He denied having crossed the bridge; he confessed to having sung the song. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville condemned him; he appealed to the Parliament of Paris. He was conducted to Paris; the sentence was found good and confirmed. He was conducted back to Abbeville in chains. I abridge. The monstrous hour arrives. They begin by subjecting the Chevalier de La Barre to the torture ordinary, and extraordinary, to make him reveal his accomplices. Accomplices in what? In having crossed a bridge and sung a song. During the torture one of his knees was broken; his confessor, on hearing the bones crack, fainted away. The next day, June 5, 1766, La Barre was drawn to the great square of Abbeville, where flamed a penitential fire; the sentence was read to La Barre; then they cut off one of his hands, then they tore out his tongue with iron pincers; then, in mercy, his head was cut off and thrown into the fire. So died the Chevalier de la Barre. He was nineteen years of age.

Then, O Voltaire; thou didst utter a cry of horror, and it will be thine eternal glory!

Then didst thou enter upon the appalling trial of the past; thou didst plead, against tyrants and monsters, the cause of the human race, and thou didst gain it. Great man, blessed be thou forever!

The frightful things which I have recalled were accomplished in the midst of a polite society; its life was gay and

light; people went and came; they looked neither above nor below themselves; their indifference had become carelessness; graceful poets, Saint Aulaire, Boufflers, Gentil-Bernard, composed pretty verses; the court was all festival; Versailles was brilliant; Paris ignored what was passing; and then it was that, through religious ferocity, the judges made an old man die upon the wheel and the priests tore out a child's tongue for a song.

In the presence of this society, frivolous and dismal, Voltaire alone, having before his eyes those united forces, the court, the nobility, capital; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so severe to subjects, so docile to the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling upon the people before the king; that clergy, vile *mélange* of hypocrisy and fanaticism; Voltaire alone, I repeat, declared war against that coalition of all the social iniquities, against that enormous and terrible world, and he accepted battle with it. And what was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the power of the thunderbolt—a pen.

With that weapon he fought; with that weapon he conquered.

Let us salute that memory.

Voltaire conquered; Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero. He was a great mind and an immense heart.

He conquered the old code and the old dogma. He conquered the feudal lord, the Gothic judge, the Roman priest. He raised the populace to the dignity of people. He taught, pacificated, and civilized. He fought for Sirven and Montbailly, as for Calas and La Barre; he accepted all the menaces, all the outrages, all the persecutions, calumny, and exile. He was indefatigable and immovable. He conquered violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth.

I have just pronounced the word *smile*. I pause at it. Smile! It is Voltaire.

Let us say it, pacification is the great side of the philosopher: in Voltaire the equilibrium always reëstablishes itself at last. Whatever may be his just wrath, it passes, and the irritated Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire calmed. Then in that profound eye the smile appears.

That smile is wisdom. That smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. That smile sometimes becomes laughter, but the philosophic sadness tempers it. Toward the strong it is mockery; toward the weak it is a caress. It disquiets the oppressor, and reassures the oppressed. Against the great it is raillery; for the little it is pity. Ah, let us be moved by that smile! It had in it the rays of the dawn. It illuminated the true, the just, the good, and what there is of worthy in the useful. It lighted up the interior of superstitions. Those ugly things it is salutary to see, he has shown. Luminous, that smile was fruitful also. The new society, the desire for equality and concession and that beginning of fraternity which called itself tolerance, reciprocal good-will, the just accord of men and right, reason recognized as the supreme law, the annihilation of prejudices and prescribed opinions, the serenity of souls, the spirit of indulgence and of pardon, harmony, peace—behold what has come from that great smile!

On the day—very near, without any doubt—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, when the amnesty will be proclaimed, I affirm it! up there in the stars Voltaire will smile.

Between two servants of humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation.

To combat Pharisaism; to unmask imposture; to overthrow tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions; to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it, that is to say, to replace the false by the true; to attack a ferocious magistracy, a sanguinary priesthood; to take a whip and drive the money-changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, the poor, the suffering, the overwhelmed, to struggle for the persecuted and oppressed—

that was the war of Jesus Christ! And who waged that war? It was Voltaire.

The completion of the evangelical work is the philosophical work; the spirit of mercy began, the spirit of tolerance continued. Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: Jesus wept; Voltaire smiled. Of that divine tear and that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization.

Did Voltaire always smile? No. He was often indignant. You remarked it in my first words.

Certainly measure, reserve, proportion are reason's supreme law. We can say that moderation is the very respiration of the philosopher. That effort of the wise man ought to be to condense into a sort of serene certainty all the approximations of which philosophy is composed. But at certain moments the passion for the true rises powerful and violent, and it is within its right in so doing, like the stormy winds which purify. Never, I insist upon it, will any wise man shake those two august supports of social labor, justice and hope; and all will respect the judge if he is embodied justice, and all will venerate the priest if he represents hope. But if the magistracy calls itself torture, if the Church calls itself Inquisition, then Humanity looks them in the face, and says to the judge: I will none of thy law! and says to the priest: I will none of thy dogma! I will none of thy fire upon the earth and thy hell in the future! Then philosophy rises in wrath, and arraigns the judge before justice, and the priest before God!

That is what Voltaire did. It was grand.

What Voltaire was, I have said; what his age was, I am about to say.

Great men rarely come alone; large trees seem larger when they dominate a forest; there they are at home. There was a forest of minds around Voltaire; that forest was the Eighteenth century. Among those minds there were summits, Montesquieu, Buffon, Beaumarchais, and among others, two the highest after Voltaire—Rousseau and Diderot. Those thinkers taught men to reason; reasoning well leads to acting well; justness in the mind becomes justice in the heart. Those toilers for progress labored usefully. Buffon founded natural-

ism; Beaumarchais discovered, outside of Molière, a kind of comedy till then almost unknown, the social comedy; Montesquieu made in law some excavations so profound that he succeeded in exhuming the right. As to Rousseau, as to Diderot, let us pronounce those two names apart; Diderot, a vast intelligence, inquisitive, a tender heart, athirst for justice, wished to give certain notions as the foundation of true ideas, and created the encyclopædia. Rousseau rendered to woman an admirable service, completing the mother by the nurse, placing near one another those two majesties of the cradle. Rousseau, a writer, eloquent and pathetic, a profound oratorical dreamer, often divined and proclaimed political truth; his ideal borders upon the real; he had the glory of being the first man in France who called himself citizen. The civic fiber vibrates in Rousseau; that which vibrates in Voltaire is the universal fiber. One can say that in the fruitful Eighteenth century, Rousseau represented the people; Voltaire, still more vast, represented Man. Those powerful writers disappeared, but they left us their soul, the Revolution.

Yes, the French Revolution was their soul. It was their radiant manifestation. It came from them; we find them everywhere in that blest and superb catastrophe, which formed the conclusion of the past and the opening of the future. In that clear light, which is peculiar to revolutions, and which beyond causes permits us to perceive effects, and beyond the first plan the second, we see behind Danton, Diderot, behind Robespierre, Rousseau, and behind Mirabeau, Voltaire. These formed those.

To sum up epochs, by giving them the names of men, to name ages, to make of them in some sort human personages, has only been done by three peoples, Greece, Italy, France. We say, the Age of Pericles, the Age of Augustus, the Age of Leo X, the Age of Louis XIV, the Age of Voltaire. These appellations have a great significance. This privilege of giving names to periods belonging exclusively to Greece, to Italy, and to France, is the highest mark of civilization. Until Voltaire, they were the names of the chiefs of states; Voltaire is more than the chief of a state; he is a chief of ideas; with Voltaire a new cycle begins. We feel that henceforth the supreme

governmental power is to be thought. Civilization obeyed force; it will obey the ideal. It was the scepter and the sword broken, to be replaced by the ray of light; that is to say, authority transfigured into liberty. Henceforth, no other sovereignty than the law for the people, and the conscience for the individual. For each of us, the two aspects of progress separate themselves clearly, and they are these: to exercise one's right; that is to say, to be a man; to perform one's duty; that is to say, to be a citizen.

Such is the signification of that word, the Age of Voltaire; such is the meaning of that august event, the French Revolution.

The two memorable centuries which preceded the Eighteenth, prepared for it; Rabelais warned royalty in "Gargantua," and Molière warned the Church in "Tartuffe." Hatred of force and respect for right are visible in those two illustrious spirits.

Whoever says to-day, might makes right, performs an act of the Middle Ages, and speaks to men three hundred years behind their time.

The Nineteenth century glorifies the Eighteenth century. The Eighteenth proposed, the Nineteenth concludes. And my last word will be the declaration, tranquil but inflexible, of progress.

The time has come. The right has found its formula: human federation.

To-day force is called violence, and begins to be judged; war is arraigned. Civilization, upon the complaint of the human race, orders the trial, and draws up the great criminal indictment of conquerors and captains. This witness, History, is summoned. The reality appears. The factitious brilliancy is dissipated. In many cases, the hero is a species of assassin. The peoples begin to comprehend that increasing the magnitude of a crime cannot be its diminution; that, if to kill is a crime, to kill much cannot be an extenuating circumstance; that, if to steal is a shame, to invade cannot be a glory; that *Te Deums* do not count for much in this matter; that homicide is homicide; that bloodshed is bloodshed; that it serves nothing to call one's self Cæsar or Napoleon; and that in the eyes of the eternal God, the figure of a murderer is not changed because,

instead of a gallows-cap, there is placed upon his head an emperor's crown.

Ah! let us proclaim absolute truths. Let us dishonor war. No; glorious war does not exist. No; it is not good, and it is not useful, to make corpses. No; it cannot be that life travails for death. No; O mothers who surround me, it cannot be that war, the robber, should continue to take from you your children. No; it cannot be that woman should bear children in pain, that men should be born, that people should plow and sow, that the farmer should fertilize the fields, and the workmen enrich the city, that industry should produce marvels, that genius should produce prodigies, that the vast human activity should in presence of the starry sky, multiply efforts and creations, all to result in that frightful international exposition which is called a field of battle.

The true field of battle, behold it here! It is this rendezvous [at the Exposition, then open] of the masterpieces of human labor which Paris offers the world at this moment. The true victory is the victory of Paris.

Alas! we cannot hide it from ourselves that the present hour, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still some mournful aspects; there are still clouds upon the horizon; the tragedy of the peoples is not finished; war, wicked war, is still there, and it has the audacity to lift its head in the midst of this august festival of peace. Princes, for two years past, obstinately adhere to a fatal misunderstanding; their discord forms an obstacle to our concord, and they are ill-inspired to condemn us to the statement of such a contrast.

Let this contrast lead us back to Voltaire. In the presence of menacing possibilities, let us be more pacific than ever. Let us turn toward that great death, toward that great life, toward that great spirit. Let us bend before the venerated sepulcher. Let us take counsel of him whose life, useful to men, was extinguished a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us take counsel of the other powerful thinkers, the auxiliaries of this glorious Voltaire—of Jean Jacques, of Diderot, of Montesquieu. Let us give the word to those great voices. Let us stop the shedding of human blood. Enough! enough! despots. Ah! barbarism persists; very well, let civilization

be indignant. Let the Eighteenth century come to the help of the Nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of the true; let us invoke those illustrious shades; let them, before monarchies meditating war, proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to liberty, the sovereignty of reason, the holiness of labor, the blessedness of peace; and since night issues from the thrones, let light come from the tombs.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

EULOGY ON BENJAMIN HILL

Address by John J. Ingalls, lawyer, journalist, United States Senator from Kansas (born in Middleton, Mass., December 29, 1833; died in Las Vegas, N. M., August 16, 1900), delivered in the United States Senate, January 23, 1882.

MR. PRESIDENT:—Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country. Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death, he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum, whether his dextrous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel, whether he yet remembers us as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question, for which the centuries have given no answer: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Every man is the center of a circle, whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it, he perishes; and if immortality is a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the

longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Of all the dead whose obsequies we have paused to solemnize in this chamber, I recall no one whose untimely fate seems so lamentable, and yet so rich in prophecy, as that of Senator Hill. He had reached the meridian of his years. He stood upon the high plateau of middle life, in that serene atmosphere where temptation no longer assails, where the clamorous passions no more distract, and where the conditions are most favorable for noble and enduring achievement. His upward path had been through stormy adversity and contention, such as infrequently fall to the lot of men. Though not without the tendency to meditation, revery, and introspection which accompanies genius, his temperament was palestric. He was competitive and unpeaceful. He was born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually pugnacious and combative, so that he was impelled to defend any position that might be assailed, or to attack any position that might be intrenched, not because the defense or assault was essential, but because the positions were maintained, and those who held them became, by that fact alone, his adversaries.

This tendency of his nature made his orbit erratic. He was meteoric, rather than planetary, and flashed with irregular splendor, rather than shone with steady and penetrating rays. His advocacy of any cause was fearless to the verge of temerity. He appeared to be indifferent to applause or censure, for their own sake. He accepted intrepidly any conclusions that he reached, without inquiring whether they were politic or expedient.

To such a spirit, partisanship was unavoidable, but with Senator Hill, it did not degenerate into bigotry. He was capable of broad generosity, and extended to his opponents the same unreserved candor which he demanded for himself. His oratory was impetuous, and devoid of artifice. He was not a posturer or phrase-monger. He was too intense, too earnest, to employ the cheap and paltry decorations of discourse. He never reconnoitered a hostile position, nor approached it by

stealthy parallels. He could not lay siege to an enemy, nor beleaguer him, nor open trenches, and sap and mine. His method was the charge and the onset. He was the Murat of senatorial debate. Not many men of this generation have been better equipped for parliamentary warfare than he, with his commanding presence, his sinewy diction, his confidence, and imperturbable self-control.

But in the maturity of his powers and his fame, with unmeasured opportunities for achievement apparently before him, with great designs unaccomplished, surrounded by the proud and affectionate solicitude of a great constituency, the pallid messenger with the inverted torch beckoned him to depart. There are few scenes in history more tragic than that protracted combat with death. No man had greater inducements to live. But in the long struggle against the inexorable advances of an insidious and mortal malady, he did not falter nor repine. He retreated with the aspect of a victor, and though he succumbed, he seemed to conquer. His sun went down at noon, but it sank amid the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn.

With more than a hero's courage, with more than a martyr's fortitude, he waited the approach of the inevitable hour, and went to the undiscovered country.

OTTO HERMANN KAHN

EDWARD HENRY HARRIMAN

Otto Hermann Kahn has been long prominent as a member of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and also as a writer and speaker on affairs of public import. Other addresses of his are printed in Volume V. The following address, here somewhat abridged, was delivered before the Finance Forum, New York, January 25, 1911. It gives a remarkable analysis of Mr. Harriman's character as well as a tribute to him as "the last figure of an epoch."

I FIRST met Mr. Harriman in the year 1894. At that time what moderate degree of importance attached to his person in the financial community rested mainly upon the fact that he was chairman of the finance committee of the Illinois Central Railroad. It was then a well-known circumstance among bankers that the Illinois Central's finances were managed with remarkable skill and foresight. Somehow or other, it never had bonds for sale except in times when bonds were in great demand; it never borrowed money except when money was cheap and abundant; periods of storm and stress ever found it amply prepared and fortified; its credit was of the highest.

The few acquainted with the facts conceded that Mr. Harriman was a shrewd financial manager, but he had reached the age of nearly fifty years without attracting any general attention. In later life, when in reminiscent mood, he used to say that the fact that he had been born and bred in New York, and had done his work right there in the midst of people, many of whom had known him a great number of years, had militated considerably against his recognition. He thought if he had "blown" into New York from the West, his rise would have been a good deal more rapid.

It was the old story of the prophet having little honor in

his own country. Even after he had started on his course of achievements in the Union Pacific Railroad those of us who then began to speak about the man's marvelous capacities used to be met frequently with remarks such as:

"Ned Harriman! Why, I knew him years ago as a little 'two-dollar broker.' What should he know about practical railroading? How could he suddenly be developing these wonderful qualities you speak of? You can't make me believe that a man can have lived in this community for nearly fifty years, have been known to lots of people, have made a fairly successful career, and then all of a sudden turn out to be a genius."

My first vivid impression of Mr. Harriman dates back to a hot summer afternoon in 1897, when, looking pale, weary and tired out, he came to my firm's office to induce us to take an interest with him in a certain business. We did not particularly care for it, and told him that we preferred not to join in the transaction. He argued to convince us of its merits, and, finally, not having made any headway, he desisted. I thought he had accepted our refusal. He got up to go, but turned around at the door and said:

"I am dead tired this afternoon, and no good any more. I have been on this job uninterruptedly all day, taking no time even for luncheon. I'll tackle you again to-morrow, when I am fresh. I'm bound to convince you and to get you to come along."

He did. He came again the next day, and finally we yielded to the sheer persistency of the man, and to the lucidity of his arguments. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that his judgment was right; the business turned out very well.

The incident has impressed itself upon my mind because, though of small importance in itself, it was so characteristic of the man. There was first of all the correct judgment as to the merits of a proposition and as to its outcome—a judgment marvelously clear and sure, almost infallible. There was, secondly, the iron determination—so conspicuously in contrast to his frail appearance—the dogged persistency in pursuing and carrying out his purpose.

He did not know the meaning of the word "defeat." He

never "threw up the sponge." His power of will was nothing short of phenomenal; and by its exercise, coupled with his indomitable pluck and amazing brain faculties, I have seen him perform veritable miracles in the way of making people do as he wanted.

Not infrequently he would come to meetings at which ten or twelve men sat around the table with him—men, too, of no mean standing in the business community—a large majority of whom were opposed to the measures he would propose. Yet, I know of hardly an instance of any importance where his views did not prevail finally, and, what is more, generally by unanimous vote. If he did not succeed in what he had set himself to achieve at the first attempt, or the second, or the third attempt, he would retreat for a while, but he never gave up; he moved on towards the attainment of his object, undismayed, resourceful, relentless as fate, with that supreme patience which, according to Disraeli, is "a necessary ingredient of genius."

Yet he had neither eloquence nor what is ordinarily called tact or magnetism. His were not the ways or the gifts of the "easy boss." Smooth diplomacy, the talent of leading men almost without their knowledge that they are being led, skillful achievement by winning compromise were not his methods. His genius was the genius of the conqueror, his dominion was based on rugged strength, iron will, irresistible determination, indomitable courage, tireless toil, amazing intellect and, last but not least, upon those qualities of character which command men's trust and confidence. He was constitutionally unable either to cajole or to dissemble. He was stiffnecked to a fault. It would have saved him much opposition, many enemies, many misunderstandings, if he had possessed the gift of suavity, of placing a veneer over his domineering traits, so as to make the fact of his chieftainship less overt, and thereby less irksome. Sometimes, when even some of his close associates would chafe under his undisguised authoritativeness, I ventured to plead with him that the results he sought could just as surely be obtained by less combative, more gentle methods, while at the same time avoiding bad blood and ill-feeling. Invariably his answer was:

"You may be right that these things could be so accomplished, but not by me. I can work only in my own way. I cannot make myself different, nor act in a way foreign to me. They will have to take me as I am, or drop me. This is not arrogance on my part. I simply cannot achieve anything if I try to compromise with my nature and to follow the notions of others."

To a man thus constituted, the world did not yield its rewards easily and willingly. The way to the heights of power leads always through the valleys of envy, jealousy and animosity; but in Mr. Harriman's case the opposition, the enmities, the hatreds, which disputed and contested his progress were bitter, violent and numerous, far beyond ordinary measure. Yet, by the irresistible force of his genius, he acquired in the space of but ten years a position in the railroad world such as no man had held before him, and no man, I believe, will hold again.

Though he was lacking in the faculty of attracting men in general (I say "in general," because upon those who came close to him the spell of his personality was most potent), he did have the gift in a most marvelous degree of attracting power as the magnet attracts iron. At the time of his death, the papers were full of comments as to the vastness of the territory in which his influence was potent or controlling; but the most remarkable thing, to my mind, was not the extent of his power, but the fact that his commanding position, his control over so many undertakings, rested not on money, but on personality.

I do not think that the greater part of his fortune was invested in railroad stocks, and if every cent of it had been so invested, it would have amounted to but a small fraction of the share capital of the properties in which his influence was predominant. He became gradually the center of railroad power, and at the same time one of the greatest powers in finance, because his masterful ability, his constructive genius, the far-sightedness and correctness of his vision, his faithfulness to trust reposed in him, impressed themselves finally upon friend and foe alike.

He had measured strength with all those who cared to cross

swords with him, and out of every fight he had come, if not invariably victorious, invariably unscathed, bigger and stronger than before. The railroad properties in his charge had grown and prospered beyond all others. There were enemies left, but none that cared any longer to try conclusions with him. Not a few, even, of those formerly hostile, and many of those formerly indifferent, aloof or suspicious, felt at last compelled to acknowledge the genius of the man, and to pay him the tribute of seeking his coöperation.

During the last year of his life, his office, or more correctly his library, up town (for that period he did not usually go down town oftener than once or twice a week) resembled the office of a famous physician during consultation hours. Properties in feeble health were brought to him by anxious parents for prescriptions and treatment. Intricate corporation problems were submitted to him for diagnosis. Some enterprises that he had treated and restored to good health presented themselves for inspection, having learned the wisdom of remaining under his care. Even big, strapping concerns apparently in perfect health, would drop in and have themselves looked over, as a precautionary measure, and take advice how to guard against sickness and keep in good trim.

This was Mr. Harriman's situation from the spring of 1908 to the time of his lamented, untimely death in September, 1909, less than twelve years after his great opportunity had come to him in his election to the Board of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The story of the rise and development of the Union Pacific under Mr. Harriman's magic guidance; the metamorphosis by which the rather pathetic object which emerged from the receivership, stripped of its outlets and most important branches, ending rather helplessly at the borders of the Great Salt Lake, was turned in an incredibly short time into the magnificent system of to-day; the startling, almost uncanny rapidity with which Mr. Harriman assimilated and mastered all the intricate details, problems and difficulties of railroading, and from having been all his life a financial man (except for a very short term as vice-president of the Illinois Central in Chicago) became an acknowledged master in that science; the boldness and ac-

curacy of his conceptions and visions, the daring of his strategy, the dramatic incidents which accompanied his conquering career—all this has been so fully and frequently told in newspapers and magazines that I need not repeat it here.

I have sometimes heard it said that the remarkable accomplishments were due mainly to the unprecedented growth in wealth and prosperity of the territory served by the Union Pacific System, and not to the genius of Mr. Harriman; that the country made the Union Pacific and would have made the Union Pacific, Harriman or no Harriman. There is just a sufficient modicum of truth in this assertion to deserve contradiction.

That the growth and prosperity of its territory were indispensable to the growth and prosperity of the Union Pacific goes without saying; but this growth and prosperity during the past decade were universal throughout the country west of the Missouri River, and their benefits were available to all other Western railroads to the same extent as to the Union Pacific. Yet, there is not a single line that comes close to equaling the record made by the Union Pacific, and it is the uniqueness of the Union Pacific's attainments, considering not only the financial results to the stockholders, but also the standard of efficiency, service to the public, physical condition, financial strength and resources, which measures the uniqueness of Mr. Harriman's genius.

Regard for appearances was not one of Mr. Harriman's strong points. He had little patience with such considerations, and declined to recognize their importance. While he was a gentleman by birth and breeding, by instinct, intent and principles, yet he rode roughshod over conventionalities and amenities.

While he was inwardly a man of genuine kindliness, of whom many a generous and warm-hearted action might be related, and would not for the world knowingly have hurt any one's feelings, he had an extraordinary faculty for doing that very thing, for rubbing people the wrong way, for causing himself and his actions to be misunderstood and misjudged. He was a master of what Whistler called "the gentle art of making enemies." His manner was brusque; he was short-

tempered, though he had his temper under perfect control, and never lost it whatever the provocation—in fact the greater the strain the more perfect his calm and self-possession.

He had infinite patience in working out plans, in biding his time, but very little in intercourse with men. His mind worked so rapidly, his thoughts crowded upon him at such a rate, that his words could not come anywhere near keeping pace with the working of his brain. The consequence was that in discussions he raced for the points he wanted to make, taking short cuts of thought and expression, expecting the bewildered listener to keep up with the chase, with the result that not infrequently he was but half understood, or not at all understood, by those who had not, through prolonged association, acquired the faculty of reading his mental shorthand. He desired, like every normally constituted man, to possess the good opinion of his fellow men, yet he had not only a strange inaptitude for getting on friendly terms with public opinion, but on the contrary a veritable genius for what is commonly called getting himself into hot water, and of laying his motives and his acts open to misconstruction.

This was due in the first place to a highly honorable trait in his character: he utterly despised and abhorred hypocrisy and opportunism, he resolutely declined to stoop to any artifices to curry favor, in fact leaned over backward in his dislike of all methods of self-advertising. Conscious of his worth, of his achievements, and of his rectitude of purpose, he scorned to defend himself against accusations and intrigues.

It was due secondly to the magnetic attraction which difficulties, obstacles and particularly everything in the nature of a combat had for him. If there was any fighting going on within earshot, however little it might concern him, he was tempted to take a hand in the fray, and the greater the odds against his side, the better; the natural result being that in addition to the number of adversaries and detractors whom a man normally meets in the struggle for success and power, he was continually recruiting enemies in quarters that lay outside his regular marching route, not all of whom fought fairly.

The third reason for the widespread and long-continued popular misconception in respect of Mr. Harriman's motives,

character and methods, arose from the fact that he failed to recognize, as indeed most financiers of his day failed to recognize, that a man holding the power and occupying the conspicuous place he did was a legitimate object for public scrutiny in respect of his ways, purposes and actions, and that if opportunity for such scrutiny were denied, if the people were met instead with silence, secrecy, impatience or resentment of their proper desire for information, the public mind very naturally would become infected with suspicion and lend a willing ear to all sorts of gossip and rumors. The temptation to the arbitrary, excessive or selfish exercise of power is so strong, the menace of its abuse is so ever-present to the public consciousness, that the burden of proof that they can be safely trusted with its possession is rightly laid upon those in high positions. It is for them to show cause why they should be looked upon as fit persons to be entrusted with authority, the test being not merely ability, but just as much, if not more, character, self-restraint, fair-mindedness and sense of duty toward the public.

Mr. Harriman's attitude toward the law of the land has been much misinterpreted and misunderstood. To begin with, he had profound respect for the moral, the ethical law, and under no circumstances and under no temptation would he ever do anything which was not justified before the tribunal of his own conscience, his own honest conception of right and wrong.

To that conviction of the rectitude of his purpose and actions was added the firm belief in himself which is a characteristic of all strong men. He was actuated by a profound and unwavering faith that what he, after mature thought, felt should be done, was best for the properties of which he was the directing head, was of benefit to the communities which they served as well as to the country at large and was ethically right and proper to be done.

He chafed and fretted strenuously when the letter of some statute, possibly drawn without a full realization of its practical effects, stood in the way of what he considered to be absolutely proper and beneficial objects to accomplish. He was irritable and impatient at stupid laws, as he was at all stupidity.

He had to be shown to his entire conviction that the law did clearly stand in the way before he would desist from a purpose which he deemed just and right, but the realization of which would not have been in accordance with existing statutes.

Mr. Harriman was an immensely patriotic man, proud of his country, its institutions, and its achievements, jealous of his own honor and of America's fair fame abroad, always willing and eager to do his full duty as a citizen as he saw it, and he resented deeply, and so did his friends, the efforts of his detractors to represent him as a law-breaker, and his phenomenal success as due, at least in part, to his having managed to evade or set at naught the laws of his country.

I have spoken of Mr. Harriman's love for a fight, but—lest this be misunderstood—I should add that, like every truly brave and strong man, he never picked a quarrel. On the contrary he looked upon war as waste, and he abhorred waste as a cardinal economic sin. One of the characteristics of the old methods of railroad management was for each company to seek by every means, and not infrequently by underhand and unfair practices, to advance its own interests at the expense of the others, and there existed among the different companies a constant state of warfare or armed neutrality.

The true interests of all of them, and often the interests of the public, were sacrificed for the purpose of obtaining some supposed advantage to one company at the expense of another. Mr. Harriman was foremost among those who advocated and worked for the more enlightened policy of "live and let live," of fair and frank dealing and legitimate coöperation among railroad managers in the interests both of the railroads and of the public. He was unsparing of his time and his efforts in working for that cause.

He never started hostilities except as an ultimate resource in self-defense, or to safeguard what he conceived to be vital interests of the properties entrusted to his care. Yet he was a born fighting genius, and had he lived in an earlier age he probably would have ranked among those who with their swords carved kingdoms for themselves out of the map of Europe and founded dynasties. It is no mere phrase to say, that he never knew the meaning of the word "fear"—either

physical or moral. And, whatever the provocation or danger, whatever the weapons used by the enemy—and sometimes they were poisoned weapons—he always fought fair; he never struck a foul blow.

His word was equally good to friend and foe, and it was truly as good as his bond. No one, not even his bitterest opponents, ever accused him of having gone back on or given a twisted meaning to his words. Never did he break faith—nor consider himself free to do so in the remotest degree even toward those who had flagrantly broken faith with him. He was loyal to a fault. In more cases than one I have known him to take upon himself the whole brunt of defense or attack, from a fine feeling born of chivalrous consideration for those on whom he might have unloaded part of the burden, and from a proud consciousness of his ability to cope with difficult situations single-handed and unaided. Never have I met any one more utterly free from vindictiveness and malice. Whether from religious sentiment (for he was deeply and genuinely religious), from principle, or simply because his nature happened to be constituted that way, vengeance, retribution were no concern of his. When an opponent placed himself in his way, he used only just so much force as was needed to get him out of the road, calmly, without passion, with no desire to hurt. And when the tussle was over and he had overcome his antagonist and taken his measure and mentally registered his make-up and methods, the incident—as far as the personal side of it went—was settled and closed.

Likewise, toward those whom he had counted as friends, but who had been found wanting in time of stress, when he needed them most, or, at least, cautious and lukewarm in their support, he had no trace of bitterness. He knew thereafter how far he could count on them, and made his plans accordingly—but that was all. No word of complaint or reproach, no resentment, no "rubbing it in" later on when association with him became again prized and coveted, no "crowing," no "I told you so" when events came his way and his judgment and course of action were vindicated.

Mr. Harriman, as is well known, left an exceedingly large fortune, yet the wealth which he amassed was but a small

fraction of the wealth which his constructive genius created. There was at one time a group of railroad men, of unsavory memory, who made their money out of wrecking and pulling down. Their antithesis was Edward H. Harriman. The vast bulk of his fortune he made by backing the country, in general, and the enterprises to which he mainly devoted his genius, in particular.

Any other man, who had the same faith in Mr. Harriman's constructive ability, judgment and farsightedness which he had himself, and the courage to back that faith as Mr. Harriman did many times by every dollar he owned, would have come measurably near to reaping the same financial rewards that Mr. Harriman did, though, of course, he would also have had to have Mr. Harriman's wisdom and self-control in choosing the time when to be bold and when cautious, when to venture far out with every bit of canvas spread and when to keep close to shore.

But money-making was merely incidental with Mr. Harriman and not an aim in itself. It attracted him, to begin with, as a sporting proposition to catch up with men who had an enormous start over him, and as every sporting proposition attracted him, the greater the odds against him, the better. (I have known him, on a dare, a year or so before his death, to put on boxing gloves and venture on a friendly bout with an ex-pugilist—with rather painful results, it is true, to himself.) In the next place, he realized, of course, that money is one of the instruments of power, one of the standards—though, fortunately, by no means the only one—by which success is measured, and he required money, much money, to carry out his plans with as little dependence on others as possible, just as a general requires soldiers. He was a man of very simple tastes and few wants, though when he became very rich he lived in the style of a very rich man, spending money freely and largely, but never ostentatiously or wastefully. It is worth noting that he never had any doubt of the advent of his opportunity, though he had to wait till he was nearly fifty years old till fate remembered him, nor of his becoming a very wealthy man, though he was born very poor. In confident anticipation of this consummation, he bought many thousand acres of land

near Tuxedo twenty years before he had the means to build a suitable country house. Mrs. Harriman, carrying out her husband's ideas, has most generously presented to the State for a public park 10,000 acres of these lands, together with $1,000,000 in cash.

His real purpose, to which—as I said before—money-making was merely incidental, was to do big constructive things; his real sport was to pit his strength and brain against those of other men or against difficult tasks; his real reward was the consciousness of worthy accomplishment, the sense of mastery, the exercise of power.

That Mr. Harriman was a man of vast ambition, ever restlessly striving forward and onward, reaching one goal only to set out immediately for another, goes without saying. And boundless as his ambition was his imagination, both, however, regulated and held in check by iron self-discipline and by the lucidity and sobriety of an intellect keen as a sword's edge. In a sense, he was a dreamer—but his dreams, by the power of his genius, became realities. To him, as to most great constructive and creative minds limitations of time, consideration of years did not exist. He planned for a generation ahead, always having himself in mind as the man who would carry the plans to realization, giving no room to the thought that he might no longer be there to do so—again a trait of which history records many instances in the cases of men preëminent in creative work.

When I saw him in Munich, a few weeks before his death, and we exchanged reminiscences anent the achievements of the last ten years, he said to me: "There is more before us in the next ten years than we have accomplished in the last ten." Yet, at that time, the shadow of death was hovering over him, he was pitiably and pathetically weak and frail, he could hardly stand up without support—but his spirit and courage were as dauntless, his brain, will and faith in himself as strong as ever. He fought the powers of nature, he defied the physical deterioration which was rapidly breaking him up with the same indomitable pluck, the same dogged refusal to get beaten, with which he had stood up against difficulties and tribulations all his life.

The crisis in Mr. Harriman's career came early in the year 1907. A few of his bitterest enemies had set out the year before on a carefully planned, astutely prepared, campaign of destruction against him. To their banners flocked a number of those whom in his conquering course he had met and vanquished; some of whom by his rough domineering ways he had unknowingly offended; others, who were simply envious and jealous; certain politicians whose ill-will he had incurred; many, who in perfect honesty and without any axes to grind, but basing their opinion mainly on hearsay, saw in his personality, his methods, his ambition and his growing power a real menace and danger to the public good, and, lastly, a few who had reason to throw public opinion off the scent and to detract vigilance and search from themselves by concentrating it on another.

This is not the place nor has the time yet come to describe the true inwardness of this remarkable episode which has in it all the elements and ingredients of melodramatic romance. The Harriman Extermination League—if I may so call it—played its trump-card by poisoning President Roosevelt's mind against Mr. Harriman, with whom he used to be on friendly terms, by gross misrepresentations, which caused him to see in Mr. Harriman the embodiment of everything that his own moral sense most abhorred and the archetype of a class whose exposure and destruction he looked upon as a solemn patriotic duty.

With Mr. Roosevelt leading the attack, the "League" felt so certain of its ability to hurl Mr. Harriman into outer darkness, defeat and disgrace, that it actually sent considerate warning to his close associates to draw away from him while there was yet time to do so, lest they be struck by fragments of the bomb which would soon explode under Mr. Harriman, and which was certain to demolish him. Mr. Harriman, of course, was fully aware of all this. He braced himself against the coming blow, but did nothing to avert it, let alone run away from it.

In February, 1907, the assault was begun with an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission into the practices, etc., of the Union Pacific Railroad, actually into those of

Mr. Harriman himself. His enemies had planned better than they knew. Whether long-continued, nerve-racking, physical suffering had for once affected his otherwise unfailing judgment (he told me later that during the year 1906 there was not a day in which he was not tormented by severe pain), whether the contemplation of the Union Pacific's dazzling prosperity overcame temporarily the hitherto so potent sobriety of his brain (he had just amazed the financial world by placing the concern on a 10 per cent basis of dividends and by realizing for it a profit of $60,000,000 on the sales of its holdings of Northern Pacific stock), whether for once his vast and restless ambition had broken through his calm reasoning, or whether it was simply an unaccountable solitary error of judgment, such as is found in the career of so many among the leaders of men—whatever be the cause or the explanation, he took action in that year which, it has always seemed to me, was the one serious mistake of his management of Union Pacific affairs.

I refer to the purchases of very large amounts of stocks of many other companies, which were made for the account and placed in the treasury of the Union Pacific. For some of these acquisitions, it must be said, there was valid, legitimate and, in fact, almost compelling reason, even at the then prevailing high prices, but for others it was and is difficult to discern sufficient warrant, especially considering the time and the cost at which they were made and the effect which they were likely to have and actually did have on public opinion.

These transactions, first becoming known to the public through the investigation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which gave them a doubly suspicious appearance (they would, as a matter of course, have been disclosed anyhow in the next annual report of the Union Pacific), lent color to the impression that Mr. Harriman was aiming at a gigantic illegal monopoly of the railroad industry.

Mr. Harriman, on the witness stand, did little to set things right. He always made an indifferent witness being impatient and rather resentful and defiant under examination, reluctant to explain so as to make things plain to the ordinary understanding, and disdaining to defend himself against accusations or innuendo.

An inflamed public sentiment gave ready credence to the allegations, accusations and insinuations which were spread broadcast, in the press, from the platform, in political assemblies, even from some pulpits. A kind of hysteria of fury against him swept over the land. He was denounced and anathematized as a horrible example of capitalistic greed, iniquity and lawlessness. The legal machinery of the nation and of several states was set in motion to discover some breach of the law, however technical, of which he might be held guilty and convicted. Fairness and charity were thrown to the winds. All the good work he had done counted as nothing. Anything said in defense or even explanation was contemptuously and indignantly brushed aside. His punishment was clamored for. His expulsion from financial life was demanded.

Amidst all this terrifying din, this avalanche of vituperation, misrepresentation, threatening and assault, amidst the desertion of some friends, the lukewarmness of others, amidst the simultaneous strain and stress of a financial panic (during which, moreover, he did more than his full share in the work of support and relief), Mr. Harriman stood firm as a rock, calm, silent and dignified, his courage never daunted, his spirit never faltering, strong in his faith in himself and in the potency of truth, right and merit, strong in the approval of his own conscience as to his motives and actions.

He did not complain. He asked nobody's help. He made no appeal for sympathy. He told no one that he was weak and ill and that the continuous nervous strain was a fearful tax on his impaired health. He stooped to no weapon not sanctioned by the rules of gentlemanly warfare though plenty of them lay ready to his hand and though his opponents were troubled by no such scruple. He offered no compromise, no concession. He did not budge an inch. He never for one moment took his hand off the helm—and thus he rode out of the storm.

The spectacle of a man undaunted, opposing his solitary strength and will to overwhelming odds, is always a fine and inspiring one. There have been contests far more important and spectacular and for far greater stakes, but I doubt whether any more superb courage in bearing and daring has ever been

demonstrated than was shown by Mr. Harriman in those long months of incessant onslaught. This sounds rhapsodical and exaggerated, but it is not. Only one who in that period saw him from close by, as I did, who had the privilege of hearing him "think aloud" as he used to call it, can appreciate the marvel of the lofty, indomitable spirit which animated, one might almost say which kept together, that weak, frail, sick, suffering body.

The fight lasted for a full year. Gradually the aspect of affairs began to change, gradually the effect of Mr. Harriman's brave and dignified attitude and masterful strategy began to tell. One fine morning it became known that in the face of universal discouragement, single-handed, directing matters from a sick bed, he had saved a very important railroad from bankruptcy, by one of those strokes of combined boldness and wisdom which had become familiar to those who knew him best and which, in this instance, marked the end of the 1907 panic.

From that time on his star rose rapidly again. The people at last began to recognize that in his great constructive genius they possessed a national asset of no mean value. They also recognized that the man, his motives and purposes had been grievously maligned and misunderstood, and with characteristic impulsiveness and generosity they started to give him plentiful evidence of their change of heart. The Harriman Extermination League broke up. The more generous of its members frankly acknowledged his great qualities, admitted that he had been wronged and became his adherents. Others, from self-interest, made haste to climb on his band-wagon. Only a few irreconcilables continued to sulk and frown but no longer dared to attack him.

He himself had learned in the bitterness and isolation of that one year that even the strongest cannot afford with impunity to ignore or be lacking in consideration for public opinion, and to allow himself, through aloofness, secretiveness or otherwise, to be misunderstood by and estranged from the people. He became mellower and more communicative. His door was no longer closed to the agencies which inform and thereby largely mold public opinion. He no longer resented scrutiny or even legitimate curiosity. He went about to meet-

ings of merchants, shippers and farmers, occasionally making addresses, and altogether "coming out of his shell."

The last year of his life resembled a triumphal procession. He became the fashion, the hero of hundreds of newspapers and magazine articles, a popular, almost a romantic figure. He was lionized, his association was coveted, his was a name to conjure with, he was in demand for great business occasions as a popular artist is for great social entertainments. While his pride would not admit it, at the time he had felt deeply and keenly the flood of slanders and attacks upon his honor, honesty and character, and the severe condemnation passed upon him by public opinion. Though he was too firmly sustained by his conscience and faith for these assaults ever to have caused him to feel humiliated or to hold his head less high, yet he would not have been human if he had not been gratified by the sweeping change in sentiment and opinion regarding him.

There were no longer any enemies to trouble him. The opportunity was now his, at last, to carry out his great plans of constructive work, without, as heretofore, always having to interrupt himself to guard his rear and flanks against attacks or to dash forward and give battle. Having been elected a member of the board and executive committee of the New York Central Railroad, a position which he had long desired to hold, his mind was busily occupied with plans relating to the eastern railroad situation. But his frail, ill body, which had been kept together—as it were—by sheer force of will as long as the fight was raging, collapsed when the strain and tension was relaxed.

In the early summer of 1909 he went abroad in search of health. A few months later he returned home to die. Those who were present at his landing from the steamer and who accompanied him on the journey from New York to Arden, his country place, will never forget the superb exhibition of grit, pluck, self-control and self-reliance of which they were witnesses on that occasion.

Mr. Harriman died on September 9, 1909, in his sixty-second year.

I have confined this sketch in the main to matters and con-

siderations incidental to Mr. Harriman's business career. I have refrained, among other things, from touching on the important and somewhat stormy chapter of his political activities, as I have little first-hand knowledge regarding them, except in connection with certain episodes which are too recent and of too personal a nature to discuss at present.

There is many another episode, many another manifestation of Mr. Harriman's character and spirit that I might and should like to relate, but that I must pass over because of the limitations both of time and of discretion.

It was my privilege to be closely associated with Mr. Harriman, to be honored with his friendship and confidence, to see him almost daily during twelve years, to gain a close insight into the workings of his brain and soul. The better I got to know him, whom but very few knew and many misunderstood, the greater became my admiration for that remarkable man, the deeper my attachment. I am not blind to his shortcomings, but perfection is not of this world, and I believe it may be truly said of him as it was said of another great man that his faults were largely those of his generation, his virtues were his own.

I have said before that he came to hold a greater power in the railroad world than is likely ever to be held again by any one man. In this remark I had reference not only to the very exceptional combination of qualities in him (I know of no parallel to this particular combination in our industrial-financial history), but even more to the fact that his death coincided with what appears to be the ending of an epoch in our economic development. His career was the embodiment of unfettered individualism. For better or for worse—personally I believe for better unless we go too far and too fast—the people appear determined to put limits and restraints upon the exercise of economic power, just as in former days they put limits and restraints upon the absolutism of rulers. Therefore, I believe, there will be no successor to Mr. Harriman; there will be no other career like his.

WILLIAM KENT

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

An address given at the Memorial Service held in Chicago on November 17, 1918, at the Abraham Lincoln Center and All Souls Church, of which Dr. Jones was the founder and pastor for nearly forty years. William Kent, born in Chicago in 1864, is well known for his independent and efficient promotion of good government whether in Congress or out, in Chicago or in California.

We are here to commemorate one of the greatest men of the ages, a prophet whose peculiar task it was to adapt religion to our new-found democracy, and to teach to that democracy the need of religion.

His work is done. His voice has joined the Choir Invisible. Not in mourning do we come, but blessed with the solemn privilege of considering what this man has meant to us, and to the world, so that at the call of immanent duty we may go forth strengthened in heart and fixed in our purpose to pass his message on.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones was guide, philosopher and friend.

A rugged pioneer, brave, sure-footed and tireless. The path he blazed leads to a land where men know each other, and therefore cease from mistrust and hatred; an all-inclusive land where every man having broken bread and tasted salt with every other man, is bound by the kindly laws of hospitality.

Clearly to him came the vision of an ordered universe, where creature is related to Creator, and each to all. This was no mystic theory to be absorbed in self. It must be translated into terms of definite duty, into life and living. This man demanded the actual, the tangible, in terms of human welfare. Art for art's sake, thinking for its own sake, yes, religion for self-salvation, seemed fruitless abstractions to him. He held that beauty, truth and faith are in the world that they may

ameliorate the common lot. On him the consecrated, the inspired preacher, teacher and leader, was laid the duty of showing forth their messages.

His respect for the human soul demanded for each freedom of thought and expression—independence in all things—where such independence did not impinge upon the equal independence of others.

He had an honest hatred of shams. In this relative world no one had a keener sense of proportion. He led his life and said his say, regardless of conventions that had back of them no social meaning.

Stoic he was, and Christian. He could not respect himself as a stoic, if heedless of the Master's message concerning the neighbor.

This great city has often paid honor to him as one of its first citizens. He brought a new union of church and state, not a subordination of one to the other, but a realization that the sphere of the church is social, and that the organized state is the legally constituted expression of society—a realization that when the church ignores civics it is false to a great responsibility, and that government bereft of the altruism of religion is a selfish self-seeking failure. In his civic life, as in his religious life, he demanded the search for essentials. He sought a union for the general welfare —a union too often divided and destroyed by the irrelevancies of partisanship.

Of Jenkin Lloyd Jones as a friend I need not speak here. He was loyal and tender. To a mind that sought justice and righteousness there was added a heart full of pity.

His friendship was wide as the race of man—he cherished the friendship of dumb creatures—he was indeed friend of all the world.

The keynote of his life was unselfishness. Such a soul reflects to us the pity, the friendliness of God who gave it.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

CHARLES SUMNER

Eulogy by Lucius Q. C. Lamar, lawyer, United States Senator from Mississippi, cabinet officer, Supreme Court Justice (born in Jasper County, Georgia, September 1, 1825; died in Macon, Georgia, January 23, 1893), delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., April 28, 1874, on the death of Charles Sumner.

Mr. Speaker:—In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of the people whose representatives are here assembled.

Strange as, in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honor to his memory. Not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest of the lights which have illustrated the councils of the Government for nearly a quarter of a century; nor because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn"; not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance in a single instance a matter of indifference, but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career; traits which made him for a long period to a

large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not less the cause that now unites all these parties, even so widely differing, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains.

It is of these high moral qualities I wish to speak; for these have been the traits which in after years, as I have considered the acts and utterances of this remarkable man, fastened most strongly my attention, and impressed themselves most forcibly upon my imagination, my sensibilities, my heart. I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. I say nothing of his vast and varied stores of historical knowledge, or of the wide extent of his reading in the elegant literature of the ancient and modern time, or of his wonderful power of retaining what he had read, or of his readiness in drawing upon these fertile resources to illustrate his own arguments. I say nothing of his eloquence as an orator, of his skill as a logician, or of his powers of fascination in the unrestrained freedom of the social circle, which last it was my misfortune not to have experienced. These, indeed, were the qualities which gave him eminence not only in our country, but throughout the world, and which have made the name of Charles Sumner an integral part of our nation's glory. They were the qualities which gave to those moral traits of which I have spoken the power to impress themselves upon the history of the age and of civilization itself, and without which those traits, however intensely developed, would have exerted no influence beyond the personal circle immediately surrounding their possessor. More eloquent tongues than mine will do them justice. Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious Senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own State and her sister States of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact,

this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation, and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition; that the bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the Republic, and by the ablest statesman who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society itself or even to civilization; or, finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the Republic. Weighty as these conditions might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way

of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it.

But here let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitement of struggle between the sections—now past—I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the man whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect—I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity. For though he raised his voice, as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, in behalf of amnesty to the vanquished, and though he stood forward, ready to welcome back as brothers, and to reëstablish in their rights as citizens, those whose valor had nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved; yet he always insisted that the most ample protection and the largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow citizens of the South by far the larger portion, even those who most heartily acquiesced in and desired the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investing, in a single day, and without any preliminary tutelage, so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of freedom and voters, he would tolerate no half-way measures upon a point to him so vital.

Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically upon the ad-

ministration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last any and every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guarantees for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether his measures to secure this result showed him to be a practical statesman or a theoretical enthusiast, is a question on which any decision we may pronounce to-day must await the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South during the last two years of his life, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those toward whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South—though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people of the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends—to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched the heart of the South, and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by the devotion to constitutional liberty, and the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifice endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementoes of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor.

Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak, not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and the Constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune, and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly and without premonition a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fullness of my heart while there was yet time. How often it is, that death thus brings, unavailing, back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved, in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered, frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken, and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentment remain unrepaired!

Charles Sumner, in life, believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment—or if it is not, ought it not to be—of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common Government, forming unitedly but a single member of a great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart, as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer of

human sorrow, this great pleader for the exercise of human charity and tenderness, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart?

Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed, not merely in public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these, my Southern brothers, whose hearts are so unfolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all, and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result, with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnificent emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist, and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another!"

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was born at St. Lin in the Province of Quebec in 1841. He studied at McGill University and was called to the bar in 1864. From his entrance to the Canadian parliament in 1874, his marked oratorical ability won him a place in the front rank. He became Prime Minister of the Dominion in 1896, a position which he retained until the defeat of the Liberals in 1911. His notable address of August 19, 1914, in support of England in the Great War is printed in Volume XII of Modern Eloquence and an after-dinner speech in Volume II. In paying the following tribute to Queen Victoria, in the Canadian parliament on February 8, 1901, Sir Wilfrid doubtless recalled the brilliant spectacle of her diamond jubilee four years earlier. On attending the jubilee he was accorded the first place in the procession of colonial dignitaries, was appointed knight and received honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge. He died in 1919.

We have met under the shadow of a death which has caused more universal mourning than has ever been recorded in the pages of history. In these words there is no exaggeration; they are the literal truth. There is mourning in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, and in the many islands and continents which form the great empire over which extended the sovereignty of Queen Victoria. There is mourning deep, sincere, heartfelt in the mansions of the great, and of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor and lowly; for to all her subjects, whether high or low, whether rich or poor, the queen, in her long reign had become an object of almost sacred veneration.

There is sincere and unaffected regret in all of the nations of Europe, for all the nations of Europe had learned to appreciate, to admire, and to envy the many qualities of Queen Victoria, those many public and domestic virtues which were the pride of her subjects.

There is genuine grief in the neighboring nation of seventy-five million inhabitants, the kinsmen of her own people, by whom at all times and under all circumstances her name was held in high reverence, and where, in the darkest days of the Civil War, when the relations of the two countries were strained almost to the point of snapping, the poet Whittier well expressed the feeling of his countrymen when he exclaimed:

> We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
> To England's Queen, God bless her.

There is wailing and lamentation among the savage and barbarian peoples of her vast empire, in the wigwams of our own Indian tribes, in the huts of the colored races of Africa and of India, to whom she was at all times the Great Mother, the living impersonation of majesty and benevolence. Aye, and there is mourning also, genuine and unaffected, in the farm-houses of South Africa, which have been lately and still are devastated by war, for it is a fact that above the clang of arms, above the many angers engendered by the war, the name of Queen Victoria was always held in high respect, even by those who are fighting her troops, as a symbol of justice, and perhaps her kind hand was much relied upon when the supreme hour of reconciliation should come.

Undoubtedly we may find in history instances where death has caused perhaps more passionate outbursts of grief, but it is impossible to find instances where death has caused so universal, so sincere, so heartfelt an expression of sorrow. In the presence of these many evidences of grief which come not only from her own dominions, but from all parts of the globe; in the presence of so many tokens of admiration, where it is not possible to find a single, discordant note; in the presence of the immeasurable void caused by the death of Queen Victoria, it is not too much to say that the grave has just closed upon one of the great characters of history.

What is greatness? We are accustomed to call great those exceptional beings upon whom heaven has bestowed some of its choicest gifts, which astonish and dazzle the world by the

splendor of faculties, phenomenally developed, even when these faculties are much marred by defects and weaknesses which make them nugatory of the good.

But this is not, in my estimation at least, the highest conception of greatness. The equipoise of a well-balanced mind, the equilibrium of faculties well and evenly ordered, the luminous insight of a calm judgment, are gifts which are as rarely found in one human being as the possession of the more dazzling though less solid qualities. And when these high qualities are found in a ruler of men, combined with purity of soul, kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, elevation of purpose, and devotion to duty, this is what seems to me to be the highest conception of greatness, greatness which will be abundantly productive of happiness and glory to the people under such a sovereign. If I mistake not, such was the character of Queen Victoria, and such were the results of her rule. It has been our privilege to live under her reign, and it must be admitted that her reign was of the grandest in history, rivaling in length and more than rivaling in glory the long reign of Louis XIV, and, more than the reign of Louis XIV, likely to project its luster into future ages.

If we cast our glance back over the sixty-four years into which was encompassed the reign of Queen Victoria, we stand astonished, however familiar we may be with the facts, at the development of civilization which has taken place during that period. We stand astonished at the advance of culture, of wealth, of legislation, of education, of literature, of the arts and sciences, of locomotion by land and by sea, and of almost every department of human activity.

The age of Queen Victoria must be held to be on a par with the most famous within the memory of man. Of course, of many facts and occurrences which have contributed to make the reign of Queen Victoria what it was, to give it the splendor which has created such an impression upon her own country, and which has shed such a luminous trail all over the world, many took place apart and away from her influence. Many events took place in relation to which the most partial panegyrists would, no doubt, have to say, that they were simply the happy circumstance of the time in which she lived.

Science, for instance, might have obtained the same degree of development under another monarch.

It is also possible that literature might have flourished under another monarch, but I believe that the contention can be advanced, and advanced truly, that the literature of the Victorian age, to a large extent reflected the influence of the queen. To the eternal glory of the literature of the reign of Queen Victoria be it said, that it was pure and absolutely free from the grossness which disgraced it in former ages, and which still unhappily is the shame of the literature of other countries. Happy indeed is the country whose literature is of such a character that it can be the intellectual food of the family circle; that it can be placed by the mother in the hands of her daughter with abundant assurance that while the mind is improved the heart is not polluted. Such is the literature of the Victorian age. For this blessing, in my judgment, no small credit is due to the example and influence of our departed queen. It is a fact well known in history, that in England as in other countries, the influence of the sovereign was always reflected upon the literature of the reign. In former ages, when the court was impure, the literature of the nation was impure, but in the age of Queen Victoria, where the life of the court was pure, the literature of the age was pure also. If it be true that there is a real connection between the high moral standard of the court of the sovereign and the literature of the age, then I can say without hesitation that Queen Victoria has conferred, not only upon her own people, but upon mankind at large, a gift for which we can never have sufficient appreciation.

Queen Victoria was the first of all sovereigns who was absolutely impersonal—impersonal politically, I mean. Whether the question at issue was the abolition of the Corn Laws, or the war in the Crimea, or the extension of the suffrage, or the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or Home Rule in Ireland, the queen never gave any information of what her views were upon any of these great political issues. Her subjects never knew what were her personal views, though views she had, because she was a woman of strong intellect, and we know that she followed public events with great eagerness. We can

presume, indeed we know, that whenever a new policy was presented to her by her prime minister she discussed that policy with him, and sometimes approved or sometimes, perhaps, dissented.

But that is not all. The most remarkable event in the reign of Queen Victoria—an event which took place in silence and unobserved—the most remarkable event in the reign of the late queen was the marvelous progress in Colonial development, development which, based upon local autonomy, ended in colonial expansion.

What has been the cause of that marvelous change? The cause is primarily the personality of Queen Victoria. Of course the visible and chief cause of all is the bold policy inaugurated many years ago of introducing parliamentary constitutional government, and allowing the Colonies to govern themselves.

But, sir, it is manifest that self-government could never have been truly effective in Canada had it not been that there was a wise sovereign reigning in England, who had herself given the fullest measure of constitutional government to her own people. If the people of England had not been ruled by a wise queen; if they had not themselves possessed parliamentary government in the truest sense of the term; if the British Parliament had been as it had been under former kings in open contention with the sovereign, then it is quite manifest that Canada could not have enjoyed the development of constitutional government which she enjoys to-day. It is quite manifest that if the people of England had not possessed constitutional government in the fullest degree at home, they could not have given it to the Colonies; and thus the action of the queen in giving constitutional government to England has strengthened the throne, not only in England, but in the Colonies as well.

At the close of the Civil War, when the union of the United States had been confirmed, when slavery had been abolished, when rebellion had been put down, the civilized world was shocked to hear of the foul assassination of the wise and good man who had carried his country through that ordeal. Then the good heart and sound judgment of the queen were again manifested. She sent a letter to the widow of the martyred president—not as the queen of Great Britain to the widow of

the president of the United States, but she sent a letter of sympathy from a widow to a widow, herself being then in the first years of her own bereavement. That action on her part made a very deep impression upon the minds of the American people; it touched not only the heart of the widowed wife, but the heart of the widowed nation; it stirred the souls of strong men; it caused tears to course down the cheeks of veterans who had courted death during the previous four years on a thousand battlefields.

I do not say that it brought about reconciliation, but it made reconciliation possible. It was the first rift in the clouds; and to-day, in the time of England's mourning, the American people flock to their churches, pouring their blessings upon the memory of Britain's queen. I do not hope, I do not believe it possible, that the two countries which were severed in the eighteenth century, can ever be again united politically; but perhaps it is not too much to hope that the friendship thus inaugurated by the hand of the queen may continue to grow until the two nations are united again, not by legal bonds, but by ties of affection as strong, perhaps, as if sanctioned by all the majesty of the laws of the two countries; and if such an event were ever to take place, the credit of it would be due to the wise and noble woman who thus would have proved herself to be one of the greatest statesmen simply by following the instincts of her heart.

Sir, in a life in which there is so much to be admired, perhaps the one thing most to be admired is that naturalness, that simplicity in the character of the queen which showed itself in such actions as I have just described. From the first day of her reign to the last, she conquered and kept the affections of her people, simply because under all circumstances, and on all occasions, whether important or trivial, she did the one thing that ought to be done, and did it in the way most natural and simple.

She is now no more—no more? Nay, I boldly say she lives—lives in the hearts of her subjects; lives in the pages of history. And as the ages revolve, as her pure profile stands more marked against the horizon of time, the verdict of posterity will ratify the judgment of those who were her subjects. She

ennobled mankind; she exalted royalty; the world is better for her life.

Sir, the queen is no more; let us with one heart say, Long live the king!

HENRY LEE

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON

Henry Lee, general in the Continental army, was born of a distinguished Virginia family, in 1756. He was governor of Virginia in 1792 and died in 1818. He was noted for his graceful and effective oratory, and chosen to deliver the following eulogy shortly after Washington's death. The address, here much abridged, was made in Philadelphia, December 26, 1799.

In obedience to your will, I rise, your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning which you have been pleased to adopt, commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has ever produced; and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate excellence you so cordially honor.

Desperate, indeed, is any attempt on earth to meet correspondently this dispensation of Heaven; for while with pious resignation we submit to the will of an all-gracious Providence, we can never cease lamenting, in our finite view of Omnipotent wisdom, the heartrending privation for which our nation weeps.

. . . . . .

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was kind; to his inferiors condescending; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender.

Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life; although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep-sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation; go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue of foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss Heaven bestows."

RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

This memorial address was delivered in the Canadian House of Commons on February 25, 1919. The Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux was born in Montreal in 1866, began the practice of law in 1891, and became a member of Parliament in 1896. He was elected Speaker of the House of Commons in 1922.

Mr. Speaker, the Shadow of Death has stalked through this Chamber; a chair stands vacant. As we gaze upon the flowers strewn about us, which, by the morrow, will have withered away, more deeply than ever do we understand the baffling brevity of this life's span, the specious vanity of each and every thing. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is no more.

The mellow voice which for so long enthralled this assembly and stirred the enthusiasm of all who heard it, is silent.

> The trumpet's silver voice is still,
> The warder silent on the hill.

The last survivor of a great generation, he whose imposing stature, whose eagle eye and whose white plume recalled those noblemen of the eighteenth century, such as we meet them still in medallions of olden times, is sleeping his last sleep.

An illustrious ancestor has passed away. Let us incline our heads with respect in the presence of this grave: its closing writes "finis" to a whole epoch of our history.

Death is a law and not a punishment. No one better understood this profound truth than the eminent statesman whose loss we mourn. He had long since made his preparations for the voyage from Time into Eternity. Without bitterness the old gladiator saw himself disarmed as he was about to descend once more into the arena. His spirit passed gently, serenely,

as though 'midst the darkening shadows of life's falling night the Faith of his forefathers had already revealed the gleam of dawn, presage of Eternal Day.

Speaking here in the name of my colleagues of the old French province who counted him her most distinguished son, and whose idol he became, it does the heart good to recall that throughout his entire career he was ever faithful to his origin and to the finest traditions of his race.

"I love," he was wont to say, "I love France who gave us birth, I love England who gave us liberty, but the first place in my heart belongs to Canada, my country, my native land."

This striking formula was, if I may speak thus, the Ideal, the Polar Star which guided his public life. Affectionate gratitude towards the nation, resplendent among all nations—whose sons we have the honor to be—the splendor of whose glory lights up the highest summits; unswerving loyalty towards that great and generous nation who inherited the administrative genius of the Romans and of whom Tennyson could say that hers was the classic land of liberty. But, first and foremost, Laurier was a Canadian. To his French inheritance he owed his golden tongue, his keen intellectual vision, the boldness and the grandeur of his conceptions. To his contact with the great English school, the school of Burke, Fox, Pitt, O'Connell, Gladstone, he owed his deep practical knowledge of British institutions and it may be said without exaggeration that it was by assimilating the teachings of these parliamentary leaders that Sir Wilfred Laurier made for himself a lasting niche in the Hall of Fame. . . .

Were I called upon to define the outstanding qualities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a statesman, I would say that his moderation was a driving power in itself, his gift of expression a shining light, and that, with this master of oratory, sound judgment and common sense outweighed his very eloquence.

His worthy manner of living, his thorough honesty, his perfect equanimity through the worst ordeals, his devouring intellectual activity, his unimpeachable righteousness, his home life imbued with such charm and beauty, his loyalty to friends, his discreet charity, but, above all, his eloquence exerted in behalf of the down-trodden, all these recall in many respects

some distinctive characteristics of Gladstone and Lincoln.

We shall no longer have before our eyes those refined and aristocratic features of Laurier, whose most amiable smile went to the plebeian, the needy, the humble, the lowly and the feeble; but his memory made immortal in works of bronze and marble will pass on to coming generations as one of the greatest embodiments of virtue in public and private life, as one of the finest products of human-kind in the last century.

We, his followers, his admirers, find solace in the thought that he died in the way he had wished to die. As the Norman knights of old, it was clothed in his armor that he appeared before the Supreme Judge. Death, the soother of all suffering, was to him like the declining hours of a beautiful day.

Before closing his eyes to things terrestrial, he had the supreme joy of seeing the Allies victorious. Enamored of freedom and justice, he witnessed the downfall in Europe of autocracy and its instrument, militarism, and the founding on their ruins of the League of Nations.

As of yore at Inkermann and at Sebastopol, he saw our two great mother countries clasping hands and joining their forces on the battle-field, and our sons rushing with a light heart to meet together a glorious death and take their full share of sacrifice and victory.

Yes, he was granted that supreme consolation of seeing France, France which was branded as frivolous, because she was cheerful, standing before the whole world as an example of endurance and fortitude, showing herself to the oppressed what she had ever been, the shield of civilization, the champion of right. He beheld England, that country deemed cold and self-seeking, set out all her sails, spend lavishly of her wealth, call to arms all her children to rescue the world from oppression.

The alliance of these two great powers, sealed by the purest of blood, was especially dear to his heart. To him it appeared like the rainbow which breaks through the clouds, and which is described in the Holy Writ as a messenger of peace, a presage of better days to all men of good will.

Oh Laurier! should there remain something to be done towards the fulfillment of that triumph of harmony and good

will which you have so persistently striven to bring about, then those younger Canadians whose teacher you were will in turn take up the work and carry it to its full completion. They will pride themselves in following in your footsteps along the rugged and endless path of duty which you have opened and pointed out to them.

And now, with this last farewell, allow us to mingle the expression of our deep sense of gratitude. We are thankful to you, Laurier, for having ever remained worthy of the part entrusted to you by Providence, since from the palaces of our sovereigns and from the most humble farm house, from the towering cathedral as well as from the smallest country church, there ascends towards heaven the same hymn of gratitude.

We say farewell and we thank you. We thank you for having thus gathered around you your own people, the descendants of those Canadians of old, the last to give up the fight in that last battle, who, with souls anguished by defeat, escorted the Marquis of Montcalm from the gates of Old Quebec to the Château Saint-Louis, on the night following the battle on the Plains of Abraham. We thank you for having lifted them up to you and invited them to share your glory.

We say farewell and we thank you. We thank you for the shining memento which you bequeathed to the historian at large. Its brilliancy will not fade. It will be a guiding light which the tempest-beaten mariner will look to. It will be as a pillar of fire which will guide, on their march towards the promised land of a better Dominion, all sections of the Canadian people, reconciled at last to one another and linked together by the bonds of a "Union sacrée."

Farewell. Close to your resting place, amid maples and poplars, adorned by the coming spring with luxuriant foliage, we shall, many of us, congregate to pray in the tongue of your ancestors. The field wherein you lie, whose tender embrace you received, will be light to you. For it is part of that native land whose history is three centuries old and whose motherly womb will some day cover our meanness with its vastness and shroud our nothingness with its eternity. Adieu!

HENRY CABOT LODGE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Henry Cabot Lodge was born in Boston in 1850 and received the degrees of A.B., LL.B., Ph.D. from Harvard. He was elected to Congress in 1880 and was United States Senator from Massachusetts from 1893 until his death in 1924. As Chairman of the foreign affairs in the Senate, he played a prominent part in the discussion of the Peace Treaty. Senator Lodge was widely known both as a scholar and a writer, as well as an orator and a leader in public affairs. He and Theodore Roosevelt were intimate friends as well as political associates. Senator Lodge's eulogy on President Roosevelt was delivered before the Congress on Sunday, Feb. 9, 1919. Another speech is given in Volume XI.

A tower is fallen, a star is set! Alas! Alas! for Celin.

The words of lamentation from the old Moorish ballad, which in boyhood we used to recite, must, I think, have risen to many lips when the world was told that Theodore Roosevelt was dead. But whatever the phrase the thought was instant and everywhere. Variously expressed, you heard it in the crowds about the bulletin boards, from the man in the street and the man on the railroads, from the farmer in the fields, the women in the shops, in the factories, and in the homes. The pulpit found in his life a text for sermons. The judge on the bench, the child at school, alike paused for a moment, conscious of a loss. The cry of sorrow came from men and women of all conditions, high and low, rich and poor, from the learned and the ignorant, from the multitude who had loved and followed him, and from those who had opposed and resisted him. The newspapers pushed aside the absorbing reports of the events of these fateful days and gave pages to the man who had died. Flashed beneath the ocean and through the air went

the announcement of his death, and back came a world-wide response from courts and cabinets, from press and people, in other and far-distant lands. Through it all ran a golden thread of personal feeling which gleams so rarely in the somber formalism of public grief. Everywhere the people felt in their hearts that:

> A power was passing from the Earth
> To breathless Nature's dark abyss.

It would seem that here was a man, a private citizen, conspicuous by no office, with no glitter of power about him, no ability to reward or punish, gone from the earthly life, who must have been unusual even among the leaders of men, and who thus demands our serious consideration.

This is a thought to be borne in mind to-day. We meet to render honor to the dead, to the great American whom we mourn. But there is something more to be done. We must remember that when History, with steady hand and calm eyes, free from the passions of the past, comes to make up the final account, she will call as her principal witnesses the contemporaries of the man or the event awaiting her verdict. Here and elsewhere the men and women who knew Theodore Roosevelt or who belong to his period will give public utterance to their emotions and to their judgments in regard to him. This will be part of the record to which the historian will turn when our living present has become the past, of which it is his duty to write. Thus is there a responsibility placed upon each one of us who will clearly realize that here, too, is a duty to posterity, whom we would fain guide to the truth as we see it, and to whose hands we commit our share in the history of our beloved country—that history so much of which was made under his leadership.

We can not approach Theodore Roosevelt along the beaten paths of eulogy or satisfy ourselves with the empty civilities of commonplace funereal tributes, for he did not make his life journey over main-traveled roads, nor was he ever commonplace. Cold and pompous formalities would be unsuited to him who was devoid of affectation, who was never self-

conscious, and to whom posturing to draw the public gaze seemed not only repellent but vulgar. He had that entire simplicity of manner and mode of life which is the crowning result of the highest culture and the finest nature. Like Cromwell, he would always have said: "Paint me as I am." In that spirit, in his spirit of devotion to truth's simplicity, I shall try to speak of him to-day in the presence of the representatives of the great Government of which he was for seven years the head.

The rise of any man from humble or still more from sordid beginnings to the heights of success always and naturally appeals strongly to the imagination. It furnishes a vivid contrast which is as much admired as it is readily understood. It still retains the wonder which such success awakened in the days of hereditary lawgivers and high privileges of birth. Birth and fortune, however, mean much less now than two centuries ago. To climb from the place of a printer's boy to the highest rank in science, politics, and diplomacy would be far easier to-day than in the eighteenth century, given a genius like Franklin to do it. Moreover the real marvel is in the soaring achievement itself, no matter what the origin of the man who comes by "the people's unbought grace to rule his native land" and who on descending from the official pinnacle still leads and influences thousands upon thousands of his fellow men.

Theodore Roosevelt had the good fortune to be born of a well-known, long-established family, with every facility for education and with an atmosphere of patriotism and disinterested service both to country and humanity all about him. In his father he had before him an example of lofty public spirit, from which it would have been difficult to depart. But if the work of his ancestors relieved him from the hard struggle which meets an unaided man at the outset, he also lacked the spur of necessity to prick the sides of his intent, in itself no small loss. As a balance to the opportunity which was his without labor, he had not only the latter difficulties which come to him to whom fate has been kind at the start, he had also spread before him the temptations inseparable from such inherited advantages as fell to his lot. Temptations to a life of sports and pleasure, to lettered ease, to an amateur's career

in one of the fine arts, perhaps to a money-making business, likewise an inheritance, none of them easily to be set aside in obedience to the stern rule that the larger and more facile the opportunity the greater and more insistent the responsibility. How he refused to tread the pleasant paths that opened to him on all sides and took the instant way which led over the rough road of toil and action his life discloses.

At the beginning, moreover, he had physical difficulties not lightly to be overcome. He was a delicate child, suffering acutely from attacks of asthma. He was not a strong boy, was retiring, fond of books, and with an intense but solitary devotion to natural history. As his health gradually improved he became possessed by the belief, although he perhaps did not then formulate it, that in the fields of active life a man could do that which he willed to do; and this faith was with him to the end. It became very evident when he went to Harvard. He made himself an athlete by sheer hard work. Hampered by extreme near-sightedness, he became none the less a formidable boxer and an excellent shot. He stood high in scholarship, but as he worked hard, so he played hard, and was popular in the university and beloved by his friends. For a shy and delicate boy all this meant solid achievement, as well as unusual determination and force of will. Apparently he took early to heart and carried out to fulfillment the noble lines of Clough's "Dipsychus":

> In light things
> Prove thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,
> Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks
> Whence come great Nature's Captains. And high deeds
> Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
> But the pell-mell of men.

When a young man comes out of college he descends suddenly from the highest place in a little world to a very obscure corner in a great one. It is something of a shock, and there is apt to be a chill in the air. Unless the young man's life has been planned beforehand and a place provided for him by others, which is exceptional, or unless he is fortunate in a strong and dominating purpose or talent which drives him to

science or art or some particular profession, he finds himself at this period pausing and wondering where he can get a grip upon the vast and confused world into which he has been plunged.

It is a trying and only too frequently a disheartening experience, this looking for a career, this effort to find employment in a huge and hurrying crowd which appears to have no use for the newcomer. Roosevelt, thus cast forth on his own resources, his father, so beloved by him, having died two years before, fell to work at once, turning to the study of the law, which he did not like, and to the completion of a history of the War of 1812 which he had begun while still in college. With few exceptions, young beginners in the difficult art of writing are either too exuberant or too dry. Roosevelt said that his book was as dry as an encyclopedia, thus erring in precisely the direction one would not have expected. The book, be it said, was by no means so dry as he thought it, and it had some other admirable qualities. It was clear and thorough, and the battles by sea and land, especially the former, which involved the armaments and crews, the size and speed of the ships engaged in the famous frigate and sloop actions, of which we won eleven out of thirteen, were given with a minute accuracy never before attempted in the accounts of this war, and which made the book an authority, a position it holds to this day.

This was a good deal of sound work for a boy's first year out of college. But it did not content Roosevelt. Inherited influences and inborn desires made him earnest and eager to render some public service. In pursuit of this aspiration he jointed the Twenty-first Assembly District Republican Association of the city of New York, for by such machinery all politics were carried on in those days. It was not an association composed of his normal friends; in fact, the members were not only eminently practical persons but they were inclined to be rough in their methods. They were not dreamers, nor were they laboring under many illusions. Roosevelt went among them a complete stranger. He differed from them with entire frankness, concealed nothing, and by his strong and simple democratic ways, his intense Americanism, and the

magical personal attraction which went with him to the end, made some devoted friends. One of the younger leaders, "Joe" Murray, believed in him, became especially attached to him, and so continued until death separated them. Through Murray's efforts he was elected to the New York Assembly in 1881, and thus only one year after leaving college his public career began. He was just twenty-three.

Very few men make an effective State reputation in their first year in the lower branch of the State legislature. I never happened to hear of one who made a national reputation in such a body. Roosevelt did both. When he left the assembly after three years' service he was a national figure, well known, and of real importance, and also a delegate at large from the great State of New York to the Republican national convention of 1884, where he played a leading part. Energy, ability, and the most entire courage were the secret of his extraordinary success. It was a time of flagrant corporate influence in the New York Legislature of the "Black Horse Cavalry," of a group of members who made money by sustaining corporation measures or by levying on corporations and capital through the familiar artifice of "strike bills." Roosevelt attacked them all openly and aggressively and never silently or quietly. He fought for the impeachment of a judge solely because he believed the judge corrupt, which surprised some of his political associates of both parties, there being, as one practical thinker observed, "no politics in politics." He failed to secure the impeachment, but the fight did not fail, nor did the people forget it; and despite—perhaps because of—the enemies he made, he was twice reëlected. He became at the same time a distinct, well-defined figure to the American people. He had touched the popular imagination. In this way he performed the unexampled feat of leaving the New York Assembly which he had entered three years before an unknown boy, with a national reputation and with his name at least known throughout the United States. He was twenty-six years old.

When he left Chicago at the close of the national convention in June, 1884, he did not return to New York, but went West to the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri Valley, where he had purchased a ranch in the previous year. The early love of

natural history which never abated had developed into a passion for hunting and for life in the open. He had begun in the wilds of Maine and then turned to the West and to a cattle ranch to gratify both tastes. The life appealed to him and he came to love it. He herded and rounded up his cattle, he worked as a cow-puncher, only rather harder than any of them, and in the intervals he hunted and shot big game. He also came in contact with men of a new type, rough, sometimes dangerous, but always vigorous and often picturesque. With them he had the same success as with the practical politicians of the Twenty-first Assembly District, although they were widely different specimens of mankind. But all alike were human at bottom and so was Roosevelt. He argued with them, rode with them, camped with them, played and joked with them, but was always master of his outfit. They respected him and also liked him, because he was at all times simple, straight-forward, outspoken, and sincere. He became a popular and well-known figure in that western country and was regarded as a good fellow, a "white man," entirely fearless, thoroughly good-natured, and kind, never quarrelsome, and never safe to trifle with, bully, or threaten. The life and experiences of that time found their way into a book, "The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," interesting in description and adventure and also showing a marked literary quality.

In 1886 he ran as Republican candidate for mayor of New York and might have been elected had his own party stood by him. But many excellent men of Republican faith—the "timid good," as he called them—panic-stricken by the formidable candidacy of Henry George, flocked to the support of Mr. Abram Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, as the man most certain to defeat the menacing champion of single taxation. Roosevelt was beaten, but his campaign, which was entirely his own and the precursor of many others, his speeches with their striking quality then visible to the country for the first time, all combined to fix the attention of the people upon the losing candidate. Roosevelt was the one of the candidates who was most interesting, and again he had touched the imagination of the people and cut a little deeper into the popular consciousness and memory.

Two years more of private life, devoted to his home, where his greatest happiness was always found, to his ranch, to reading and writing books, and then came an active part in the campaign of 1888, resulting in the election of President Harrison, who made him civil-service commissioner in the spring of 1889. He was in his thirty-first year. Civil-service reform as a practical question was then in its initial stages. The law establishing it, limited in extent and forced through by a few leaders of both parties in the Senate, was only six years old. The promoters of the reform, strong in quality, but weak in numbers, had compelled a reluctant acceptance of the law by exercising a balance-of-power vote in certain States and districts. It had few earnest supporters in Congress, some lukewarm friends, and many strong opponents. All the active politicians were practically against it. Mr. Conkling had said that when Dr. Johnson told Boswell "that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel" he was ignorant of the possibilities of the word "reform," and this witticism met with a large response.

Civil-service reform, meaning the establishment of a classified service and the removal of routine administrative offices from politics, had not reached the masses of the people at all. The average voter knew and cared nothing about it. When six years later Roosevelt resigned from the commission the great body of the people knew well what civil-service reform meant, large bodies of voters cared a great deal about it, and it was established and spreading its control. We have had many excellent men who have done good work in the Civil Service Commission, although that work is neither adventurous nor exciting and rarely attracts public attention but no one has ever forgotten that Theodore Roosevelt was once civil-service commissioner.

He found the law struggling for existence, laughed at, sneered at, surrounded by enemies in Congress, and with but few fighting friends. He threw himself into the fray. Congress investigated the commission about once a year, which was exactly what Roosevelt desired. Annually, too, the opponents of the reform would try to defeat the appropriation for the commission, and this again was playing into Roosevelt's hands, for it

led to debates, and the newspapers as a rule sustained the reform. Senator Gorman mourned in the Senate over the cruel fate of a "bright young man" who was unable to tell on examination the distance from Baltimore to China, and thus was deprived of his inalienable right to serve his country in the post office. Roosevelt proved that no such question had ever been asked and requested the name of the "bright young man." The name was not forthcoming, and the victim of a question never asked goes down nameless to posterity in the Congressional Record as merely a "bright young man." Then General Grosvenor, a leading Republican of the House, denounced the commissioner for crediting his district with an appointee named Rufus Putnam who was not a resident of the district, and Roosevelt produced a letter from the general recommending Rufus Putnam as a resident of his district and a constituent. All this was unusual. Hitherto it had been a safe amusement to ridicule and jeer at civil-service reform, and here was a commissioner who dared to reply vigorously to attacks, and even to prove Senators and Congressmen to be wrong in their facts. The amusement of baiting the Civil Service Commission seemed to be less inviting than before, and, worse still, the entertaining features seemed to have passed to the public, who enjoyed and approved the commissioner who disregarded etiquette and fought hard for the law he was appointed to enforce. The law suddenly took on new meaning and became clearly visible in the public mind, a great service to the cause of good government.

After six years' service in the Civil Service Commission Roosevelt left Washington to accept the position of president of the Board of Police Commissioners of the city of New York, which had been offered to him by Mayor Strong. It is speaking within bounds to say that the history of the police force of New York has been a checkered one in which the black squares have tended to predominate. The task which Roosevelt confronted was then, as always, difficult, and the machinery of four commissioners and a practically irremovable chief made action extremely slow and uncertain. Roosevelt set himself to expel politics and favoritism in appointments and promotions and to crush corruption everywhere. In some way he drove

through the obstacles and effected great improvements, although permanent betterment was perhaps impossible. Good men were appointed and meritorious men promoted as never before, while the corrupt and dangerous officers were punished in a number of instances sufficient, at least, to check and discourage evildoers. Discipline was improved, and the force became very loyal to the chief commissioner, because they learned to realize that he was fighting for right and justice without fear or favor. The results were also shown in the marked decrease of crime, which judges pointed out from the bench. Then, too, it was to be observed that a New York police commissioner suddenly attracted the attention of the country. The work which was being done by Roosevelt in New York, his midnight walks through the worst quarters of the great city, to see whether the guardians of the peace did their duty, which made the newspapers compare him to Haroun Al Raschid, all appealed to the popular imagination. A purely local office became national in his hands, and his picture appeared in the shops of European cities. There was something more than vigor and picturesqueness necessary to explain these phenomena.

The truth is that Roosevelt was really laboring through a welter of details to carry out certain general principles which went to the very roots of society and government. He wished the municipal administration to be something far greater than a business man's administration, which was the demand that had triumphed at the polls. He wanted to make it an administration of the workingmen, of the dwellers in the tenements, of the poverty and suffering which haunted the back streets and hidden purlieus of the huge city. The people did not formulate these purposes as they watched what he was doing, but they felt them and understood them by that instinct which is often so keen in vast bodies of men. The man who was toiling in the seeming obscurity of the New York police commission again became very distinct to his fellow countrymen and deepened their consciousness of his existence and their comprehension of his purposes and aspirations.

Striking as was the effect of his police work, it only lasted for two years. In 1897 he was offered by President McKinley,

whom he had energetically supported in the preceding campaign, the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He accepted at once, for the place and the work both appealed to him most strongly. The opportunity did not come without resistance. The President, an old friend, liked him and believed in him, but the Secretary of the Navy had doubts, and also fears that Roosevelt might be a disturbing and restless assistant. There were many politicians, too, especially in his own State, whom his activities as civil-service and police commissioner did not delight, and these men opposed him. But his friends were powerful and devoted, and the President appointed him.

His new place had to him a peculiar attraction. He loved the Navy. He had written its brilliant history in the War of 1812. He had done all in his power in stimulating public opinion to support the "new Navy" we were just then beginning to build. That war was coming with Spain he had no doubt. We were unprepared, of course, even for such a war as this, but Roosevelt set himself to do what could be done. The best and most farseeing officers rallied round him, but the opportunities were limited. There was much in detail accomplished which cannot be described here, but two acts of his which had very distinct effect upon the fortunes of the war must be noted. He saw very plainly—although most people never perceived it at all—that the Philippines would be a vital point in any war with Spain. For this reason it was highly important to have the right man in command of the Asiatic Squadron. Roosevelt was satisfied that Dewey was the right man, and that his rival was not. He set to work to secure the place for Dewey. Through the aid of the Senators from Dewey's native State and others, he succeeded. Dewey was ordered to the Asiatic Squadron. Our relations with Spain grew worse and worse. On February 25, 1898, war was drawing very near, and that Saturday afternoon Roosevelt happened to be Acting Secretary, and sent out the following cablegram:

Dewey—Hongkong.

Order the squadron, except the *Monocacy,* to Hongkong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war, Spain, your duty will be

to see that the Spanish Squadron does not leave the Asiatic Coast, and then offensive operations in the Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders.

ROOSEVELT.

I believe he was never again permitted to be Acting Secretary. But the deed was done. The wise word of readiness had been spoken and was not recalled. War came, and as April closed, Dewey, all prepared, slipped out of Hongkong and on May 1 fought the battle of Manila Bay.

Roosevelt, however, did not continue long in the Navy Department. Many of his friends felt that he was doing such admirable work there that he ought to remain, but as soon as war was declared he determined to go, and his resolution was not to be shaken. Nothing could prevent his fighting for his country when the country was at war. Congress had authorized three volunteer regiments of Cavalry, and the President and the Secretary of War gave to Leonard Wood—then a surgeon in the Regular Army—as colonel, and to Theodore Roosevelt, as lieutenant colonel, authority to raise one of these regiments, known officially as the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, and to all the country as the "Rough Riders." The regiment was raised chiefly in the Southwest and West, where Roosevelt's popularity and reputation among the cowboys and the ranchmen brought many eager recruits to serve with him. After the regiment had been organized and equipped they had some difficulty in getting to Cuba, but Roosevelt as usual broke through all obstacles, and finally succeeded, with Colonel Wood, in getting away with two battalions, leaving one battalion and the horses behind.

The regiment got into action immediately on landing and forced its way, after some sharp fighting in the jungle, to the high ground on which were placed the fortifications which defended the approach to Santiago. Colonel Wood was almost immediately given command of a brigade, and this left Roosevelt colonel of the regiment. In the battle which ensued and which resulted in the capture of the positions commanding Santiago and the bay, the Rough Riders took a leading part, storming one of the San Juan heights, which they christened

Kettle Hill, with Roosevelt leading the men in person. It was a dashing, gallant assault, well led and thoroughly successful. Santiago fell after the defeat of the fleet, and then followed a period of sickness and suffering—the latter due to unreadiness —where Roosevelt did everything with his usual driving energy to save his men, whose loyalty to their colonel went with them through life. The war was soon over, but brief as it had been Roosevelt and his men had highly distinguished themselves, and he stood out in the popular imagination as one of the conspicuous figures of the conflict. He brought his regiment back to the United States, where they were mustered out, and almost immediately afterward he was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for governor of the State of New York. The situation in New York was unfavorable for the Republicans, and the younger men told Senator Platt, who dominated the organization and who had no desire for Roosevelt, that unless he was nominated they could not win. Thus forced, the organization accepted him, and it was well for the party that they did so. The campaign was a sharp one and very doubtful, but Roosevelt was elected by a narrow margin and assumed office at the beginning of the new year of 1899. He was then in his forty-first year.

Many problems faced him and none were evaded. He was well aware that the "organization" under Senator Platt would not like many things he was sure to do, but he determined that he would have neither personal quarrels nor faction fights. He knew, being blessed with strong common sense, that the Republican Party, his own party, was the instrument by which alone he could attain his ends, and he did not intend that it should be blunted and made useless by internal strife. And yet he meant to have his own way. It was a difficult rôle which he undertook to play, but he succeeded. He had many differences with the organization managers, but he declined to lose his temper or to have a break, and he also refused to yield when he felt he was standing for the right and a principle was at stake. Thus he prevailed. He won on the canal question, changed the insurance commissioner, and carried the insurance legislation he desired. As in these cases, so it was in lesser things. In the police commission he had been strongly

impressed by the dangers as he saw them of the undue and often sinister influence of business finance, and great money interests upon government and politics. These feelings were deepened and broadened by his experience and observation on the larger stage of State's administration. The belief that political equality must be strengthened and sustained by industrial equality and a larger economic opportunity was constantly in his thoughts until it became a governing and guiding principle.

Meantime he grew steadily stronger among the people, not only of his own State but of the country, for he was well known throughout the West, and there they were watching eagerly to see how the ranchman and Colonel of Rough Riders, who had touched both their hearts and their imagination, was faring as governor of New York. The office he held is always regarded as related to the Presidency, and this, joined to his striking success as governor, brought him into the presidential field wherever men speculated about the political future. It was universally agreed that McKinley was to be renominated, and so the talk turned to making Roosevelt Vice President. A friend wrote to him in the summer of 1899 as to this drift of opinion, then assuming serious proportions. "Do not attempt," he said, "to thwart the popular desire. You are not a man nor are your close friends men who can plan, arrange, and manage you into office. You must accept the popular wish, whatever it is, follow your star, and let the future care for itself. It is the tradition of our politics, and a very poor tradition, that the Vice Presidency is a shelf. It ought to be, and there is no reason why it should not be, a stepping-stone. Put there by the popular desire, it would be so to you." This view, quite naturally, did not commend itself to Governor Roosevelt at the moment. He was doing valuable work in New York; he was deeply engaged in important reforms which he had much at heart and which he wished to carry through; and the Vice Presidency did not attract him. A year later he was at Philadelphia, a delegate at large from his State, with his mind unchanged as to the Vice Presidency, while his New York friends, anxious to have him continue his work at Albany, were urging him to refuse. Senator Platt, for

obvious reasons, wished to make him Vice President, another obstacle to his taking it. Roosevelt forced the New York delegation to agree on some one else for Vice President, but he could not hold the convention, nor could Senator Hanna, who wisely accepted the situation. Governor Roosevelt was nominated on the first ballot, all other candidates withdrawing. He accepted the nomination, little as he liked it.

Thus when it came to the point he instinctively followed his star and grasped the unvacillating hand of destiny. Little did he think that destiny would lead him to the White House through a tragedy which cut him to the heart. He was on a mountain in the Adirondacks when a guide made his way to him across the forest with a telegram telling him that McKinley, the wise, the kind, the gentle, with nothing in his heart but good will to all men, was dying from a wound inflicted by an anarchist murderer, and that the Vice President must come to Buffalo at once. A rapid night drive through the woods and a special train brought him to Buffalo. McKinley was dead before he arrived, and that evening Governor Roosevelt was sworn in as President of the United States.

Within the narrow limits of an address it is impossible to give an account of an administration of seven years which will occupy hundreds of pages when the history of the United States during that period is written. It was a memorable administration, memorable in itself and not by the accident of events, and large in its accomplishment. It began with a surprise. There were persons in the United States who had carefully cultivated, and many people who had accepted without thought, the idea that Roosevelt was in some way a dangerous man. They gloomily predicted that there would be a violent change in the policies and in the officers of the McKinley administration. But Roosevelt had not studied the history of his country in vain. He knew that in three of the four cases where Vice Presidents had succeeded to the Presidency through the death of the elected President their coming had resulted in a violent shifting of policies and men, and, as a consequence, in most injurious dissensions, which in two cases at least proved fatal to the party in power. In all four instances the final obliteration of the Vice President who had come into power

through the death of his chief was complete. President Roosevelt did not intend to permit any of these results. As soon as he came into office he announced that he intended to retain President McKinley's Cabinet and to carry out his policies, which had been sustained at the polls. To those overzealous friends who suggested that he could not trust the appointees of President McKinley and that he would be but a pallid imitation of his predecessor he replied that he thought, in any event, the administration would be his, and that if new occasions required new policies, he felt that he could meet them, and that no one would suspect him of being a pallid imitation of anybody. His decision, however, gratified and satisfied the country, and it was not apparent that Roosevelt was hampered in any way in carrying out his own policies by this wise refusal to make sudden and violent changes.

Those who were alarmed about what he might do had also suggested that with his combative propensities he was likely to involve the country in war. Yet there never has been an administration, as afterwards appeared, when we were more perfectly at peace with all the world, nor were our foreign relations ever in danger of producing hostilities. But this was not due in the least to the adoption of a timid or yielding foreign policy; on the contrary, it was owing to the firmness of the President in all foreign questions and the knowledge which other nations soon acquired that President Roosevelt was a man who never threatened unless he meant to carry out his threat, the result being that he was not obliged to threaten at all. One of his earliest successes was forcing the settlement of the Alaskan boundary question, which was the single open question with Great Britain that was really dangerous and contained within itself possibilities of war. The accomplishment of this settlement was followed later, while Mr. Root was Secretary of State, by the arrangement of all our outstanding differences with Canada, and during Mr. Root's tenure of office over thirty treaties were made with different nations, including a number of practical and valuable treaties of arbitration. When Germany started to take advantage of the difficulties in Venezuela the affair culminated in the dispatch of Dewey and the fleet to the Caribbean, the withdrawal of

England at once, and the agreement of Germany to the reference of all subjects of difference to arbitration. It was President Roosevelt whose good offices brought Russia and Japan together in a negotiation which closed the war between those two powers. It was Roosevelt's influence which contributed powerfully to settling the threatening controversy between Germany, France, and England in regard to Morocco, by the Algeciras conference. It was Roosevelt who sent the American fleet of battleships round the world, one of the most convincing peace movements ever made on behalf of the United States. Thus it came about that this President, dreaded at the beginning on account of his combative spirit, received the Nobel prize in 1906 as the person who had contributed most to the peace of the world in the preceding years, and his contribution was the result of strength and knowledge and not of weakness.

At home he recommended to Congress legislation which was directed toward a larger control of the railroads and to removing the privileges and curbing the power of great business combinations obtained through rebates and preferential freight rates. This legislation led to opposition in Congress and to much resistance by those affected. As we look back, this legislation, so much contested at the time, seems very moderate, but it was none the less momentous. President Roosevelt never believed in Government ownership, but he was thoroughly in favor of strong and effective Government supervision and regulation of what are now known generally as public utilities. He had a deep conviction that the political influence of financial and business interests and of great combinations of capital had become so great that the American people were beginning to distrust their own Government, than which there could be no greater peril to the Republic. By his measures and by his general attitude toward capital and labor both he sought to restore and maintain the confidence of the people in the Government they had themselves created.

In the Panama Canal he left the most enduring, as it was the most visible, monument of his administration. Much criticized at the moment for his action in regard to it, which time since then has justified and which history will praise, the great fact remains that the canal is there. He said himself

that he made up his mind that it was his duty to establish the canal and have the debate about it afterwards, which seemed to him better than to begin with indefinite debate and have no canal at all. This is a view which posterity both at home and abroad will accept and approve.

These, passing over as we must in silence many other beneficent acts, are only a few of the most salient features of his administration, stripped of all detail and all enlargement. Despite the conflicts which some of his domestic policies had produced not only with his political opponents but within the Republican ranks, he was overwhelmingly reëlected in 1904, and when the seven years had closed the country gave a like majority to his chosen successor, taken from his own Cabinet. On the 4th of March, 1909, he returned to private life at the age of fifty, having been the youngest President known to our history.

During the brief vacations which he had been able to secure in the midst of the intense activities of his public life after the Spanish War, he had turned for enjoyment to expeditions in pursuit of big game in the wildest and most unsettled regions of the country. Open air life and all its accompaniments of riding and hunting were to him the one thing that brought him the most rest and relaxation. Now, having left the Presidency, he was able to give full scope to the love of adventure, which had been strong with him from boyhood. Soon after his retirement from office he went to Africa, accompanied by a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institution. He landed in East Africa, made his way into the interior, and thence to the source of the Nile, after a trip in every way successful, both in exploration and in pursuit of big game. He then came down the Nile through Egypt and thence to Europe, and no private citizen of the United States—probably no private man of any country—was ever received in a manner comparable to that which met Roosevelt in every country in Europe which he visited. Everywhere it was the same—in Italy, in Germany, in France, in England. Every honor was paid to him that authority could devise, accompanied by every mark of affection and admiration which the people of those countries were able to show. He made few speeches while in Europe, but in those few he did not fail to give to the ques-

tions and thought of the time real and genuine contributions, set forth in plain language, always vigorous and often eloquent. He returned in the summer of 1910 to the United States and was greeted with a reception on his landing in New York quite equaling in interest and enthusiasm that which had been given to him in Europe.

For two years afterwards he devoted himself to writing, not only articles as contributing editor of the *Outlook*, but books of his own and addresses and speeches which he was constantly called upon to make. No man in private life probably ever had such an audience as he addressed, whether with tongue or pen, upon the questions of the day, with a constant refrain as to the qualities necessary to make men both good citizens and good Americans. In the spring of 1912 he decided to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and a very heated struggle followed between himself and President Taft for delegations to the convention. The convention when it assembled in Chicago was the stormiest ever known in our history. President Taft was renominated, most of the Roosevelt delegates refusing to vote, and a large body of Republicans thereupon formed a new party called the "Progressive" and nominated Mr. Roosevelt as their candidate. This division into two nearly equal parts of the Republican Party, which had elected Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft in succession by the largest majorities ever known, made the victory of the Democratic candidate absolutely certain. Colonel Roosevelt, however, stood second in the poll, receiving 4,119,507 votes, carrying six States and winning eighty-eight electoral votes. There never has been in political history, when all conditions are considered, such an exhibition of extraordinary personal strength. To have secured eighty-eight electoral votes when his own party was hopelessly divided, with no great historic party name and tradition behind him, with an organization which had to be hastily brought together in a few weeks, seems almost incredible, and in all his career there is no display of the strength of his hold upon the people equal to this.

In the following year he yielded again to the longing for adventure and exploration. Going to South America, he made

his way up through Paraguay and western Brazil, and then across a trackless wilderness of jungle and down an unknown river in the Valley of the Amazon. It was a remarkable expedition and carried him through what is probably the most deadly climate in the world. He suffered severely from the fever, the poison of which never left him and which finally shortened his life.

In the next year the Great War began, and Colonel Roosevelt threw himself into it with all the energy of his nature. With Major Gardner he led the great fight for preparedness in a country utterly unprepared. He saw very plainly that in all human probability it would be impossible for us to keep out of the war. Therefore in season and out of season he demanded that we should make ready. He and Major Gardner, with the others who joined them, roused a widespread and powerful sentiment in the country, but there was no practical effect on the Army. The Navy was the single place where anything was really done, and that only in the bill of 1916, so that war finally came upon us as unready as Roosevelt had feared we should be. Yet the campaign he made was not in vain, for in addition to the question of preparation he spoke earnestly of other things, other burning questions, and he always spoke to an enormous body of listeners everywhere. He would have had us protest and take action at the very beginning, in 1914, when Belgium was invaded. He would have had us go to war when the murders of the *Lusitania* were perpetrated. He tried to stir the soul and rouse the spirit of the American people, and despite every obstacle he did awaken them, so that when the hour came, in April, 1917, a large proportion of the American people were even then ready in spirit and in hope. How telling his work had been was proved by the confession of his country's enemies, for when he died the only discordant note, the only harsh words, came from the German press. Germany knew whose voice it was that more powerfully than any other had called Americans to the battle in behalf of freedom and civilization, where the advent of the armies of the United States gave victory to the cause of justice and righteousness.

When the United States went to war Colonel Roosevelt's

one desire was to be allowed to go to the fighting line. There if fate had laid its hand upon him it would have found him glad to fall in the trenches or in a charge at the head of his men, but it was not permitted to him to go, and thus he was denied the reward which he would have ranked above all others, "the great prize of death in battle." But he was a patriot in every fiber of his being, and personal disappointment in no manner slackened or cooled his zeal. Everything that he could do to forward the war, to quicken preparation, to stimulate patriotism, to urge on efficient action, was done. Day and night, in season and out of season, he never ceased his labors. Although prevented from going to France himself, he gave to the great conflict that which was far dearer to him than his own life. I can not say that he sent his four sons, because they all went at once, as everyone knew that their father's sons would go. Two have been badly wounded; one was killed. He met the blow with the most splendid and unflinching courage, met it as Siward, the Earl of Northumberland, receives in the play the news of his son's death:

Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Among the great tragedies of Shakespeare, and there are none greater in all the literature of man, Macbeth was Colonel Roosevelt's favorite, and the moving words which I have just quoted I am sure were in his heart and on his lips when he faced with stern resolve and self-control the anguish brought to him by the death of his youngest boy, killed in the glory of a brave and brilliant youth.

He lived to see the right prevail; he lived to see civilization triumph over organized barbarism; and there was great joy in his heart. In all his last days the thoughts which filled his mind were to secure a peace which should render Germany forever harmless and advance the cause of ordered freedom in every land and among every race. This occupied him to the

exclusion of everything else, except what he called and what we like to call Americanism. There was no hour down to the end when he would not turn aside from everything else to preach the doctrine of Americanism, of the principles and the faith upon which American government rested, and which all true Americans should wear in their heart of hearts. He was a great patriot, a great man, above all, a great American. His country was the ruling, mastering passion of his life from the beginning even unto the end.

So closes the inadequate, most incomplete account of a life full of work done and crowded with achievement, brief in years and prematurely ended. The recitation of the offices which he held and some of the deeds that he did is but a bare, imperfect catalogue into which history when we are gone will breathe a lasting life. Here to-day it is only a background, and that which most concerns us now is what the man was of whose deeds done it is possible to make such a list. What a man was is ever more important than what he did, because it is upon what he was that all his achievement depends and his value and meaning to his fellow men must finally rest.

Theodore Roosevelt always believed that character was of greater worth and moment than anything else. He possessed abilities of the first order, which he was disposed to underrate, because he set so much greater store upon the moral qualities which we bring together under the single word "character."

Let me speak first of his abilities. He had a powerful, well-trained, ever-active mind. He thought clearly, independently, and with originality and imagination. These priceless gifts were sustained by an extraordinary power of acquisition, joined to a greater quickness of apprehension, a greater swiftness in seizing upon the essence of a question, than I have ever happened to see in any other man. His reading began with natural history, then went to general history, and thence to the whole field of literature. He had a capacity for concentration which enabled him to read with a remarkable rapidity anything which he took up, if only for a moment, and which separated him for the time being from everything going on about him. The subjects upon which he was well and widely informed would, if enumerated, fill a large space and to this power of

acquisition was united not only a tenacious but an extraordinary accurate memory. It was never safe to contest with him on any question of fact or figures, whether they related to the ancient Assyrians or to the present-day conditions of the tribes of central Africa, to the Syracusan Expedition, as told by Thucydides, or to protective coloring in birds and animals. He knew and held details always at command, but he was not mastered by them. He never failed to see the forest on account of the trees or the city on account of the houses.

He made himself a writer, not only of occasional addresses and essays, but of books. He had the trained thoroughness of the historian, as he showed in his history of the War of 1812 and of the "Winning of the West," and nature had endowed him with that most enviable of gifts, the faculty of narrative and the art of the teller of tales. He knew how to weigh evidence in the historical scales and how to depict character. He learned to write with great ease and fluency. He was always vigorous, always energetic, always clear and forcible in everything he wrote—nobody could ever misunderstand him—and when he allowed himself time and his feelings were deeply engaged he gave to the world many pages of beauty as well as power, not only in thought but in form and style. At the same time he made himself a public speaker, and here again, through a practice probably unequaled in amount, he became one of the most effective in all our history. In speaking, as in writing, he was always full of force and energy; he drove home his arguments and never was misunderstood. In many of his more carefully prepared addresses are to be found passages of impressive eloquence, touched with imagination and instinct with grace and feeling.

He had a large capacity for administration, clearness of vision, promptness in decision, and a thorough apprehension of what constituted efficient organization. All the vast and varied work which he accomplished could not have been done unless he had had most exceptional natural abilities, but behind them, most important of all, was the driving force of an intense energy and the ever-present belief that a man could do what he willed to do. As he made himself an athlete, a horseman, a good shot, a bold explorer, so he made himself an exception-

ally successful writer and speaker. Only a most abnormal energy would have enabled him to enter and conquer in so many fields of intellectual achievement. But something more than energy and determination is needed for the largest success, especially in the world's high places. The first requisite of leadership is ability to lead, and that ability Theodore Roosevelt possessed in full measure. Whether in a game or in the hunting field, in a fight or in politics, he sought the front, where, as Webster once remarked, there is always plenty of room for those who can get there. His instinct was always to say "come" rather than "go," and he had the talent of command.

His also was the rare gift of arresting attention sharply and suddenly, a very precious attribute, and one easier to illustrate than to describe. This arresting power is like a common experience, which we have all had on entering a picture gallery, of seeing at once and before all others a single picture among the many on the walls. For a moment you see nothing else, although you may be surrounded with masterpieces. In that particular picture lurks a strange, capturing, gripping fascination as impalpable as it is unmistakable. Roosevelt had this same arresting, fascinating quality. Whether in the legislature at Albany, the Civil Service Commission at Washington, or the police Commission in New York, whether in the Spanish War or on the plains among the cowboys, he was always vivid, at times startling, never to be overlooked. Nor did this power stop here. He not only without effort or intention drew the eager attention of the people to himself, he could also engage and fix their thoughts upon anything which happened to interest him. It might be a man or a book, reformed spelling or some large historical question, his traveling library or the military preparation of the United States, he had but to say, "See how interesting, how important, is this man or this event," and thousands, even millions, of people would reply, "We never thought of this before, but it certainly is one of the most interesting, most absorbing things in the world." He touched a subject and it suddenly began to glow as when the high-power electric current touches the metal and the white light starts forth and dazzles the onlooking eyes. We know the air played by the Pied Piper of Hamelin no better

than we know why Theodore Roosevelt thus drew the interest of men after him. We only know that they followed wherever his insatiable activity of mind invited them.

Men follow also most readily a leader who is always there before them, clearly visible and just where they expect him. They are especially eager to go forward with a man who never sounds a retreat. Roosevelt was always advancing, always struggling to make things better, to carry some much-needed reform, and help humanity to a larger chance, to a fairer condition, to a happier life. Moreover, he looked always for an ethical question. He was at his best when he was fighting the battle of right against wrong. He thought soundly and wisely upon questions of expediency or of political economy, but they did not rouse him or bring him the absorbed interest of the eternal conflict between good and evil. Yet he was never impractical, never blinded by counsels of perfection, never seeking to make the better the enemy of the good. He wished to get the best, but he would strive for all that was possible even if it fell short of the highest at which he aimed. He studied the lessons of history, and did not think the past bad simply because it was the past, or the new good solely because it was new. He sought to try all questions on their intrinsic merits, and that was why he succeeded in advancing, in making government and society better, where others, who would be content with nothing less than an abstract perfection, failed. He would never compromise a principle, but he was eminently tolerant of honest differences of opinion. He never hesitated to give generous credit where credit seemed due, whether to friend or opponent, and in this way he gathered recruits and yet never lost adherents.

The criticism most commonly made upon Theodore Roosevelt was that he was impulsive and impetuous; that he acted without thinking. He would have been the last to claim infallibility. His head did not turn when fame came to him and choruses of admiration sounded in his ears, for he was neither vain nor credulous. He knew that he made mistakes, and never hesitated to admit them to be mistakes and to correct them or put them behind him when satisfied that they were such. But he wasted no time in mourning, explaining, or

vainly regretting them. It is also true that the middle way did not attract him. He was apt to go far, both in praise and censure, although nobody could analyze qualities and balance them justly in judging men better than he. He felt strongly, and as he had no concealments of any kind, he expressed himself in like manner. But vehemence is not violence, nor is earnestness anger, which a very wise man defined as a brief madness. It was all according to his nature, just as his eager cordiality in meeting men and women, his keen interest in other people's cares or joys, was not assumed, as some persons thought who did not know him. It was all profoundly natural, it was all real, and in that way and in no other was he able to meet and greet his fellow men. He spoke out with the most unrestrained frankness at all times and in all companies. Not a day passed in the Presidency when he was not guilty of what the trained diplomatist would call indiscretions. But the frankness had its own reward. There never was a President whose confidence was so respected or with whom the barriers of honor which surround private conversation were more scrupulously observed. At the same time, when the public interest required, no man could be more wisely reticent. He was apt, it is true, to act suddenly and decisively, but it was a complete mistake to suppose that he therefore acted without thought or merely on a momentary impulse. When he had made up his mind he was resolute and unchanging, but he made up his mind only after much reflection, and there never was a President in the White House who consulted not only friends but political opponents and men of all kinds and conditions more than Theodore Roosevelt. When he had reached his conclusion he acted quickly and drove hard at his object, and this it was, probably, which gave an impression that he acted sometimes hastily and thoughtlessly, which was a complete misapprehension of the man. His action was emphatic, but emphasis implies reflection not thoughtlessness. One can not even emphasize a word without a process, however slight, of mental differentiation.

The feeling that he was impetuous and impulsive was also due to the fact that in a sudden, seemingly unexpected crisis he would act with great rapidity. This happened when he

had been for weeks, perhaps for months, considering what he should do if such a crisis arose. He always believed that one of the most important elements of success, whether in public or in private life, was to know what one meant to do under given circumstances. If he saw the possibility of perilous questions arising, it was his practice to think over carefully just how he would act under certain contingencies. Many of the contingencies never arose. Now and then a contingency became an actuality, and then he was ready. He knew what he meant to do, he acted at once, and some critics considered him impetuous, impulsive, and, therefore, dangerous, because they did not know that he had thought the question all out beforehand.

Very many people, powerful elements in the community, regarded him at one time as a dangerous radical, bent upon overthrowing all the safeguards of society and planning to tear out the foundations of an ordered liberty. As a matter of fact, what Theodore Roosevelt was trying to do was to strengthen American society and American Government by demonstrating to the American people that he was aiming at a larger economic equality and a more generous industrial opportunity for all men, and that any combination of capital or of business, which threatened the control of the Government by the people who made it, was to be curbed and resisted, just as he would have resisted an enemy who tried to take possession of the city of Washington. He had no hostility to a man because he had been successful in business or because he had accumulated a fortune. If the man had been honestly successful and used his fortune wisely and beneficently, he was regarded by Theodore Roosevelt as a good citizen. The vulgar hatred of wealth found no place in his heart. He had but one standard, one test, and that was whether a man, rich or poor, was an honest man, a good citizen, and a good American. He tried men, whether they were men of "big business" or members of a labor union, by their deeds, and in no other way. The tyranny, of anarchy and disorder, such as is now desolating Russia, was as hateful to him as any other tyranny, whether it came from an autocratic system like that of Germany or from the misuse of organized capital. Personally he believed in every man earn-

ing his own living, and he earned money and was glad to do so; but he had no desire or taste for making money, and he was entirely indifferent to it. The simplest of men in his own habits, the only thing he really would have liked to have done with ample wealth would have been to give freely to the many good objects which continually interested him.

Theodore Roosevelt's power, however, and the main source of all his achievement, was not in the offices which he held, for those offices were to him only opportunities, but in the extraordinary hold which he established and retained over great bodies of men. He had the largest personal following ever attained by any man in our history. I do not mean by this the following which comes from great political office or from party candidacy. There have been many men who have held the highest offices in our history by the votes of their fellow countrymen who have never had anything more than a very small personal following. By personal following is meant here, that which supports and sustains and goes with a man simply because he is himself; a following which does not care whether their leader and chief is in office or out of office, which is with him and behind him because they, one and all, believe in him and love him and are ready to stand by him for the sole and simple reason that they have perfect faith that he will lead them where they wish and where they ought to go. This following Theodore Roosevelt had, as I said, in a larger degree than any one in our history, and the fact that he had it and what he did with it for the welfare of his fellow men have given him his great place and his lasting fame.

This is not mere assertion; it was demonstrated, as I have already pointed out, by the vote of 1912, and at all times, from the day of his accession to the Presidency onward, there were millions of people in this country ready to follow Theodore Roosevelt and vote for him, or do anything else that he wanted, whenever he demanded their support or raised his standard. It was this great mass of support among the people, and which probably was never larger than in these last years, that gave him his immense influence upon public opinion, and public opinion was the weapon which he used to carry out all the policies which he wished to bring to fulfillment and to

consolidate all the achievements upon which he had set his heart. This extraordinary popular strength was not given to him solely because the people knew him to be honest and brave, because they were certain that physical fear was an emotion unknown to him, and that his moral courage equaled the physical. It was not merely because they thoroughly believed him to be sincere. All this knowledge and belief, of course, went to making his popular leadership secure; but there was much more in it than that, something that went deeper, basic elements which were not upon the surface which were due to qualities of temperament interwoven with his very being, inseparable from him and yet subtle rather than obvious in their effects.

All men admire courage, and that he possessed in the highest degree. But he had also something larger and rarer than courage, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. When an assassin shot him at Milwaukee he was severely wounded; how severely he could not tell, but it might well have been mortal. He went on to the great meeting awaiting him and there, bleeding, suffering, ignorant of his fate, but still unconquered, made his speech and went from the stage to the hospital. What bore him up was the dauntless spirit which could rise victorious over pain and darkness and the unknown and meet the duty of the hour as if all were well. A spirit like this awakens in all men more than admiration, it kindles affection and appeals to every generous impulse.

Very different, but equally compelling, was another quality. There is nothing in human beings at once so sane and so sympathetic as a sense of humor. This great gift the good fairies conferred upon Theodore Roosevelt at his birth in unstinted measure. No man ever had a more abundant sense of humor —joyous, irrepressible humor—and it never deserted him. Even at the most serious and even perilous moments if there was a gleam of humor anywhere he saw it and rejoiced and helped himself with it over the rough places and in the dark hour. He loved fun, loved to joke and chaff, and, what is more uncommon, greatly enjoyed being chaffed himself. His ready smile and contagious laugh made countless friends and saved him from many an enmity. Even more generally effective than his humor, and yet allied to it, was the universal

knowledge that Roosevelt had no secrets from the American people.

Yet another quality—perhaps the most engaging of all—was his homely, generous humanity which enabled him to speak directly to the primitive instincts of man.

> He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor,
> He sate at the board of kings;
> He tasted the toil of the burdened slave
> And the joy that triumph brings.
> But whether to jungle or palace hall
> Or white-walled tent he came,
> He was brother to king and soldier and slave,
> His welcome was the same.

He was very human and intensely American, and this knit a bond between him and the American people which nothing could ever break. And then he had yet one more attraction, not so impressive, perhaps, as the others, but none the less very important and very captivating. He never by any chance bored the American people. They might laugh at him or laugh with him, they might like what he said or dislike it, they might agree with him or disagree with him, but they were never wearied of him, and he never failed to interest them. He was never heavy, laborious, or dull. If he had made any effort to be always interesting and entertaining he would have failed and been tiresome. He was unfailingly attractive, because he was always perfectly natural and his own unconscious self. And so all these things combined to give him his hold upon the American people, not only upon their minds, but upon their hearts and their instincts, which nothing could ever weaken, and which made him one of the most remarkable, as he was one of the strongest, characters that the history of popular government can show. He was also—and this is very revealing and explanatory, too, of his vast popularity—a man of ideals. He did not expose them daily on the roadside with language fluttering about them like the Thibetan who ties his slip of paper to the prayer wheel whirling in the wind. He kept his ideals to himself until the hour of fulfillment arrived. Some of them were the dreams of boyhood, from which he never

departed, and which I have seen him carry out shyly and yet thoroughly and with intense personal satisfaction.

He had a touch of the knight errant in his daily life, although he would never have admitted it; but it was there. It was not visible in the mediæval form of shining armor and dazzling tournaments, but in the never ceasing effort to help the poor and the oppressed, to defend and protect women and children, to right the wronged and succor the downtrodden. Passing by on the other side was not a mode of travel through life ever possible to him; and yet he was as far distant from the professional philanthropist as could be well imagined, for all he tried to do to help his fellow men he regarded as part of the day's work to be done and not talked about. No man ever prized sentiment or hated sentimentality more than he. He preached unceasingly the familiar morals which lie at the bottom of both family and public life. The blood of some ancestral Scotch Covenanter or of some Dutch Reformed preacher facing the tyranny of Philip of Spain was in his veins, and with his large opportunities and his vast audiences he was always ready to appeal for justice and righteousness. But his own personal ideals he never attempted to thrust upon the world until the day came when they were to be translated into realities of action.

When the future historian traces Theodore Roosevelt's extraordinary career he will find these embodied ideals planted like milestones along the road over which he marched. They never left him. His ideal of public service was to be found in his life, and as his life drew to its close he had to meet his ideals of sacrifice face to face. All his sons went from him to the war, and one was killed upon the field of honor. Of all the ideals that lift men up, the hardest to fulfill is the ideal of sacrifice. Theodore Roosevelt met it as he had all others and fulfilled it to the last jot of its terrible demands. His country asked the sacrifice and he gave it with solemn pride and uncomplaining lips.

This is not the place to speak of his private life, but within that sacred circle no man was ever more blessed in the utter devotion of a noble wife and the passionate love of his children. The absolute purity and beauty of his family life tells us why

the pride and interest which his fellow countrymen felt in him were always touched with the warm light of love. In the home so dear to him, in his sleep, death came, and—

So Valiant-for-Truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

EDWIN BOOTH

Brander Matthews is sometimes called "The Dean of American Letters." He is the author of many books and for fifty years has been active in every worthy cause associated with American literature. He was born in New Orleans in 1852, graduated from Columbia College in 1871, from Columbia Law School in 1873. He was admitted to the Bar, but turned to literature, writing for the stage and for periodicals. Among his best known books are "Vignettes of Manhattan," "Molière," and "Shakespeare as a Playwright." He has been Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University since 1900, and was a founder of the Authors' Club and The Players and is Chancellor of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Professor Brander Matthews is one of our most felicitous speakers. The address on Edwin Booth was given on the occasion of unveiling a monument to Booth in Gramercy Park, Nov. 13, 1918. His introduction "Four Ways of Delivering an Address" is given in Volume I and other speeches in Volumes II and VIII.

We, who take pride in our membership in The Players, have recognized from the hour when the founder handed us the deed of gift and lighted the fire which still burns brightly on our hearth,—we have recognized that we owed Edwin Booth a debt we could never repay, a debt not merely for the house with its furnishings, its books and its pictures, not merely for the kindly thought that prompted his liberality, but also and especially for the wisdom with which he established our prosperity upon a sound and solid foundation. He was an actor; he loved his profession; and he wished to testify to this love. He meant The Players to be a home for the actor, first of all, for the dramatist and for the manager, that the men of his own calling might mingle at ease. But he knew that it is not well for the members of any one profession to fellowship ex-

clusively with one another; and he wanted the men of the theater to associate with men of letters and with artists, painters, sculptors and architects. He held that

> All arts are one, all branches of one tree,
> All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.

And he designed The Players to be a haven of rest for the practitioners of all the allied arts.

Now, at last, more than a score of years since he was taken from us, we have been enabled to erect this statue, as an outward and visible sign of our gratitude and our affection. It is placed here in this little park that he loved to look down on, in full view of the room in which he lived the last years of his life and in which he died. It has been modeled by one of our own members, with a fidelity to be appreciated by all who knew Edwin Booth and with a beauty to be recognized by those who have had the privilege of beholding him.

In the privacy of our own home, we have a portrait of Edwin Booth painted also by one of our own members, a portrait which shows him as we like to recall him, as one of us, as our fellow player, as a man of most engaging personality, gracious and courteous, unaffected and unassuming. And here in the open air, where all the world may gaze on it, we have now this statue, representing Edwin Booth as the public knew him, as an actor impersonating Hamlet, and about to utter the soul-searching soliloquy on life and death. In all this great city of ours there is only one other statue of an actor—that of Shakespeare in Central Park; and I make bold to believe that the comradeship is one with which the author of "Hamlet" would not be displeased.

We may apply to Edwin Booth the praise which was given to Shakespeare as an actor by one of his contemporaries: he was excellent in the quality he professed. He was a born actor, inheriting the divine gift from the father whose memory he ever revered. He was an untiring student of his art, knowing why and how he got his effects. By his skill and his sincerity he was able to disguise the artificiality of "Richelieu" and the "Fool's Revenge." I can recall the thrill with which

—now not so far from three score years ago—I first heard Richelieu threaten to launch the curse of Rome; and I shall never forget the shiver that shook me as I later beheld the demonic dance of *Bertuccio* when he believes that he is at last revenged on his enemy. But like the greatest of his predecessors, with whose achievements he had admiringly familiarized himself, he liked best to act the greatest parts, the characters that Shakespeare has filled with undying fire, Othello and Iago, Brutus and Macbeth, Shylock and Hamlet. Here in New York more than half a century ago, he acted Hamlet for one hundred consecutive performances, a longer run than any Shakespearian play had ever had in any city in the world.

In founding The Players, Edwin Booth created a monument more enduring than bronze; and now we have set up this enduring bronze to bear witness that Hamlet's command has been obeyed and that The Players are "well bestowed."

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Funeral oration by Gouverneur Morris, statesman and man of affairs (born in Morrisania, N. Y., January 31, 1752; died there, November 6, 1816), pronounced before the porch of Trinity Church, New York City, over the body of Alexander Hamilton, just prior to the interment, July 14, 1804.

If on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavor to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own; and yet, I fear, that, instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a wailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to portray that heroic spirit, which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia—he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world! The penetrating eye of Washington soon perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By this excellent judge of men he was selected as an aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in the more important scenes of our Revolution. At the siege of York, he pertinaciously insisted on and he obtained the command of a Forlorn Hope. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a

foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favor—no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia; he there assisted in forming that constitution which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defense, and the source of our prosperity. In signing the compact, he expressed his apprehension that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation; and that in consequence we should share the fate of many other republics, and pass through anarchy to despotism. We hoped better things. We confided in the good sense of the American people; and, above all, we trusted in the protecting providence of the Almighty. On this important subject he never concealed his opinion. He disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, exposing to every passenger its inmost recesses. This generous indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs; and yet you all know how strenuous, how unremitting were his efforts to establish and to preserve the Constitution. If, then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, O pardon! that single error, in a life devoted to your service.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity. All these he found in Hamilton. The system then adopted, has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect. Recollect the circumstances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and, above all, remember that a minister of a republic must bend to the will of the people. The administration which Washington formed was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blessed with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which Hamilton bore is universally known.

His unsuspecting confidence in professions, which he be-

lieved to be sincere, led him to trust too much to the undeserving. This exposed him to misrepresentation. He felt himself obliged to resign. The care of a rising family, and the narrowness of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profession for their support. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests. I declare to you, before that God, in whose presence we are now especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion and consideration were your freedom and happiness. You well remember the state of things which again called forth Washington from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he asked for Hamilton to be his second in command. That venerable sage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profession, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at its source. It was probable that he would soon be removed from the scene, and that his second would succeed to the command. He knew by experience the importance of that place—and he thought the sword of America might safely be confided to the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. Oh! my fellow citizens, remember this solemn testimonial that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambition, and, wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office, unless in a foreign war he should be called on to expose his life in defense of his country. This determination was immovable. It was his fault that his opinions and his resolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpose, he was indignant at the charge that he sought for place or power. He was ambitious only for glory, but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offense; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar—you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow citizens—you have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivaled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. I charge you to protect his fame. It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favor. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion ask, Would Hamilton have done this thing?

You all know how he perished. On this last scene I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to an act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more—let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave.

RICHARD OLNEY

JOHN MARSHALL

Address by Richard Olney, lawyer, statesman, Attorney-General and afterwards Secretary of State in the second cabinet of President Cleveland (born in Oxford, Mass., Sept. 15, 1835; died 1917), delivered in Boston, Mass., before the Boston Bar Association, February 4, 1901, at the celebration of the centennial of the installation of the great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The occasion brought together a large and distinguished gathering of lawyers, representing the Bar Associations of Massachusetts. Another speech is given in Volume III.

GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR:—I have felt much hesitation about taking even a small part in these exercises. The theme is too large for treatment in short space; it must suffer at the hands of whoever undertakes it without a command of time and leisure which but few favored mortals possess; it has been spoken to and written of by orators, historians, and statesmen for nearly seventy years, and it is to-day freshly and elaborately dealt with throughout the Union by many of its most eminent citizens. Indeed, for the present purposes, what could be more intimidating than what has been just going on in this very community; than to know that the interesting utterances to which we have just listened [address of Henry St. George Tucker, of Virginia, special guest of the Association, whose remarks immediately preceded those of Mr. Olney] only supplement a morning of official and judicial eloquence at the Court-house and an afternoon of learned dissertation at Sanders Theatre? In depressing circumstances like these, I can only hope for indulgence if you find me reiterating a thrice-told tale, and can promise nothing, except to make your ordeal tolerably brief.

I wish to remark upon but three things connected with the

career of John Marshall. It is not obvious what most of us are born for, nor why almost any one might as well not have been born at all. Occasionally, however, it is plain that a man is sent into the world with a particular work to perform. If the man is commonly, though not always, unconscious of his mission, his contemporaries are as a rule equally blind, and it remains for after generations to discover that a man has lived and died for whom was set an appointed task, who has attempted and achieved it, and who has made the whole course of history different from what it would have been without him.

John Marshall had a mission of that sort to whose success intellect and learning of the highest order, as well as special legal ability and training, might well have proved inadequate. Yet—the mission being assumed—the first thing I wish to note, and the wonderful thing, is that to all human appearances Marshall was meant to be denied anything like a reasonable opportunity to prepare for it. For education generally, for instance, he was indebted principally to his father, a small planter who could have snatched but little leisure from the daily demands of an exacting calling, and presumably could not have spent all that little on the eldest of his fifteen children. The parental tuition was supplemented only by the son's attendance for a short period at a country academy and by the efforts of a couple of Scotch clergymen, each of whom successively tutored him for about a year and in that time did something to initiate him into the mysteries of Latin.

Such, briefly put, was the entire Marshall curriculum in the way of general education. It was all over before he was eighteen, when the shadow of the Revolutionary struggle began to project itself over the land, and Marshall joined the Virginia milita and became immersed in military affairs. As lieutenant of militia and lieutenant and captain in the Continental army he was in active service during almost the entire war, fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, was half-starved and half-frozen at Valley Forge, and during that terrible winter ate his share of the Dutch apple-pies ever since historically famous for their capacity to be thrown across a room without damage to either inside or outside.

Marshall's opportunities as a student of law were on a par

with his educational opportunities generally. Though he is said to have begun his legal studies when he was eighteen, they were at once and continuously interrupted by the military pursuits which occupied him until near the close of the war. The only exception to be noted is that, in an interval between the expiration of one military commission and the issuance of another, he attended a course of law lectures by Chancellor Wythe of William and Mary College.

Meager as the knowledge and training thus acquired would seem to be, they sufficed to procure him his license, and in 1780 or 1781 he began to practice. In view of what he subsequently became and achieved, it would be a natural supposition that during the next twenty years he must have been exclusively devoted to his profession and by the incessant and uninterrupted study and application of legal principles must have made up for the deprivations of earlier years. Nothing could be further from the truth. During those twenty years he was almost constantly in public employment, and in public employment of an exciting and engrossing nature.

In this period arose and were settled the novel and difficult questions following in the wake of the War of Independence, questions of vital moment to each State as well as to the country at large. Marshall was in the thick of every discussion and every struggle. He was a member of the Virginia Assembly, an Executive Councilor; general of militia; delegate to the State convention which adopted the Federal Constitution; member of Congress; envoy to France; and when he was appointed Chief Justice at the end of January, 1801, he was Secretary of State in John Adams' cabinet and continued to act as such until after Jefferson's inauguration. During this entire period I doubt if there were any three consecutive years during which Marshall was giving his entire time and attention to the practice of his profession.

Contrast the poverty of this preparation with the greatness of the work before him. He probably did not appreciate it himself—it is certain, I think, that his fellow citizens and contemporaries were far from appreciating it. To most of them the State was closer, dearer and vastly more important than the nation—by all of them the significance of the place of the

judiciary in the new Government was but dimly, if at all, perceived—while to the world at large the judiciary of a new nation of thirteen small States strung along the North Atlantic seaboard, comprising a population of some 4,000,000 souls, necessarily seemed a tribunal of the smallest possible account. To-day the "American Empire," as Marshall himself was the first to call it, with its immense territory and its 75,000,000 of people, is a negligible factor nowhere on earth, and its national Supreme Court ranks as the most exalted and potent judicial tribunal that human skill has yet organized.

But the work Marshall was destined to undertake can be estimated only by considering its inherent character. All minor features being disregarded, there are two of capital importance. In the first place, there was a ship of state just launched which was to be run rigidly by chart—by sailing directions laid down in advance and not to be departed from, whatever the winds or the waves or the surprises or perils of the voyage—in accordance with grants and limitations of power set forth in writing and not to be violated or ignored except at the risk and cost of revolution and civil war. The experiment thus inaugurated was unique in the history of civilized peoples and believed to be of immense consequence both to the American people and to the human race. But there were also wheels within wheels, and the experiment of government according to a written text entailed yet another, namely, that of a judicial branch designed to keep all other branches within their prescribed spheres. To that end it was not enough to make the judicial branch independent of the legislative and executive branches. It was necessary to make it the final judge not only of the powers of those other departments, but of its own powers as well.

Thus the national judiciary became the keystone of the arch supporting the new political edifice and was invested with the most absolute and far-reaching authority. Since almost all legislative and executive action can in some way be put in issue in a suit, it is an authority often involving and controlling matters of high state policy external as well as internal. At this very moment is it not believed, indeed proclaimed in high quarters, that the question of Asiatic dependencies for the United States and incidentally of its foreign policy generally,

practically hinges upon judgments of the national Supreme Court in cases requiring the exercise of its functions as the final interpreter of the Constitution? What judicial tribunal in Christendom is or has ever been, directly or indirectly, the arbiter of issues of that character?

It was a national judiciary of this sort of which John Marshall became the head one hundred years ago. That he dominated his court on all constitutional questions is indubitable. That he exercised his mastery with marvelous sagacity and tact, that he manifested a profound comprehension of the principles of our constitutional government and declared them in terms unrivaled for their combination of simplicity and exactness, that he justified his judgments by reasoning impregnable in point of logic and irresistible in point of persuasiveness—has not all this been universally conceded for the two generations since his death and will it not be found to have been universally voiced to-day wherever throughout the land this centenary has been observed?

If we consider the work to which he was devoted, it must be admitted to have been of as high a nature as any to which human faculties can be addressed. If we consider the manner in which the work was done, it must be admitted that anything better in the way of execution it is difficult to conceive. And if we consider both the greatness of the work and the excellence of its performance relatively to any opportunities of Marshall to duly equip himself for it, he must be admitted to be one of the exceptional characters of history seemingly foreordained to some grand achievement because fitted and adapted to it practically by natural genius alone.

If it be true—as it is, beyond cavil—that to Washington more than to any other man is due the birth of the American nation, it is equally true beyond cavil that to Marshall more than to any other man it is due that the nation has come safely through the trying ordeals of infantile weakness and youthful effervescence, and has triumphantly emerged into well-developed and lusty manhood. Had the Constitution at the outset been committed to other hands, it could have been, and probably would have been, construed in the direction of minimizing its scope of efficiency—of dwarfing and frittering away the

powers conferred by it and of making the sovereignty of the nation but a petty thing as compared with the sovereignty of the State. Under Marshall's auspices, however, and his interpretation and exposition of the Constitution, the sentiment of nationality germinated and grew apace, a vigorous national life developed, and an indestructible union of indestructible States became a tangible and inspiring entity, appealing alike to the affections and the reason of men, and in which thus far at least they have seen both the ark of their safety and an ideal for which to willingly lay down their lives. I refer thus to the past because the past is assured and because there are those who look to the future with apprehension—who do not disguise their fear that the republic of Washington and Marshall is now suffering a mortal assault not from without but from within—not from "foreign levy," but from "malice domestic." Those who take this view include men of both the great political parties and men who deservedly command the highest respect and deference from their fellow countrymen.

Nevertheless, they must not be allowed to lessen our faith in the final triumph of the fundamental ideas which underlie our national life. The fathers did not build upon a quicksand but upon a rock—else the structure they reared could hardly have survived foreign aggressions, a disputed succession, and a civil war the greatest and most sanguinary of modern times. But their work was by human hands for human use, and even their wisdom could not guard it against the follies and the sins of all future custodians.

That gross blunders have been committed, blunders unaccountable in their origin and as yet unfathomable in their consequences, may be admitted, is indeed sorrowfully admitted by many, if not a majority of those who have nevertheless since contributed to keep their official authors in power. But blunders, however inexcusable or apparently injurious, must be deemed irretrievable only in the last resort, and heaven forbid any admission that the American republic can be wrecked by any one or even two administrations. The truth here, as almost always, lies between extremes—between ultra-conservatives and pessimists on the one hand and ultra-progressives and optimists on the other. The former would put back the hands of the clock

a hundred years—would have us live and act as if the conditions of the Washington and Marshall era were still about us—in effect would have us tear up the railroad and sink the steamship and return the lightning to the heavens whence Franklin brought it down. The latter would have us believe that, to act well our part on the world-wide stage which alone limits the activities of modern civilized states, we must ape the fashionable international follies and vices of the period even to the point of warring upon, subjugating, and exploiting for trade purposes 8,000,000 of alien peoples in the Pacific seas, 7,000 miles from our own shores. Between these extremes lies the path of honor, of morality, of safety and of patriotism, and, notwithstanding present aberrations, the American people may be absolutely trusted sooner or later to find it and to walk in it. They will certainly not forget that this is the dawn of the Twentieth, not of the Nineteenth century. They will just as certainly determine that to be in touch with the best thought and temper of the time, to be the most truly progressive of all peoples, to do every duty and fulfill every function required by its high place in the world—they will certainly determine that to do and to be all this—neither means that the American nation must imitate the most questionable practices of other states nor requires any abandonment of American principles or American ideals. To believe or to hold otherwise is to despair of the Republic, and to despair of the Republic is to lose faith in humanity and in the future of the race.

The incalculable debt of the country to the two great Virginians, impossible of repayment, can never be too often or too emphatically recognized by the entire body of the American people. Upon the bar, however, devolves an especial duty, namely, to see to it that the merits of its incomparable chief are not obscured by the showier deeds of warriors and statesmen. The observance of this day, therefore, by the lawyers of the country generally is eminently appropriate, while we in this corner of the land are exceptionally favored in that Virginia has lent us for our celebration one of the foremost of her lawyers and citizens [Henry St. George Tucker]. In recognition of the honor of his presence and in appreciation of the immense services of his native State to the cause of a stable

and coherent nationality, I propose that the company rise and drink to the ever-increasing prosperity of the Commonwealth of Virginia and to the good health and long life of her distinguished representative on this occasion.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

JOHN BURROUGHS[1]

Henry Fairfield Osborn is one of our most distinguished scientists and has been President of the Trustees of the American Museum of Natural History since 1908. He was born in Fairfield, Connecticut, in 1857; graduated from Princeton University in 1877 and holds advanced and honorary degrees from many American and European Universities. He is Director of many scientific and public organizations and the author of numerous papers and addresses. Among his larger and authoritative works are "The Age of Mammals" and "Men of the Old Stone Age." This address on John Burroughs was given at a public memorial meeting held by the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters in New York, November 18, 1921. In introducing Mr. Osborn, President William M. Sloane of the Academy spoke as follows:

"There has been, among our American men of letters, but one John Burroughs. Essentially he was a man of the open air, at home among the woods, the fields, their denizens and their component parts, plants and trees; and animals, creeping, walking, or flying; above all, among the men who dwelt nearest to them. For us he was the essayist with all these as his themes, the recording secretary as it were, writing with a style all his own, clear, crisp, and adequate about that which is the essence of literature, the reaction between humanity and its home. Indeed when he was at his best in later years he was a philosopher, embracing in his thought and its expression the elements which compose into a map of life. So to-day in his honor we have, set forth by intimate friends, the aspects of John Burroughs as a writer, as a naturalist, and the man whose long activity made him renowned in the activities he pursued to the delight of readers, of nature lovers and of personal friends."

[1] Reprinted from the "Academy Notes and Monographs" by kind permission of the author and the Academy.

INDELIBLY stamped on my mind is the celebration of John Burroughs' seventy-fifth birthday in the Bird Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, when six hundred children of the New York East Side schools, Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, Slovaks, no trace of American stock among them, came to tell Burroughs how they loved him and his writings. Twelve bright girls and boys, each representing a volume of the edition of his collected works and wearing the name of the volume suspended in front, came forward and recited a verse or a bit of prose from the volume represented. Tears came into the eyes of "the good gray poet," Burroughs' own designation of Walt Whitman, as the love and admiration of the spirited children poured in upon him. The scene reflected the high purpose of literature, the interpretation of the spiritual and moral influences of Nature.

With a large following of grown men, a circle of admirers which included such extremes as Henry Ford and Theodore Roosevelt, Burroughs was preëminently the poet of the school children of America, his ability for humanizing his dumb friends of the animal world having caught the fancy of the children, thus giving him one of his claims to immortality in America, if not in other countries. It was his part in America to throw the light of Nature into the "prison-house," to use Wordsworth's phrase, which civilization throws around our youth:

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing Boy,
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The Youth, who daily farther from the East
> Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

His fellow poet of nature, John Muir, though in his way a writer of large imagination, did not humanize his birds and

mammals as Burroughs did—a legitimate means of charming young and old with the habits and moralities of animal life, provided one makes it clear that it is an interpretation and an analogy and not a real resemblance being pictured. Burroughs loved Nature of the East—of New York and New England—as Muir, his junior by only a year, cast over us the spell of the Pacific Coast, from Alaska to southern California, in all its virgin grandeur. On the voyages to Alaska in 1899 "the two Johns," as they were affectionately called by their companions, met day by day. Alike in their disregard of conventions, in absent-mindedness in such trivial matters as clothing and food, and in their readiness to absorb and to pour out their nature philosophy, it would appear that one steamer was not quite large enough for two such great men, accustomed as each was, in his advancing years, to unchecked discourse and to reverent attention and interest!

I also had the privilege of intimacy with Muir and learned that his views did not entirely harmonize with those of Burroughs; the difference was more or less traceable, I believe, to the Scotch ancestry of Muir and to his severe and rugged bringing up as contrasted with the more equable environment of Burroughs' youth. Muir chose for observation those aspects of nature which present the greatest obstacles, glaciers and mountain tops, although he had tender moments with birds and found a personality in trees. He wrote about trees as has no one else in the whole history of trees, chiefly because he loved them as he loved men and women, and his powers of expression were fathered from classic British sources, such as the King James version of the Bible, Milton, Shakespeare, and Carlyle, with little influence from Thoreau and none from Whitman.

In feature and in spirit of the Nordic stock, with a dash of Celtic temperament, Burroughs was true to his heredity. From the paternal side of his ancestry Burroughs received, according to a close student of his forebears, his religious and moral nature, his stubbornness, his persistence, his emotional tendencies, his love of beauty, his curiosity as to causes and explanations; these were the Nordic traits of his pedigree. Of English ancestry on his mother's side, he inherited from the Kelly line,

perhaps Celtic, his slight melancholy and his care-free love of nature. There are numerous divines on the paternal Burroughs side, given to Bible reading; on the maternal Kelly side are country folk, lovers of the outdoors, fishermen, foxhunters, one hermit, and one Bible reader, "Granther Kelly." Thus Burroughs' intellectual and spiritual pedigree recalls what Goethe says of his own parents:

> To my father I owe my stature,
> My impulse to the serious life;
> To my mother dear my joyous nature,
> My love of story telling.

At various times in Burroughs' life one set of impulses and then another predominated but his genius manifested itself in three ways: first, in the possession of what may be called *nature supersense,* a rare endowment observed also in Wordsworth, Thoreau, and Emerson, and recorded by them in some of their most beautiful sentences:

> This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of itself. (Thoreau: "Walden.")
>
> . . . We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us. . . . These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and heal us. (Emerson: "Nature.")
>
> Mounting toward the up and again, I pause reverently as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the hermit's evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature, and religion are but the faint types and symbols. (Burroughs: "In the Hemlocks.")

Of the reality of this nature supersense there is as little doubt as of its rarity.

Burroughs may be called a natural philosopher—a nature-lover more than a naturalist, for the latter term is reserved for the few gifted ones, like Darwin and Fabre. His powers

of original observation of nature were not great powers such as would entitle him to be called a great naturalist, but—powers of intimate, truthful, and sympathetic observation—joined with a love of expression that made him a prolific producer, and that suggested the title of his first paper, "Expression," published in 1860. The naturalist instinct has certainly been rare among other poets and men of letters. Emerson's "Nature," published in 1835, might have been written at his library table, gazing into the firelight, although his poems, "May-Day," "To the Humble Bee," "The Rhodora," and "Titmouse," are full of the nature vision. Maeterlinck's delightful naturalistic writings are rather the mastery of the observations of Fabre than of a single original observation on his own part. Similarly, the natural philosophy so beautifully expressed by Tennyson in 1850 in his "In Memoriam" was drawn from conversations in a Darwinian club. Wordsworth was richly endowed with the nature supersense, perhaps more so than Burroughs, but he was neither observer, naturalist, nor natural philosopher; he was preëminently the spiritual interpreter. On the other hand, the naturalistic poetry of Erasmus Darwin at the end of the eighteenth century, his "Botanic Garden," his "Love of the Plants," were the rhythmic expression of original and philosophical thought of a high order. This is true also of Goethe's natural history writings and poetic allusions to nature, which sprang from original work in botany and anatomy and brought him near a conception of the theory of evolution a half-century before Charles Darwin.

We look to Gilbert White as one of Burroughs' prototypes in the union of observation and expression, to Izaak Walton in the joy of outdoor life, and especially to the truly great Americans, Thoreau and Walt Whitman. That Burroughs fell under Whitman's influence very early, his poem "Waiting," written at the age of twenty-five, would seem to indicate.

My own attention, at the age of twenty-two, was called to Whitman in a memorable manner, when he was not considered fit reading for the young. It was in 1879, in the rooms of Francis Balfour, younger brother of Arthur, at Cambridge University, where there were weekly dinners at which one met wits and celebrities from London and Oxford, as well as from Cam-

bridge. One evening, I was approached by a tall youth with a handsome face, long hair, flowing collar, and sensuous mouth, who began immediately to offer an opinion of American literature. He said: "You have no real poets in America. To me Longfellow, Whittier and the others are mere echoes of English singers. You Americans have only one sweet and true songster, whom you do not appreciate, and that is Walt Whitman." These words and young Oscar Wilde's appearance are indelibly impressed upon my memory because they first brought home to me the idea that the all-essential quality in a writer of eminence is that he must be of his country, of his soil. This quality, preëminent in Whitman, was possessed in no less degree by Burroughs, although Burroughs was by no means so poetic. Americanism in Americans is essential for the fundamental biological reason that our spiritual and intellectual powers, to reach their highest development, must react to our own environment and not to some other distant or bygone environment. Welcome as British, French, or classical reactions may be among us, they are not of our soil.

These are interpretations of Burroughs' genius, not explanations; we may examine and compare him with other men, but we cannot explain him any more than we can explain the pre-historic artists of the cave period. In each case the genius arrives, assumes leadership, and lifts an entire community of less gifted souls to a little higher level.

This brings us to the sources of the racial soul. Why did the soul of John Burroughs react throughout his life to the genial conditions of our East, to its birds and plants and flowers, to its seasons, to its few retreats still accessible where Nature has preserved some of her unrestrained beauty in her contest with the ruthless destroyer that we call Civilization? Why was he the poet of our robins, of our apple-trees, of the beauties of our forests and farms? Why was he the ardent and sometimes violent prophet of conservation?

Whence the Poet's soul, whence the soul of a race, of a people, of a nation? Have we not reason to believe that there is a *racial soul* as well as a racial mind, a racial system of morals, a racial anatomy? This is the thought to which I have been led in trying to penetrate to the inner meaning of the

life and works of John Burroughs, because eager as I am about anatomy, I am far more eager about the origin and development of the moral, spiritual, and intellectual nature of man—the mystery of mysteries in biology at the present time. When Huxley in his Romanes lecture held that Darwinism fails to throw a light on the moral nature of man, he was, in my opinion, wrong; yet the origin of the anatomy and even of the moral nature of man is relatively simple, when compared with the origin of the spirit and mind of man. The peculiar mystery about the origin of our spiritual and intellectual powers is that they appear to arise before they are needed—they are ready to play their part before the time and opportunity arise.

Moreover, we have long since abandoned Herbert Spencer's teaching that our spiritual and intellectual faculties are developed through the inherited effects of use, and we now adhere to Weismann's teaching that the use or disuse of our spiritual and intellectual powers has no effect whatever on our offspring, except in so far as it tends to keep us in a normal state of mind and health. The death-blow to Herbert Spencer's view was given in the discoveries of prehistoric art within the last quarter of a century, from which it appears that a race of men of spiritual and intellectual powers arose, in which the art spirit had little to do with the struggle for existence and may have run counter to it, as it does at the present time. These discoveries also appear to give pause to the Darwinian theory of the origin of our spiritual and intellectual powers through Natural Selection, for the periods in man's history and prehistory when the artist or the man of letters has been best fitted to survive have been few and far between.

Again, this sudden emergence of our spiritual and intellectual nature from the man of the environing woods, forests, streams, plains, and deserts of primeval Asia and Europe does not favor Bergson's view of the creative evolution of an internal spiritual and intellectual impulse which must flower out in time, because if Bergson were right we should have spiritual and intellectual genius appearing out of season and entirely out of accord with environment. This is not the case, because there is always an adjustment, a relation, between the internal spiritual and intellectual powers and the external nature of the time, the

beauty or the ugliness, the ease or the hardship. It is through this reciprocal relation of the inner man and the environing world that there are so few misfits. If Bergson were right, our western world would be full of disharmonies; we should find Mediterranean geniuses springing up in Scandinavian atmospheres, as is never the case. The *racial* creative spirit of man always reacts to its own historic racial environment, into the remote past.

Our conclusion is that distinctive spiritual and intellectual powers originate along lines of slow racial evolution in climate and surroundings of distinct kinds. In the south were the Mediterranean lines of migration along sunny seas, formidable enough in the winter season, favorable to rapid development of maritime powers, together with artistic powers, the Mycenæans, the Phœnicians, the early Italian races. The Mediterraneans take nature for granted. In the center of Europe were the lines of Alpine or Celtic invaders, kept entirely away from the sea, races of agriculturalists and of miners, rich in mechanical talents, neither adventurous nor sea loving. To the north lived a race of hunters, of seafaring adventurers, resolutely contending with the forces of nature, fond of the open, curious and inquisitive about the causes of things; deliberate in spiritual development, very gradually they reach the greatest intellectual heights and depths.

The racial aptitudes in these three environments of the past twenty thousand years are now revealed in anatomy and will be no less clearly revealed in the predispositions of morals, of intellect, and of spirit. Here nature, religion, and beauty, kept apart by the superficial vision of man in science, theology, and æsthetics, are one in the eternal vision and purpose of the Creator. In the marvelous continuity of heredity a thousand years are as yesterday.

This is my idea of the origin of the racial soul, this is my interpretation of Wordsworth's immortal lines:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Burroughs, the poet of to-day, found himself at home in the environment of his remote flint-making ancestors of northern Europe. The soul that rose with him had its setting for countless generations in the north; it came from afar, not in forgetfulness, reflecting and recalling the northern clouds of Nature's glory.

LORD ROSEBERY

ROBERT BURNS

Address of Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, statesman, orator, British Prime Minister 1894-95 (born in London, May 7, 1847), delivered in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, July 21, 1896, being the occasion of the Burns Centenary celebration at Dumfries, Scotland. Another speech is given in Volume III.

I CANNOT perhaps deny that to-day has been a labor, but it has been a labor of love. [The speaker had delivered an address in the morning before the tomb of Burns, at Dumfries.] It is, it must be, a source of joy and pride to see our champion Scotsman receive the honor and admiration and affection of humanity, to see as I have seen this morning the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. But these have only been signs and symptoms of world-wide reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. In the humming city and in the crowd of men, in the backwood and in the swamp, where the sentinel paces the black frontier or the sailor smokes the evening pipe, or where, above all, the farmer and his men pursue their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack, the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns.

I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet there is no doubt or question. The *adsum* of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime. It sometimes seems to me as if the whole Eighteenth century was a constant preparation for a constant working up

to the great drama of the Revolution which closed it. The scenery is all complete when the time arrives—the dark volcanic country, the hungry, desperate people, the firefly nobles, the concentrated splendor of the Court; in the midst, in her place as heroine, the dazzling queen; and during lone previous years brooding nature has been producing not merely the immediate actors, but figures worthy of the scene. What a glittering procession it is! We can only mark some of the principal figures. Burke leads the way by seniority; then come Fox, and Goethe, Nelson and Mozart, Schiller, Pitt and Burns, Wellington and Napoleon; and among these Titans, Burns is a conspicuous figure—a figure which appeals most of all to the imagination and affection of mankind. Napoleon looms larger to the imagination, but on the affection he has no hold. It is in the combination of the two powers that Burns is supreme. What is his secret? We are always discussing him and endeavoring to find it out. Perhaps, like the latent virtue of some medical baths, it may never be satisfactorily explained, but at any rate let us discuss him again.

That is, I presume, our object to-night. What pleasanter or more familiar occupation can there be for Scotsmen? But the Scotsmen who enjoy it have generally, perhaps, more time than I. Pardon, then, the imperfections of my speech, for I speak of a subject which no one can altogether compass, and which a busy man has, perhaps, no right to attempt.

The clue to Burns' extraordinary hold on mankind is possibly a complicated one. It has, perhaps, many developments. If so, we have no time to consider it to-night; but I personally believe the causes are, like most great causes, simple, though it might take long to point out all the ways in which they operate. The secret, as it seems to me, lies in two words—inspiration and sympathy. But if I wished to prove my contention I should go on quoting from his poems all night, and his admirers would still declare that I had omitted the best passages. I must proceed, then, in a more summary way. There seem to be two great natural forces in British literature —I use the safe adjective of "British" [laughter and applause] —and your applause shows me that I was right to do so. [Renewed applause.] I use it partly because hardly any of Burns'

poetry is strictly English, partly because he hated and was perhaps the first to protest against the use of the word English as including Scottish. There are, I say, two great forces, which seem sheer inspiration and nothing else—I mean Shakespeare and Burns. This is not the place or the time to speak of the miracle called Shakespeare, but one must say a word of the miracle called Burns.

Try and reconstruct Burns as he was—a peasant born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment [laughter]; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his plow. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly, in nightingale pauses, till he dies. The nightingale sings because he cannot help it. He can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara, and, remember, the poetry is only a fragment of Burns. Amazing as it may seem, all contemporary testimony is unanimous that the man was far more wonderful than his works. "It will be the misfortune of Burns' reputation," writes an accomplished lady, who might well have judged him harshly, "in the records of literature, not only to future generations and to foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet and nothing but a poet. Poetry," she continues—"I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him—was actually not his forte. None certainly ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee," and she goes on to describe the almost superhuman fascination of his voice and of his eyes—"those balls of black fire which electrified all on whom they rested."

It seems strange to be told that it would be an injustice to judge Burns by his poetry alone, but as to the magnetism of his presence and conversation there is only one verdict. "No

man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," said the Duchess of Gordon, the friend of Pitt and of the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. Dugald Stewart says that "all the faculties of Burns' mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk or ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." And of his prose compositions the same severe judge speaks thus: "Their great and various excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances." The late Dr. Robertson used to say that, considering his education, the former seemed to him the more remarkable of the two. "I think Burns," said Dr. Robertson, to a friend, "was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and his prose." We are told, too, that he felt a strong call towards oratory, and all who heard him speak—and some of them were excellent judges—admitted his wonderful quickness of apprehension and readiness of eloquence. All this seems to me marvelous. It surely satisfies the claim of inspiration without the necessity of quoting a line of his poetry. [Cheers.]

I pass then to his sympathy. If his talents were universal his sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was no mere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all mankind, except the cruel and base—nay, we may go further and say that he placed all creation, especially the suffering and depressed part of it, under his protection. The oppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent embodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded with direct and personal hostility. But, above all, he saw the charm of the home. He recognized it as the basis of all society. He honored it in its humblest form, for he knew, as few know, how sincerely the family in the cottage is welded by mutual love and esteem. "I recollect," once said Dugald Stewart, speaking of Burns, "he told me when he was admiring a distant prospect

in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who did not witness, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained."

He dwells repeatedly on the primary sacredness of the home and family, the responsibility of fatherhood and marriage. "Have I not," he once wrote to Lord Mar, "a more precious stock in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more." The lines in which he tells his faith are not less memorable than the stately stanzas in which Gray sings the "short and simple annals of the poor." I must quote them again, often quoted as they are:—

> To make a happy fireside chime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life.

His verses then go straight to the heart of every home: they appeal to every father and mother; but that is only the beginning, perhaps the foundation, of his sympathy. There is something for everybody in Burns. [Cheers.] He has a heart even for vermin; he has pity even for the arch-enemy of mankind. And his universality makes his poems a treasure-house in which all may find what they want. Every wayfarer in the journey of life may pluck strength and courage from it as he pauses. The sore, the weary, the wounded will all find something to heal and soothe. For this great master is the universal Samaritan. Where the priest and the Levite may have passed by in vain, this eternal heart will still afford resource.

But he is not only for the sick in spirit. The friend, the patriot, will all find their choicest refreshment in Burns. His touch is everywhere the touch of genius; nothing comes amiss to him. What was said of the debating power of his eminent contemporary, Dundas, may be said of his poetry: "He went out in all weathers"; and it may be added that all weathers suited him, that he always brought back something that cannot die! [Cheers.]

He is, then, I think, a universal friend in a unique sense,

but was, poetically speaking, the special friend of Scotland in a sense which recalls a profound remark of another eminent Scotsman—I mean Fletcher of Saltoun. In an account of a conversation between Lord Cromartie, Sir Edward Seymour, and Sir Christopher Musgrave, Fletcher writes: "I said I knew a very wise man, so much of Sir Christopher's sentiments that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This may be readily paraphrased, that it is more important to make the songs of a nation than frame its laws, and this again may be interpreted, that in former days, at any rate in the days of Fletcher, even to the days of Burns, it is the familiar songs of the people that mold their thoughts, their manners and their morals. [Cheers.] If this be true, can we exaggerate the debt that Scotland owes Burns? He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world—primarily to his country, but others cannot be denied their share. I will give only one example but that is a signal one. From distant Rumania the queen of that country wrote to Dumfries to-day that she has no copy of Burns with her, but that she knows his songs by heart. [Cheers.]

We must remember that there is more than this to be said. Many of Burns' songs were already in existence in the lips and minds of the people, rough and coarse, and obscene. Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious molds he poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him these ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect. He rescued them for us by his songs, and in doing so he hallowed life and sweetened the breath of Scotland. [Cheers.]

I have also used the words patriot and lover. These draw me to different lines of thought. The word patriot leads me to the political side of Burns. There is no doubt that he was suspected of being a politician, and he is said even to have sometimes wished to enter Parliament. [Laughter.] That was perhaps an excusable aberration, and my old friend Pro-

fessor Masson has, I think, surmised that had he lived he might have been a great Liberal pressman. [Laughter.] My frail thought shall not dally with such surmise, but it conducts us naturally to the subject of Burns' politics. From his sympathy for his own class, from his indignation against nobles like the Duke of Queensberry, and from the toasts that cost him so dear it might be considered easy to infer his political opinions.

But Burns should not be claimed for any party. A poet, be it remembered, is never a politician, and a politician is never a poet [laughter and cheers]—that is to say, a politician is never so fortunate as to be a poet, and a poet is so fortunate as never to be a politician. [Renewed laughter.] I do not say that the line of demarcation is never passed. A politician may have risen for a moment, or a poet may have descended, but where there is any confusion between the two callings it is generally because the poet thinks he discerns or the politician thinks he needs something higher than politics. Burns' politics were entirely governed by the imagination. He was at once a Jacobite and a Jacobin. He had the sad sympathy which most of us have felt for the hapless house of Stuart, without the least wish to be governed by it. He had much the same spirit of abstract sympathy with the French Revolution when it was setting all Europe to rights, but he was prepared to lay down his life to prevent its putting this island to rights. [Laughter.] And then came his official superiors of the Excise, who, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's admiration of his poetry, snuffed out his politics without remorse.

The name of Pitt leads me to add that Burns had some sort of relation with three Prime Ministers. Colonel Jenkinson, of the Cinque Ports Fencible Cavalry, and afterwards, minister for fifteen years under the title of Liverpool, was on duty at Burns' funeral, though we are told—the good man—that he disapproved of the poet and declined to make his acquaintance. Pitt, again, passed on Burns one of his rare and competent literary judgments, so eulogistic, indeed, that one wonders that a powerful Minister could have allowed one he admired so much to exist on an exciseman's pay, when well, and an exciseman's half-pay when he died. [Cheers.] And from Addington, another Prime Minister, Burns elicited a sonnet which in the

Academy of Lagado would have surely been held as a signal triumph of the art of extracting sunshine from cucumbers. [Laughter.]

So much for politics in the party sense. "A man's a man for a' that." Is not Burns' politics the assertion of the rights of humanity? In a sense far wider than party politics it erects all mankind, it is the charter of its self-respect, and it binds, it heals, it invigorates, it sets the bruised and broken on their legs, it refreshes the stricken soul, it is the salve and tonic and character, it cannot be narrowed into party politics. Burns' politics are indeed nothing but the occasional overflow of his human sympathy into past history and current events.

And now having discussed two trains of thought suggested by the words friend and patriot, I come to a more dangerous word, lover. There is an eternal controversy which it appears no didactic oil will ever assuage as to Burns' private life and morality. Some maintain that these have nothing to do with his poems, some maintain that his life must be read in his works, and again some think that his life damns his poems, while others aver that his poems cannot be fully appreciated without his life. Another school thinks that his vices have been exaggerated, while their opponents scarcely think such exaggeration possible. It is impossible to avoid taking a side. I walk on the ashes, knowing fire beneath and unable to avoid them, for the topic is inevitable. I must confess myself, then, one of those who think that the life of Burns doubles the interest of his poems, and I doubt whether the failings of his life have been much exaggerated, for contemporary testimony on that point is strong, though a high and excellent authority, Mr. Wallace, has recently taken the other side with much power and point. But the life of Burns, which I love to read with his poems, does not consist of his vices. They lie outside it. It is a life of work and truth and tenderness, and though like all lives it has its light and shade, remember that we know all the worst as well as the best.

His was a soul bathed in crystal. He hurried to avow everything. There was no reticence in him. The only obscure passage in his life is the love-passage with Highland Mary, and as to that he was silent not from shame, but because it was a

sealed and sacred episode. "What a flattering idea," he once wrote, "is a world to come. There shall I with speechless agony or rapture recognize my lost, my ever dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy and love." But he had, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. His imagination was a supreme and celestial gift, but his imagination often led him wrong and never more than with woman. The chivalry that made Don Quixote see the heroic in all the common events of life made Burns (as his brother tells us) see a goddess in every girl he approached; hence many love affairs, and some guilty ones; but even these must be judged with reference to time and circumstances. This much is certain—had he been devoid of genius they would not have attracted attention. It is Burns' pedestal that affords a target. And why, one may ask, is not the same treatment measured out to Burns as to others? The illegitimate children of great captains and statesmen and princes are treated as historical and ornamental incidents. They strut the scene of Shakespeare and ruffle it with the best. It is for the illegitimate children of Burns, though he and his wife cherished them as if born in wedlock, that the vials of wrath are reserved. They were two brilliant figures both descended from the Stuarts who were alive during Burns' life. We occupy ourselves endlessly and severely with the offenses of Burns, we heave an elegant sigh over the hundred lapses of Charles James Fox and Charles Edward Stuart. [Cheers.]

Again, it is quite clear that, though exceptionally sober in his earlier years, he drank too much in later life, but this, it must be remembered, was but an occasional condescendence to the vice and habit of the age. The gentry who pressed him to their houses and who were all convivial have much to answer for. His admirers who thronged to see him, and who could only conveniently sit with him in a tavern, are also responsible for this habit so perilously attractive to men of genius from the decorous Addison and the brilliant Bolingbroke onward. The Eighteenth century records hard drinking as the common incident of intellectual eminence. To a man who had shone supreme in the most glowing society, and who was now an exciseman in a country town, with a home which cannot have

been very exhilarating, with the nervous system highly strung, the temptation of the warm tavern and the admiring circle there, may well have been almost irresistible.

Some attempt to deny that his intemperance was exaggerated. I neither affirm nor deny it. If he succumbed it was to good-fellowship and cheer. Remember, I do not seek to palliate or excuse, and, indeed, none will be turned to dissipation by Burns' example—he paid too dearly for it. But I will say this, that it all seems infinitely little, infinitely remote. Why do we strain at this distance to discern this dim spot on the poet's mantle? Shakespeare and Ben Johnson took their cool tankard at the "Mermaid." We cannot afford, in the strictest view of dietary responsibility, to quarrel with them for it. When we consider Pitt and Goethe we do not concentrate our vision on Pitt's bottles of port or Goethe's bottles of Moselle. Then why, we ask, is there such a chasm between the "Mermaid" and the "Globe"; and why are vintages of Wimbledon and Weimar so much more innocent than the simple punch-bowl of Inverary marble and its contents? [Cheers.]

I should like to go a step further and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. Mankind is helped on its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideals, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation, and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weakness like ours, their temptations, their hour of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort,

one more struggle? Where they failed, we feel it a less dishonor to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection.

Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No. Like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all seasons, the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery moving through the seen to the unseen; he is sown in dishonor; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold, in mists and wrath, in snow and vapors, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of spring, its breath, its sunshine; at the end he is reaped, the product not of one climate but of all, not of good alone but of sorrow, perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one?—how, at any rate, shall we judge a giant, great in gifts and great in temptation, great in strength, and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness, and when we thank Heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, we cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves. [Cheers.]

CARL SCHURZ

GENERAL SHERMAN

Address by Carl Schurz at a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, February 17, 1891, upon seconding resolutions before the Chamber on the death of General William Tecumseh Sherman. Carl Schurz, born in Prussia, 1829, died in New York, 1906, general, orator, statesman, left his native country after the revolution of 1849 and became an eminent American.

GENTLEMEN:—The adoption by the Chamber of Commerce of these resolutions which I have the honor to second, is no mere perfunctory proceeding. We have been called here by a genuine impulse of the heart. To us General Sherman was not a great man like other great men, honored and revered at a distance. We had the proud and happy privilege of calling him one of us. Only a few months ago, at the annual meeting of this Chamber, we saw the familiar face of our honorary member on this platform by the side of our President. Only a few weeks ago he sat at our banquet table, as he had often before, in the happiest mood of conviviality, and contributed to the enjoyment of the night with his always unassuming and always charming speech. And as he moved among us without the slightest pomp of self-conscious historic dignity, only with the warm and simple geniality of his nature, it would cost us sometimes an effort of the memory to recollect that he was the renowned captain who had marshaled mighty armies victoriously on many a battlefield, and whose name stood, and will forever stand, in the very foremost rank of the saviors of this Republic, and of the great soldiers of the world's history. Indeed, no American could have forgotten this for a moment; but the affection of those who were so happy as to come near to him, would sometimes struggle to outrun their veneration and gratitude.

Death has at last conquered the hero of so many campaigns; our cities and towns and villages are decked with flags at half-mast; the muffled drum and the funeral cannon-boom will resound over the land as his dead body passes to the final resting-place; and the American people stand mournfully gazing into the void left by the sudden disappearance of the last of the greatest men brought forth by our war of regeneration—and this last also finally become, save Abraham Lincoln alone, the most widely beloved. He is gone; but as we of the present generation remember it, history will tell all coming centuries the romantic story of the famous "March to the Sea"—how, in the dark days of 1864, Sherman, having worked his bloody way to Atlanta, then cast off all his lines of supply and communication, and, like a bold diver into the dark unknown, seemed to vanish with all his hosts from the eyes of the world, until his triumphant reappearance on the shores of the ocean proclaimed to the anxiously expecting millions, that now the final victory was no longer doubtful and that the Republic would surely be saved.

Nor will history fail to record that this great general was, as a victorious soldier, a model of republican citizenship. When he had done his illustrious deeds, he rose step by step to the highest rank in the army, and then, grown old, he retired. The Republic made provision for him in modest republican style. He was satisfied. He asked for no higher reward. Although the splendor of his achievements, and the personal affection for him, which every one of his soldiers carried home, made him the most popular American of his day, and although the most glittering prizes were not seldom held up before his eyes, he remained untroubled by ulterior ambition. No thought that the Republic owed him more ever darkened his mind. No man could have spoken to him of the "ingratitude of Republics," without meeting from him a stern rebuke. And so, content with the consciousness of a great duty nobly done, he was happy in the love of his fellow citizens.

Indeed, he may truly be said to have been in his old age, not only the most beloved, but also the happiest of Americans. Many years he lived in the midst of posterity. His task was finished, and this he wisely understood. His deeds had been

passed upon by the judgment of history, and irrevocably registered among the glories of his country and his age. His generous heart envied no one, and wished every one well; and ill-will had long ceased to pursue him. Beyond cavil his fame was secure, and he enjoyed it as that which he had honestly earned, with a genuine and ever fresh delight, openly avowed by the charming freshness of his nature. He dearly loved to be esteemed and cherished by his fellow men, and what he valued most, his waning years brought him in ever increasing abundance. Thus he was in truth a most happy man, and his days went down like an evening sun in a cloudless autumn sky. And when now the American people, with that peculiar tenderness of affection which they have long borne him, lay him in his grave, the happy ending of his great life may soothe the pang of bereavement they feel in their hearts at the loss of the old hero who was so dear to them, and of whom they were and always will be so proud. His memory will ever be bright to us all; his truest monument will be the greatness of the Republic he served so well; and his fame will never cease to be prized by a grateful country, as one of its most precious possessions.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

ANDREW CARNEGIE—HIS METHODS WITH HIS MEN

Charles M. Schwab is represented in "Modern Eloquence" by two other speeches, in Volume III by a response made when tendered a bronze tablet by the New York Chamber of Commerce, and in Volume V by an address to Princeton students. The following address was given at the memorial service at the Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburgh, November 25, 1919. It is a record of personal friendship and a tribute from one eminent business man to another and also a delightful revelation of the personalities of both.

It is nearly forty years since I first knew Mr. Carnegie. As a boy I met him when he sojourned on the Alleghany Mountains for his summer outings, and I little thought at the time, when I held his horse and did trivial services for him, that fate in later years of life would so intimately throw our lives together, and that I would become the friend and associate of such a great man.

As I reflect on those early days, a thought occurs to me that I heard expressed by an eminent gentleman who came here this morning and who is past seventy years of age; he said to me, "No man has had a greater influence upon my life than Mr. Carnegie."

Even in those early days, when I was a boy, his personality was such as to inspire one, whatever his station in life, to better efforts and to an appreciation of the finer things in life, not by what he may have said to you, not by what he may have written or spoken, but just by the tender attitude of a strong personality that existed and lived with him through his whole life.

So as I look back upon those days of boyhood, when I knew

Mr. Carnegie only by my service to him, I feel now the strength of that personality and the influence it had upon me in after life.

Now, the world knows—and it is useless for me to speak of them on this occasion—of the great events in Mr. Carnegie's life—the building up of his great business, his philanthropies, and the many interesting things that the world at large is thoroughly familiar with.

Those are a part of history and are within the knowledge of everybody, and it seems to me out of place to speak of them to-day; so I will speak only of that inward personality and soul of the man upon which those great commercial enterprises and those great philanthropic acts have been based and which could never have been accomplished without such a soul.

Mr. Carnegie was an illuminating example of what strong personality will do in the world—of what loving personality, interesting personality, will do. Never before, perhaps, in the history of industry have you known a man who, not himself understanding the business in its working details, making no pretense of being a technical steel manufacturer or a special engineer, was yet able to build up such a great and wonderfully successful enterprise as Mr. Carnegie did.

It was not because he was a skilled chemist or a skilled mechanic, a skilled engineer or a skilled metallurgist; it was because he had the faculty of enlisting the people who were skilled in those arts. And while it may be an easy thing to enlist the interest of such men in an enterprise, it is quite a different thing to get their best efforts and loyal support.

And in that Mr. Carnegie was paramount over all men that I have ever known. I wonder how many of you have ever reflected that these tremendous results which Mr. Carnegie secured were always obtained through a spirit of approval and never of criticism? Mr. Carnegie was always one to take you by the hand and encourage and improve. It was the rarest thing in the world to hear him criticize the actions of others, especially in a business sense.

I wonder if you reflect how you yourselves—how every other man responds with his best efforts under such conditions?

In my wide association in life, meeting with many and great

men in various parts of the world, I have yet to find the man, however great or exalted his station, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than he would ever do under a spirit of criticism.

Now, Mr. Carnegie understood this great thing early in life, and it was this fine philosophy, which he practiced always, that made him a great commercial success.

If I may be pardoned in giving you an illustration of the truth of this by relating a personal experience, I would like to call attention to the fact that during the war, when ships were so badly required by our nation and the world, and I was entrusted with the direction of that affair, the only thing I did was to follow the example that Mr. Carnegie taught me many years ago, which was to stop criticism and to give the people who were doing the work encouragement and approval for what they were doing. The response that we had from the country speaks for the success of that theory in life.

Mr. Carnegie believed in that theory and practiced it more constantly and successfully than any other man I have ever known. That was one of the personal traits that made him great. I have seen him often in times of stress and disappointment, but he was always encouraging.

To illustrate that, I am going to relate a little incident that occurred many years ago, when I was manager of the Braddock works—and many of my associates here to-day on this platform, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Clemson, Mr. Peacock, and the rest, will remember it. It was a time when money was not too plentiful in the Carnegie Company, and I had asked permission to put up a new converting mill, and it had been built. It was everything I expected it to be, everything I promised Mr. Carnegie it should be, and he came out to Braddock to see it.

As I was showing him around the works and explaining the new mill, he looked into my face and said, "Charlie, there is something wrong about this; I can see by your expression that you are disappointed. There is something wrong with this mill."

I said, "No, Mr. Carnegie, it is just exactly what I told you it would be, and we have reduced our costs to the point that

I said we would. But if I had it all to do over again, there is one thing which has just recently been discovered that I would introduce here, and that I am sure would result in further economy."

He said, "Well, what does that mean? Can you change this work?"

I said, "No; it would mean tearing this down and rebuilding it."

"Why," he said, "then that's the right thing to do; it's only a fool that will not profit by anything that may have been overlooked and discovered after the work is done. Tear it down and do it over again."

And although that converting mill had been running only two months, we did tear it down and we did build it over again, and the return upon the capital thus expended repaid the great firm many fold.

That spirit was characteristic of Mr. Carnegie. He did not say in criticism, "Why didn't you think of this before?"

If he had been the type of man who would say that sort of thing to me, or to any manager, he would never have learned of this new idea that had developed, and as a result the firm would not have reaped the benefit of the better mill. But that is the way Mr. Carnegie inspired us all. Another phase of his character was thoroughness, and that may be illustrated in a way which showed how his mind worked all around a subject. In those golden days when, perhaps, we had made a profit statement which showed that the firm had made five or six hundred thousand dollars in a month, or possibly more, and I would go to him with pride and say, "Mr. Carnegie, we have made five hundred thousand dollars this month," it would not be a spirit of gratification alone that he manifested, but he would say, "Show me your cost sheet. It is more interesting to know how cheaply and how well you have done this thing than how much money you have made, because the one is a temporary result, due possibly to special conditions of trade, but the other means a permanency that will go on with the works as long as they last."

Mr. Carnegie used often to scold me in a good-natured sort of way for what he called extravagance with money. He

would say, "Charlie, I don't understand you; here you are, a poor boy, born in the country, and you don't realize the value of money, and you spend and spend for new work extensions, all the time, as if we had money unlimited."

I always protested that he was wrong, that I was only spending for the good of the firm, until one historic day when I was going to see Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Curry, one of our dear departed partners, went first, and a little later I took a carriage from the Holland House, and when I arrived at Mr. Carnegie's home as I expected to remain for only a short time I told the cabman to wait. We started talking, and our interest waxed keen; time flew on until the luncheon hour, when I accepted an invitation to remain, and our discussion continued.

This old question of economy came up, and again there was an arraignment of my extravagance, against which I protested; but just then the butler stepped in and asked, "Mr. Schwab, do you want the carriage to wait any longer?"

Mr. Carnegie always seemed to have the faculty of getting the best of an argument of that sort. It was useless for me, after that, to protest that his conclusions with reference to my extravagance were not correct. One other thought occurs to me about Mr. Carnegie which perhaps others may not have expressed, and I wish to refer to it.

During the Great War the one spirit that seemed to animate every man, no matter how great his station in life—and, indeed, the greater his station the more he tried to emulate it—was the spirit of democracy. This is an age when a man, be he prince, king, philanthropist, merchant, manufacturer, politician or plain citizen, can have nothing better said of him than that he is truly democratic. That describes Mr. Carnegie. We are all striving for that spirit of true democracy.

When the heir to the English throne visited this country recently, what was the one predominating thing that was said about him everywhere and that attracted such universal admiration? It was the fact that he was a true democrat.

And, by the way, the true aristocrat of to-day is not the man of birth or wealth, but the man who has done something for humanity.

That was no new theory with Mr. Carnegie. He was the

simple democrat that we preach to-day, all of the years of his life. He never had a particle of snobbishness in his character, nor could he tolerate it in others. He was a true example of democracy, and he practiced that virtue all his life. He numbered among his friends not alone the great and the rich and the powerful of the world, but the honest working man or woman in any capacity who was truly doing the best possible in a straightforward way to accomplish something in life. I see a man in this audience to whom I heard Mr. Carnegie say, "Morgan, I am glad to see you. You are one of the best workmen and one of the most straightforward men it has ever been my pleasure to know, and I am honored to have you associated with me." That was Morgan Harris, the old forgeman who sits in the front row.

[At Mr. Schwab's request Mr. Morgan Harris stood up and was warmly greeted by the audience.]

I have known Morgan Harris for thirty years; he was forgeman at the Braddock works, but I did not know he was going to be here this afternoon. He loved Mr. Carnegie just as much as Mr. Carnegie loved him—and I appeal to you, ladies and gentlemen, can there be a stronger appreciation of the true worth and democracy of Mr. Carnegie than that his old and favorite workman comes here to do him honor to-day?

Now, my friends, naturally you expected that anything I would say of Mr. Carnegie must be as a tribute of the highest possible character; nothing less could do him justice. But this to me is not a day of grief and sadness. Of course we feel and regret that our old chieftain is not here to join with us in celebrating his birthday. We miss him more than any one can ever say, especially those of us who have been closely associated with him.

No man saw more of him in his later life than I, and oh, my friends, if you could know the happiness of that later life of Mr. Carnegie you would realize that it was the true consummation of a fine, strong life. His very soul seemed to be reflected in those later years, in his old age, and it shone forth in his every action and animated his thoughts more markedly than at any other period of his life. Everybody, to Mr. Carnegie, in those later years was his best friend and

the dearest man in the world. Now when a man has that within his soul, his soul has been right throughout life.

Mr. Carnegie never knew anger and never knew revenge. He never had that feeling in his heart. No matter how deep the hurt, he carried no resentment or ill-feeling. I remember, once, a man who had done Mr. Carnegie a great injury came to me and told me that things were going badly with him, and spoke of the wrong to Mr. Carnegie.

I said to him, "You mustn't tell me about it; go and tell Mr. Carnegie." "Oh," he said, "Mr. Carnegie would not receive me." I said, "Yes, he will; just go and tell him what you have told me." And he went to Mr. Carnegie and told him the truth, and Mr. Carnegie put his arms around that man's shoulders and said, "I am glad to see my old friend back here again, and we will be better friends than ever before," and as a matter of fact they were.

Among Mr. Carnegie's best friends were those he made in business. He had no weak sentiment as to business, but he believed that it was best accomplished under happy conditions.

Those of you who have visited the old Carnegie mill will remember the picture of the old monk that used to hang on the wall in the directors' room. It seems that some criticism was made that it was not sufficiently dignified for the place. That reached Mr. Carnegie's ears, and he sent the picture to me and said, "Hang this in your room." It was a picture of a jolly old monk who owned nothing but the robe on his back; and Mr. Carnegie added, "Any time that you feel blue or inclined to be despondent, just look at this old monk's happy countenance and your depression will disappear."

He used to say, too, "Always remember that good business is never done except in a happy and contented frame of mind." That was Mr. Carnegie's philosophy; that is the way he acted with all of us boys, and that is the reason we loved him so much.

It was my pleasure, each year, at the old Carnegie reunion, to propose his health, and I think I always used the same words, and I think I will use them again this year: "Each year that rolled by made us but love him the more." Mr. Carnegie has not departed, except in the body.

His influence and the imprint that he made on the minds of all of us live with us to-day just as strong as ever before, and when we propose his health at the annual banquet, as we have in years gone by, if it comes to me, I shall use just the same words, that "each succeeding year makes us love him and admire him more and more." He was a great man amongst men.

He has left his influence and the force of his personal philosophy upon thousands—yea, millions—not because of his great business ability nor his vast philanthropies, but because of the ideals that he practiced and that he set for every man who has his life to live.

As the years went by, life brought to him all the happiness any man could ever hope to have. And I must not neglect on this occasion to pay a tribute to the one who contributed more than the world could believe to his wonderful career and to his success and character; that is, his very dear wife, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.

In her quiet, unostentatious way she was a tower of strength, and we boys who knew Mr. Carnegie best and most intimately were wise enough to know that if we had a doubtful cause our strongest ally was Mrs. Carnegie.

Now, that is not an un-American precedent. It seems to me to exist in most American families, and I thank God that it does, because with these hustling, masterful American men, plunging forward always for material gain, the refining and restraining influence of a good woman by the side of a strong man is the finest thing that God ever created. Mrs. Carnegie occupied that position with her distinguished husband.

My friends, we have not, as you see, endeavored to make this an occasion of sadness, but rather one of appreciation of our good old, dear friend, Mr. Carnegie. I am sure if he were here he might object to some of the things that were said, thinking they were extravagant, or at least over-stated, but he would agree that his birthday should be celebrated in just the way we are doing here—not to stand up and express our deep regret at his death and at the loss the world has sustained, but rather an appreciation of the legacy of his good life to all of us.

The influence of his life will live many times longer than the age of a normal man. If he could realize that we love and revere his memory, and that his influence is a benefit to thousands, that would cause him great joy and be a supreme satisfaction; and if I have added anything to the thoughts of the friends of Mr. Carnegie in the praise which I have justly given him, then indeed am I honored by the opportunity to speak of my old, my beloved, my greatest friend—Andrew Carnegie.

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

Francis Lynde Stetson was born at Keeseville, New York, in 1846, graduated from Williams College in 1867, was admitted to the bar in 1869, and practiced in New York until his death in 1920. Mr. Stetson was one of our great lawyers. He was General Counsel for the United States Steel Corporation and other great corporations and was prominent in many civic and professional activities. The following address was delivered at a meeting of the Century Association in New York on January 19, 1919, held in memorial of Mr. Choate, its former president. Addresses were also given by Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt.

Invited by your committee to read a paper this evening upon Mr. Choate as a lawyer, I hesitated to consent, saying that superior fitness for this important duty had been shown already by three Centurians, Mr. Strong, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Guthrie. But I was met with the reply that excepting one other I was the oldest living lawyer member of The Century and that I could not shift the obligation attaching to seniority. The argument though far from convincing was conscriptive, and obediently I am here. Since then our President Mr. Root has delivered before the City Bar Association a masterly memorial address, so comprehensive as to leave unconsidered no feature in the many-sided life of our departed friend. So I shall undertake to comply with your invitation not by traversing again the field so fully and so finely occupied by these superior husbandmen, but merely by presenting briefly my personal appreciation of the remarkable professional qualities of Mr. Choate.

His qualities were so manifold that to speak of him as a lawyer only seems to lose sight of most that endeared him

to our public, and to follow him into the workshop, instead of through the great world where for more than fifty years, day in and day out, he devoted himself to the instruction and the entertainment of his fellow-men to the very limit of his great abilities.

But considered even within the lines of his chosen profession he is to be described as the advocate more than as the lawyer. There have been profound lawyers like Mr. Southmayd who were not advocates, and there have been great advocates like Wendell Phillips who were not lawyers. And again there have been lawyers like Mr. Webster and Rufus Choate whose power of advocacy was so preponderant as to outweigh and in a measure to obscure their extraordinary capacity as craftsmen. But, like James Scarlett (later Lord Abinger) at the English Bar, Mr. Choate at the American Bar was *par excellence* the Advocate of the Trial Courts.

For his high service as such, he combined most of the many necessary qualifications in such an unusual degree as to set him apart from his fellows, and to mark him for special admiration alike by them and by the general public.

Some, though not all, of these essential qualifications were indicated by him in his fine tribute to the memory of James C. Carter in language which may well be quoted with reference to himself and as illustrating his own high professional ideals. He there said:

> Let me try very briefly to trace the personal qualities which were the weapons by which he won the victory. . . . He had a very sound mind in a very sound body. His conscience was clear as crystal and never went back on him as it sometimes does on men whose mental vision is less clear than his. Absolute independence was the controlling feature of his life. He was not without a large share of self-assertion and yet he was one of the most unselfish of men. He was imbued with a high sense of public duty and was ardently patriotic. His power of labor was prodigious. By nature he was warm hearted and magnanimous. He honored and magnified his profession.

This enumeration, however, would be incomplete if applied in respect of Mr. Choate, who possessed also most of the many other traits regarded as necessary to the greatest suc-

cess by Mr. Cox in his instructive and analytical essay upon "The Advocate." Some of these characteristics of Mr. Choate may be mentioned. He had a capacity for prolonged labors continued without sleep. He once cited the instance of Sir Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) still at work on Wednesday morning though having had no sleep since the preceding Sunday. Such cases are not without parallel at our own Bar. He had also honesty of purpose, truthfulness of nature, benevolence of aim, love of justice, and detestation of wrong. In a remarkable degree he was quick to feel the moral atmosphere of his tribunal. None was more alert than he in close and concentrated observation of judge, jury, witnesses, and opposing counsel, nor could any more quickly conform to any change, however sudden or unexpected. He seldom had occasion for vain regrets over a failure to say at the proper moment the proper thing. His intended speech was completed in the court-room and not in his homeward bound cab. His swift and sure perception, and his vivid and sensitive imagination were supported and directed by a prompt and sound judgment. For the exercise of all these great native powers he was fully fitted temperamentally, for he was courageous, strong-willed, self-confident, cautious, and firm. Beyond all others he maintained habitually complete command of temper and self-control.

This specification of his qualifications may seem unduly extended but in my opinion, and I believe in the opinion of lawyers who have had opportunity of observing his conduct in the court-room, they are not all that might justly be attributed to him.

No classification general in terms could embrace this Darling of the Gods and of Men, unique in a charm which was all his own. He had a beautiful person and a winning address and a strong voice with smoothness and fluency of speech. In his shining grace and sure swiftness of movement he excited and captivated the admiration of those whose favorable regard it was his bounden duty to win. Not the thunderbolt of Jove, but a shaft of Apollo, luminous and gleaming with fun, and drawn from a full quiver, was his preferred weapon, which he aimed to lodge in the consciousness of his willing hearers,

and generally with such sure effect that it might be said of him as of Scarlett, that when he spoke there were thirteen men in the jury box. An occasion seemed to require, but without loss of dignity or of his native refinement, at times he would assume the part of the laughing cavalier. Indeed, his contagious humor might be taken as his distinguishing feature. During the last fifty years at the New York Bar hardly more than four of its leaders have been notable for their wit—Mr. Evarts, whose lambent humor tickled and illuminated, but never scorched; Francis N. Bangs, whose brilliant thrusts flashed like a meteor with a train of burning sparks; Frederic R. Coudert, of Gallic vivacity; and Mr. Choate, the fun-maker. His fun was a veritable bonfire around which his hearers gathered and warmed themselves, and in the fire was his point, which later they felt, whether or not at first they saw it. He was the most dangerous adversary of the American Bar of later days, although the late John G. Johnson was the most formidable. By this I mean that while from the very outset of a trial Mr. Johnson inspired among his adversaries anxiety and often terror, Mr. Choate was always suave but no less effective in attack, and he overcame his opponents without prior alarm or shock and almost without pain. His method was all his own. As observed by a chemical friend, "It was Choatide of Chodium."

His lofty leadership was attained by no easygoing gait or by merry jaunting. He climbed the heights by virtue of determined will and unrelenting effort. He might again have been speaking of himself when in 1907 he said to the New York State Bar Association:

> I have known the leaders of the Bar on both sides of the Atlantic and in this respect the same rule prevails. There is every variety among them of physical, mental, and moral qualities. No two are ever alike in personal characteristics, except in one essential and vital quality which is common to them all. I mean the power and will to hold on and hold out under all circumstances and against all counter inducements until the goal is reached. This indomitable tenacity of purpose with brains, health, and character insures success and leadership.

He had and he exercised habitually power of concentrated

and continuous mental application notwithstanding his disclaimer in this same memorial of Mr. Carter, when he said:

> His mental endowments were of a very superior and splendid quality and he appreciated his own intellectual powers and reveled in the exercise of them. Thinking, which to most of us is a painful and tiresome process, he delighted in, and pursued it as a most fascinating game. His mind was of a decidedly philosophical turn, fond of considering and solving all the problems of human society and progress —and the reasoning powers which in most of us are dwarfed and twisted, in him were naturally and fully developed. Logic as a pastime was as acceptable to him as golf or bridge is to the average man today.

Indeed it was quite usual for Mr. Choate to speak lightly of the thinkers. When I told him that Mr. Carter had referred to a lawyer friend as "a man whom an idea intoxicates," he replied, suggestively, "There are others."

It is true that the philosophy of the law engaged his attention less than it did that of Mr. Carter, but, nevertheless, underlying all of his apparently casual discussion was a solid and substantial basis of learning and reflection.

The path by which Mr. Choate attained the pinnacle of success was that pursued by eminent predecessors from time immemorial and that which still must be pursued by those who would follow him. He himself described it in his 1905 address before the New England Society. The youth of limited means but of clear and sturdy integrity, diligent in his studies and courteous in demeanor, attracts the regard of some lawyers of eminence and liberal disposition—in this case, a remote kinsman Rufus Choate—and bears a letter from him to another great lawyer, William M. Evarts. As generally in the experience of the bearers of such letters there is no immediate result. He turns to a college friend and finds modest opportunity for service. Then he endeavors to conduct an office of his own in association with a youth remarkable for his gifts of eloquence, William H. L. Barnes, later of San Francisco. After the lapse of four years the Rufus Choate letter bears fruit and an invitation comes from Mr. Evarts to join his firm, then receiving an annual income of $20,000, mod-

erate enough according to present standards for a law firm of commanding importance in New York and throughout the country. There he finds congenial and stimulating companionship with the versatile Evarts, of whom he said, "I owe him more than words can tell," the erudite and caustic Southmayd, his constant and never failing fount of legal learning, and the polished and impressive Charles E. Butler. Thus at once he was plunged into a great volume of business in an old and established firm of which the elder members were already overworked. From that fortunate moment he had never need to seek a retainer or to worry about income. Of course such favoring conditions tended to induce the genial serenity which enhanced the attractiveness of his handsome face and person, and to develop the naturally buoyant waggishness that even then led Professor Dwight in the familiarity of close personal intimacy to dub him "Jocose." By his brethren generally, he was referred to affectionately but never with disrespect as "Joe Choate," reminding us of the familiar appellation of a much loved Englishman of Letters "whom men know as Lord Houghton, but whom the gods call Dicky Milnes." With each of these great men, loving friendship was the dearest of possessions.

His great powers were employed always under a clear and abiding sense of the profound obligations of the advocates as declared by him in many public utterances wholly consistent with his own professional conduct. He regarded it as a duty to hold himself ready to respond to the call of those needing his professional service, irrespective of the merit of themselves or of their cause. This obligation was described by him in his memorial of Mr. Carter of whom he said:

> He was very far from restricting himself to causes that he thought he could win, or to such as were sound in law or right in fact. No genuine advocate that I know of has ever done that. He recognized and maintained the true relation of the advocate to the courts and the community; that it is a strictly professional relation and that either side of any cause that a court may hear the advocate may properly maintain.

Mr. Choate saw clearly the possibilities of cruel injustice

to those who either in appearance or in fact had incurred the penalties of law, if at the very outset they were to be denied all opportunity through competent professional assistance either to prove themselves free from legal fault or to bring punishment within limits prescribed by law. So he stood ready as an advocate in the halls of justice to present any cause which it was the duty of the courts to hear.

For him the highest duty of the advocate was to be loyal to the client and to the cause that he had undertaken to maintain or to defend. "I have made it my rule never to neglect a case, no matter how unimportant it may seem." To win the case which he had undertaken to win was his obligation, and to this end he spared no effort and he rejected no expedient within the bounds of honorable conduct. As Mr. Strong has said, "When hard-pressed he took refuge in a technicality if it happened in his way." He did not accept all of Lord Brougham's notorious declaration as to the exclusive and unlimited obligation of the advocate to his client, but neither did he he reject all of it. His own opinion was expressed in this delineation of Rufus Choate:

> His theory of advocacy was the only possible theory consistent with the sound and wholesome administration of justice—that with all loyalty to truth and honor, he must devote his best talents and attainments, all that he was and all that he could, to the support and enforcement of the cause committed to his trust, and (quoting Mr. Justice Curtis, one of the most high-minded and conscientious of lawyers and judges) in doing so he did but his duty. If other people did theirs the administration of justice was secure.

The duty of the advocate to maintain the dignity and the honor of the courts of which he is a minister he felt and fulfilled in the highest degree. The very atmosphere of the court-room was clarified by his presence and its conflicts were ennobled by his participation. This duty as well as that of guarding and maintaining a high standard of public morality were regarded by him as in the light of a sacred service, as presently we shall have occasion to note.

The court-room, especially the trial court, was the arena in which he found daily delight, for he felt to the full the joy

of contest—*gaudium certaminis*. His appearances there were almost continuous from October to June. It is doubtful whether any other member of the New York Bar appeared in so many cases and so various, though in this particular as in many others a parallel may be found in the great career of his junior competitor John G. Johnson of Philadelphia, who by only one month preceded him into the great hereafter. Each of these remarkable men eschewed mere dialects and refined historical phrasing, and each passed every proposition through the alembic of his common-sense. To simplify abstruse problems, to clarify cloudy or obscure cases was with each the fundamental philosophy. Neither talked "like a book," but like our great master of style, Abraham Lincoln, each sought the simple and often the homely phrase with which to win, not to dazzle the mind of his hearer. For Mr. Choate the familiar narratives of the Bible, and even of the Books of Nursery Tales—Balaam's Ass, the Cave of Adullam, the House that Jack Built—became potent and sufficient illustrations. His eminence was based upon his exceptional knowledge of human nature even more than upon his learning as a student of the law, for which confessedly he relied much upon Mr. Southmayd. How clearly he comprehended the mental modes of the average man, including the judge on the bench, is illustrated by the account given by Mr. Strong of Mr. Choate's voluntary and friendly appearance in behalf of Mr. (now Judge) John W. Goff when arraigned for contempt before a most upright and resolute judge, Recorder Smyth. In presenting the case Mr. Choate declared that the contempt charged had not been committed because on that particular occasion Mr. Goff's conduct was not what Recorder Smyth declared it to be:

"But," interrupted the Recorder heatedly, "I saw him do it." "Then," replied Mr. Choate quite calmly, "it becomes a question of course between your Honor's personal observation and the observation of a crowd of witnesses who testified to the contrary. Was your Honor ever conscious of being absolutely convinced from the very outset of a trial that a certain person was guilty? If not, then you are more than human. Was your Honor ever conscious as the trial proceeded that it was impossible to conceal your opinion? If not, then you are more than human. Well, that has happened in many courts and time

and again when it does happen it arouses the aggressive resistance of every advocate who understands his duty; and he would be false to his trust if it did not arouse him."

Before this suggestion of an issue of fact, possibly of veracity, the excellent Recorder receded, and contented himself with general admonition to the lawyers present to be good boys in the court-room.

Brief reference may now be made to two or three cases of public interest in which Mr. Choate appeared.

I agree with his own estimate of the high importance of the case of FitzJohn Porter, whose unjust conviction and degradation by a court-martial was reversed and whose military rectitude was vindicated after a lapse of a score of years through the mighty effort of Mr. Choate.

Next, I should place his extraordinary success, despite the powerful reasons to the contrary (set forth in the dissenting opinion) in the United States Supreme Court, in freeing from trial for murder, U. S. Marshal Neagle, who, in protection of Mr. Justice Field, whom he was attending in Lathrop, California, had there shot dead his assailant, David S. Terry. It was not doubted that the killing was justifiable, but there was presented for affirmance the novel point that this question of fact could be withdrawn from a jury and could be determined in the affirmative by a judge upon a writ of *habeas corpus*. In maintaining this proposition of overwhelming importance for the protection of courts in the discharge of their official duty, Mr. Choate demonstrated his own great ability and public spirit and justified the confidence in his professional capacity by Mr. Justice Field, who for the defense of his protector chose Mr. Choate out of the entire American Bar. Could there be higher testimony than this, from a court supreme in America and without superior in all the world?

Mr. Choate's part in the Income Tax cases of course was highly important, but for two reasons I do not rank it so highly as do some others. In the first place the credit as well as the responsibility for the origination, the presentation and, in large measure, the winning of these cases, in my personal

observation, was due primarily to our fellow member Mr. Guthrie. In the second place the attitude of Mr. Choate towards the Income Tax and his argument in these cases illustrates a characteristic feature in his mental make-up. Ever benevolent in every case of individual hardship, he had abiding doubt as to the validity of the claims of what are called sociological reforms. He did not fully appreciate the deep, persistent, and powerful determination of our people not to submit to what they regarded, and what in this particular the courts previously had decided to be, an attempt unduly to limit the powers of their representatives in Congress. The adequacy of that power and the propriety of the exercise of that power in the Income Tax Law were asserted in masterful arguments then presented by Attorney-General Olney and Mr. Carter and adopted in the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice White. Since then those arguments have found practical and compelling expression through the adoption of an amendment to the Federal Constitution, through what may be recognized as little less than a social revolution.

This ultimate result had been forecast in the arguments of Mr. Olney and Mr. Carter, who intimated that among the possibilities of departing from the former decision and of overthrowing a law looking to a distribution of the burdens of taxation according to ability to bear the burden, was the stirring up of a "popular wrath that might sweep the court away." The warning seems to have been justified by the event, for when after re-argument the divided court rendered decision overruling the act of Congress with the concurrence of one Justice who on the first argument had voted otherwise, Mr. Bryan found ample opportunity for his terrifying campaign of 1896, and his taunt:

> They say that we passed an unconstitutional Income Tax Law: well, it wasn't unconstitutional until a judge changed his mind, and we couldn't know that a judge was going to change his mind.

The thrust was so keen that in conversation with me Mr. Choate said, "That was very sharp; it was the best part of his speech."

The argument of Mr. Choate was based upon this proposition:

> I thought that the fundamental object of all civilized government was the preservation of the right of private property. That is what Mr. Webster said at Plymouth Rock in 1820, and I supposed that all educated men believed it.

This declaration, of course, contains an important truth, but is it now as certain as in 1820 it might have seemed to be, that the essential truth of the declaration is challenged by a proposition to appropriate property's surplus income for the support of government, even a government with greatly widened activities? Is it unfair to let the burden of taxes for national purposes follow the accumulations of wealth, regardless of sectional distribution, into every part of the country under national protection? Would Mr. Choate to-day lay the emphasis just where he did? Could he or could any one else in the light of present conditions assert unqualifiedly that the preservation of the right of private property "is the fundamental object of all civilized government"? But, it should be repeated, his position then taken professionally and from a sympathetic and anxious desire to maintain the provisions and the limitations of the Federal Constitution in their strictest sense implied no disregard for the sufferings and burdens of his fellow-man to which he was as keenly sensitive as was any supporter of the legislation there denounced by him.

In the case of Laidlaw against Russell Sage, won by him before every jury and lost by him in each Appellate Court, there was no limit to his sallies upon the defendant or upon the defendant's counsel, for here as always he was audaciously personal, frequently and intentionally pushing his opponents beyond the bounds of self-control, though seldom to the rupture of personal relations.

In the Sage case he deemed it necessary and he found it sufficient to destroy the prestige of the defendant before the jury by the most minute and pin-pricking cross-examination. When a lady's remonstrance that "Mr. Choate is not respectful to Mr. Sage" was repeated to him, he answered, "Oh,

some of my lady friends tell me that I am positively indecent."

Referring to Mr. Sage's statement that something had been done not by him but by his counsel, Mr. Choate said, "I see; you don't do any barking when you have a dog to do it for you." One of the defendant's counsel then asked, "Which of us is referred to as the dog?" To which, with his accustomed good nature, Mr. Choate replied, "Oh, all of us." If so, then, at that, they must have been a group of great St. Bernards, no less helpful and kindly than they were sagacious and powerful.

In the Central Pacific Railroad litigations where Collis P. Huntington was defendant, Mr. Choate was opposed by two eminent counsel, Roscoe Conkling and the acute Francis N. Bangs, father of two of our fellow members. Mr. Choate won before the jury but lost before the Appellate Court. His powers of audacity and badinage found opportunity for brilliant display at the trial, but the keenest and quickest reply was that made by Mr. Bangs when about to begin his argument to the question of Judge Van Vorst, "How long will your peroration take, Mr. Bangs?" "Your Honor means my *pre* oration, do you not?" Mr. Choate's often quoted application to Mr. Conkling of Hamlet's apostrophic rhapsody over his father's portrait may have been intended in some measure to appease his late coming opponent, to whom he had turned from his opening address before the jury with the jaunty salutation, "Oh, Senator, are you here—when did you blow in?"

Mr. Choate and Mr. Bangs faced each other finally in the noted trial of *Feuerdant vs. Cesnola,* in which Mr. Choate greatly exasperated Mr. Bangs, and finally defeated him. The trial lasted for weeks and was without pecuniary benefit to either counsel, each giving his time, his labors, and, in the case of one, his life, for the discharge of what he deemed a public duty. Mr. Bangs was a sick man during the trial and its incidents and exactions hastened his end. He died a few months later.

The list of cases of first importance conducted to successful issue by Mr. Choate occupies nearly ten columns of Mr. Rowe's admirable and sympathetic sketch in *Case and Comment* for

September, 1917, which may well be consulted by any who desire a fuller account of his court activities than can be given within the limits of the time assigned to me by your committee or permitted by your patience.

The court-room, however, did not absorb all the energies or witness all of the achievements of Mr. Choate as a lawyer. He was a wise and astute counselor, and his sympathies were readily aroused and earnestly exerted in behalf of those seeking him in trouble or perplexity. His comforting and illuminating advice soothed many pangs and saved many hearts and homes and fortunes. He affected and perhaps sometimes he felt a cynical indifference to the concoction or to the consummation in legal form of plans for business enterprises, once asking a friend so engaged, "How are you getting on with your clients and damned schemes?" He may have felt as did the lamented Hornblower that he "would rather reap the fruits of litigation than sow its seeds," and yet in this very field, when he chose, he was a master of design. He could visualize as well as any a venture into an untried and obscure region of commercial experiment, and few of his clients demonstrated a sounder business judgment than did he in the management of his own affairs. Indeed, his scope was so wide and his success so constant that the general view of him must be of a great man, not merely even of a great advocate. As Ralph Waldo Emerson was described by Matthew Arnold as being not a great poet, but a great man who wrote poetry, so it may be said of Mr. Choate that whether or not the most learned in the law certainly he was a great man who practiced law.

But his greatness burst the bounds of professional vocation and enlarged the sphere of American influence as you have been told to-night by our eminent and powerful leader Colonel Roosevelt, whose presence and address we sincerely appreciate and for which we thank him.

During the notable seventeen years after 1899 Mr. Choate gave to his country and to mankind a service as glorious as any rendered by almost any member of our profession or by any on the field of battle.

In 1898 he received and accepted the call of President Mc-

Kinley to go as Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, and there "to promote the welfare of both countries by cultivating the most friendly relations between them." How wonderfully he accomplished this mission is indicated in the volume of addresses in England published under the title "Abraham Lincoln and Other Addresses." In the scope and breadth of these eleven addresses of which seven concerned exclusively Americans or America, every true American will find fresh cause for admiration of the delightful speaker. I can quote now from only one of them, noteworthy for its range and raciness, that delivered at the dinner given to Mr. Choate by the Bench and Bar of England at Lincoln's Inn, April 14th, 1905. Rollicking fun and tender pathos alike lighted the avenue to his hearers' hearts. For example of fine foolery take this:

Our barristers appear in plain clothes in court. The Judges—some of them—wear gowns, but never a wig. I think it would be a very rash man that would propose that bold experiment to the democracy. If the Lord Chancellor had wished that our primitive and unsophisticated people should adopt that relic of antiquity and grandeur he should not have allowed his predecessors in his great office to tell such fearful stories about each other in respect to that article of apparel. We have read the story of Lord Campbell as given in his diary annotated by his daughter, as to what became of Lord Erskine's full-bottomed wig when he ceased to be Lord Chancellor. That it was purchased and exported to the coast of Guinea in order that it might make an African warrior more formidable to his enemies on the field of battle. We have a great prejudice to anything that savors of overawing the jury, and if any such terrors are to be connected with that instrument, our pure democracy will never adopt it.

And then listen to this fascinating tribute to the Chairman, Lord Chancellor Halsbury:

I am especially proud that the chair is occupied by the Lord Chancellor whose name in both countries is a synonym for equity and justice. In spite of his thirty-five years at the Bar and his eighteen years upon the woolsack, he is the very incarnation of perennial youth. Time like an ever-rolling stream bears all its sons away, but the Lord Chancellor seems to stem the tide of time. Instead of retreating like the rest of us before its advancing waves he is actually working his

way up stream. He demonstrates what I have been trying to prove for the last three years that the eighth decade of life is far the best, and I am sure he will join with me in advising you all to hurry up and get into it as soon as you can.

The world struggle dominated him as powerfully as the passion of his early youth for freedom.

I started in life with a belief that our profession in its highest walks afforded the most noble employment in which any man could engage, and I am of the same opinion still. Until I became Ambassador and entered the *terra incognita* of diplomacy I believed a man could be of greater service to his country and his race in the foremost ranks of the Bar than anywhere else and I think so still. To be a priest and possibly a high priest in the temple of justice, to serve at her altar and aid in her administration, to maintain and defend those inalienable rights of life, liberty, and property upon which the safety of society depends, to succor the oppressed and to defend the innocent, to maintain constitutional rights against all violations whether by the Executives, by the Legislature, by the resistless power of the Press, or worst of all by the ruthless rapacity of an unbridled majority, to rescue the scapegoat and restore him to his proper place in the world—all this seemed to me to furnish a field worthy of any man's ambition.

He was zealous for justice and for the good of his country and of the world. He was the head and the heart of much more than our Bar.

As a writer and speaker his fame would be secure had he delivered only his addresses on Abraham Lincoln and on Rufus Choate. This last was considered his masterpiece, and when this was said to him, he answered: "Yes, that is the best. I never worked so hard on a speech as on that one." And herein lay an explanation. The finished, flowing, easy, self-speaking address in this case, as in the others, was something that had not merely happened. It was, and most of the others were, the sum of painstaking labor and of earnest reflection.

His ending was almost an apotheosis. At the reception of the British Commission in the City Hall the Mayor of New York hailed him as our first citizen. At that glorious service at the Cathedral on the morning of Sunday, May 13th, full of honors, crowned with love, carrying dignity and reverence in

his presence, he was in his beautiful old age, uttering a *nunc dimittis,* without precedent since the days of the ancient Simeon.

All honored him and those admitted to his intimacy loved him. In sincerity and love, his own tribute to Rufus Choate may be repeated of him:

> Emerson most truly says that "character is above intellect" and this man's character surpassed even his exalted intellect and controlling all his great endowments made the consummate beauty of his life.

HENRY VAN DYKE

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

A TRAVELER FROM ALTRURIA

Henry van Dyke is well known throughout the country by his books. He is almost equally well known as a speaker. For many years pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, and since 1900 Professor of English Literature at Princeton, he has preached and lectured to the delight and benefit of many an audience. He was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1852, graduated from Princeton College in 1873 and from the Theological Seminary in 1877. He was United States Minister to The Netherlands in 1913-17, and is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The address on William Dean Howells was given at the memorial service held under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York in 1920. Other addresses by Dr. van Dyke are given in Volumes III and VII.

THE Dean of American Letters passed away gently and serenely, as he was wont to go in life's affairs. Having lived with a fine faithfulness and joy in labor for more than fourscore years, having finished the last page of his many-leaved manuscript, William Dean Howells laid down his pen, and set out cheerfully on his long voyage to the Undiscovered Country, —shall we not call it his Golden Wedding Journey?

It was sixty years ago that he made his début as an author in "Poems of Two Friends," written in comradeship with John James Piatt. Then he wrote a campaign "Life of Abraham Lincoln," and afterward illuminated the ledger of his youthful

Reprinted from the Notes and Monographs of the American Academy Copyright 1920 by the kind permission of the author and the Academy; also by permission of the author from "Camp-Fires and Guide Posts," Chas. Scribner's Sons, Copyright 1920.

HENRY VAN DYKE

consulship in Venice with two lovely series of sketches, "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." In 1871 he published the first of his charming, intimate, fancifully realistic pieces of fiction, "Their Wedding Journey." After that not a year passed without some fruit from his fertile mind: verse, short story, long story, novel, essay, criticism, sketch of travel, or commentary on life.

He was always a painstaking writer; but it was never a pain for him to write. He liked it; and the sense of his own pleasure in finding the right words to describe the people and things that he had in his mind's eye was, to me at least, a distinct addition to the pleasure of reading his work. It was perfectly natural for him to be an artist in literature. His feeling of security and comfort in writing clear and beautiful English was the farthest remove from vanity or priggishness. It was simply the result of keeping good company among books and men. It would have been as unnatural for him to write loud, ungainly things, as for Raphael to paint a Cubist picture.

There was about his spirit something singularly humane and sympathetic, intelligent and teachable. Though of a very quiet manner, he was capable, even after middle age, of strong enthusiasm—witness his adoration of Tolstoy.

His own careful and almost meticulous taste in words did not prevent him from knowing and understanding the colloquial speeches of the day,—that broad river of so-called "slang" which carries on its flood much perishable rubbish, but also many treasures to enrich the language with new phrases and figures. No doubt the New England School of writers and the stringent intellectual climate of Boston influenced Howells strongly, especially at the beginning of his career. But no less clearly do we recognize in his work the genial influence of the Knickerbocker School, begun by Washington Irving and carried on by George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, Donald Mitchell, Frank Stockton, Henry Bunner, Hopkinson Smith, Brander Matthews, and others. In fact, there was in Howells a quality of appreciation and responsiveness which made him open to influences of various kinds, as his book "My Literary Passions" clearly shows.

As a critic, it seems to me, the lasting value of his work is discounted a little by this susceptibility. His criticism is sincere, vivacious, often charming by its very personalism. But it is more a statement of successive likings than a dispassionate and reasoned judgment. He has no real standard of excellence; or, rather, he has too many standards of predilection. Yet it was this very quality that made him so generous and encouraging as a friend to the younger writers of his day, though so far from infallible as a prophet regarding them.

In verse he wrote comparatively little, but in that little he condensed the very essence of his deepest thoughts and emotions. Here we feel that wistful sadness which the true humorist so often carries in his heart; here we trace the secret furrows which personal grief (especially the loss of his beloved daughter) plowed in his soul; here also we find the humble, hardy blooms of spiritual faith and ethical conviction, surviving all the assaults of sorrow and doubt. He did not lose the will to believe, though sometimes he had to fall back on sheer moral loyalty to defend it. He was an inveterate questioner, a temperamental skeptic in the old Greek sense of the word, which means an inquirer, a searcher. But underneath all he was a mystic, unwilling to surrender realities invisible and eternal, or to

> Deny the things past finding out.

Three veins, it seems to me, are clearly marked in his novels and stories. The first vein is a delicate and delightful humor, altogether native, quaint, and savory—the humor which brings the smile before the laugh. This I find at its best in, "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Fearful Responsibility," and that absurdly delightful love-story, "The Lady of the Aroostook."

The second vein is a sincere and reasonable realism, an endeavor to be true to the facts of life, material and spiritual. This is quite a different thing from the gross "naturalism," as they call it, of those novelists who are imperfectly housebroken. The stories of Howells are clean, not by force of

prudery, but by virtue of decency. I do not know where to find more closely studied, accurately drawn, well-composed pictures, large and small, of real life in certain parts of America at the close of the nineteenth century, than in such novels as "A Modern Instance," "Dr. Breen's Practice," and "The Rise of Silas Lapham." The last in particular, in spite of its predominant Bostonian atmosphere, is lifted by its moral force into a broader region. It seems to me Howell's best book. I think it comes nearer than any other yet written to that much-called-for but perhaps impossible achievement, *the* American novel.

The third vein in Howells' work is the social passion, the sense of something shamefully wrong in modern civilization, the intense desire for a new and better life. This, according to his own statement, is directly traceable to what he calls the noblest of his enthusiasms, his "devotion for the writings of Lyof Tolstoy." This came to him, he tells us, just after he had "turned the corner of his fiftieth year,"—that is to say, either in 1886 or 1887, according as you take the "corner" as the first or the last of the year. In 1888 he published "Annie Kilburn," the earliest of his books in which this Tolstoyan influence is unmistakable,—a novel which had such a place in his affection that he sent it to me with his own portrait, as if to say, "Here I am, and thus I believe."

In many volumes which followed, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," "A Traveler from Altruria," "The World of Chance," "New Leaf Mill," and so on,—we find the same vein, worked with varying power, but always, if I mistake not, with unvarying sincerity and loyalty to his master's cause. There was, of course, a large elemental force in the Russian master that the disciple did not possess. But, on the other hand, the American disciple had a keenness of perception, a balance of judgment, a shrewd common sense that the master had not. You might résumé the difference roughly by saying that Howells was a grown-up man of power, while Tolstoy was an infant of genius.

I used to have the impression that Howells' admiration of Tolstoy was unlimited and indiscriminate. I now confess that this was a mistake. It may have been extreme, but it was not

without discrimination. Howells admits that his master's doctrine of absolute individualism and passive resistance, like his theory in regard to money, "though it may be logical, is not reasonable." He discounts the ineffectiveness of Tolstoy's allegories and didactic tales. He faults "The Kreutzer Sonata" for applying to marriage in general the lesson of one evil marriage. He concedes that in certain things the master's life was fallible and seems a failure. And he concludes with a very noble sentence: "There was but one life ever lived upon the earth which was without failure, and that was Christ's, whose erring and stumbling follower Tolstoy is."

As I look back among my personal memories of Howells, which run through more than thirty years, there comes to me somehow a gleam of rare brightness from one unforgetable season.

We had passed the summer of 1898 as neighbors at York Harbor, on the Maine coast. There were others of the guild of letters in the little colony,—Mabie, and Warner, and Thomas Nelson Page, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. We met often; and, of course, there was an "authors' reading" for some good local cause to which we all contributed of "such as we had." Yet during the summer each of us was more or less busy with his own task of writing,—Howells more.

But in September came a golden leisure time, when the air was opal with the light sea haze, and hints of autumnal color gleamed secretly through the fading green of grove and thicket, and the marsh-grasses turned russet brown and the bracken dim gold, and the asters put on royal purple, and the long, filmy gossamers went floating with the slow breeze or lay on the emerald aftermath glistening with tiny drops like threaded diamonds. Then Howells walked with me in the high pastures, or under the pointed firs, or in the old fields where mushrooms grew for our gathering. The sunset came early, but faded slowly. There was a smell of ripening apples and wild grapes. The blue smoke from farm-house chimneys went straight up into the sky. We could feel that frost was coming—not far away.

Howells talked with me of nature and art, of books and people, of love and sorrow, of life and death and life beyond.

Speaking of his own poetry he called himself "a sadder singer, full of doubt and misgiving." Nothing on earth could be to him what it used to be before his daughter died. Yet he would not give up his work, nor go mourning silent all his days. The best that he would have men say of his writing was that it was true to what he thought and felt when he wrote it. Whatever there was of misery and trouble and evil in the world, still courage and patience, labor and fellowship were good—good in themselves and good in their results. Justice was what we ought to work for, but meantime most of us must confess that we needed charity—authors not exempt, —nor preachers! A man ought to think more of what he belongs to than of what belongs to him. When we see something queer in others, it should be a kind of a looking-glass. The best hope we can have is that God smiles at us as we do at our small children. The things we toil for on earth are not vain—they are real enough, some of them, but all transient,—and some day, perhaps, we shall look back at them as not very different from these bundles of mushrooms we have been gathering. "I see," he added, with a whimsical smile, "my bundle is a little larger than yours. But that is only because my handkerchief is bigger. Besides, we are going to divide them equally when we get home."

I still see him with that wistful smile on his lips and around the corners of his eyes, and hear his soft, slightly hesitant voice as he says good-by at the door of his cottage.

HENRY WATTERSON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Address by Henry Watterson, journalist and orator, editor of the Louisville, Ky., *Courier-Journal* (born in Washington, D. C., 1840; died, 1921), delivered as an oration before the Lincoln Club of Chicago, February 12, 1895, and subsequently repeated on many platforms as a lecture. It has been heard in all parts of the country, but nowhere, as has been stated, with livelier demonstrations of approval than in the cities of the South "from Richmond and Charleston to New Orleans and Galveston." The text here given includes a passage added to the matter as originally spoken, relating to the Hampton Roads Conference. This presents Mr. Watterson's proof for the assertion as to what had actually passed between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens on that occasion, which had been questioned. Other speeches by Mr. Watterson are given in Volume III.

THE statesmen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution—the soldiers in blue-and-buff, top-boots and epaulets who led the armies of the Revolution—were what we are wont to describe as gentlemen. They were English gentlemen. They were not all, nor even generally, scions of the British aristocracy; but they came, for the most part, of good Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Irish stock.

The shoe-buckle and the ruffled shirt worked a spell peculiarly their own. They carried with them an air of polish and authority. Hamilton, though of obscure birth and small stature, is represented by those who knew him to have been dignity and grace personified; and old Ben Franklin, even in woolen hose, and none too courtier-like, was the delight of the great nobles and fine ladies, in whose company he made himself as

Copyright, 1899, by Courier-Journal Job-Printing Co. Published by permission.

much at home as though he had been born a marquis.

When we revert to that epoch the beauty of the scene which history unfolds is marred by little that is uncouth, by nothing that is grotesque. The long procession passes, and we see in each group, in every figure, something of heroic proportion. John Adams and John Hancock, Samuel Warren and Samuel Adams, the Livingstons in New York, the Carrolls in Maryland, the Masons, the Randolphs and the Pendletons in Virginia, the Rutledges in South Carolina—what pride of caste, what elegance of manner, what dignity and dominancy of character! And the soldiers! Israel Putnam and Nathanael Greene, Ethan Allen and John Stark, Mad Anthony Wayne and Light Horse Harry Lee, and Morgan and Marion and Sumter, gathered about the immortal Washington—Puritan and Cavalier so mixed and blended as to be indistinguishable the one from the other—where shall we go to seek a more resplendent galaxy of field marshals? Surely not to Blenheim, drinking beakers to Marlborough after the famous victory; nor yet to the silken market of the great Condé on the Rhine, bedizened with gold lace and radiant with the flower of the nobility of France! Ah, me! there were gentlemen in those days; and they made their influence felt upon life and thought long after the echoes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown had faded away, long after the bell over Independence Hall had ceased to ring.

The first half of the Republic's first half century of existence, the public men of America, distinguished for many things, were chiefly and almost universally distinguished for repose of bearing and sobriety of behavior. It was not until the institution of African slavery had got into politics as a vital force that Congress became a bear-garden, and that our law-makers, laying aside their manners with their small-clothes, fell into the loose-fitting habiliments of modern fashion and the slovenly jargon of partisan controversy. The gentlemen who signed the Declaration and framed the Constitution were succeeded by gentlemen—much like themselves—but these were succeeded by a race of party leaders much less decorous and much more self-confident; rugged, puissant; deeply moved in all that they said and did, and sometimes turbulent; so that finally, when

the volcano burst forth flames that reached the heavens, great human boulders appeared amid the glare on every side; none of them much to speak of according to rules regnant at St. James and Versailles; but vigorous, able men, full of their mission and of themselves, and pulling for dear life in opposite directions.

There were Seward and Sumner and Chase, Corwin and Ben Wade, Trumbull and Fessenden, Hale and Collomer and Grimes, and Wendell Phillips, and Horace Greeley, our latter-day Franklin. There were Toombs and Hammond, and Slidell and Wigfall, and the two little giants Douglas and Stephens, and Yancey and Mason, and Jefferson Davis. With them soft words buttered no parsnips, and they cared little how many pitchers might be broken by rude ones. The issue between them did not require a diagram to explain it. It was so simple a child might understand. It read, human slavery against human freedom, slave labor against free labor, and involved a conflict as inevitable as it was irrepressible.

Long before the guns of Beauregard opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and, fulfilling the program of extremism, "blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people," the hustings in America had become a battle-ground, and every rod of debatable territory a ring for controversial mills, always tumultuous, and sometimes sanguinary. No sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution—which warmed so many noble hearts and lighted so many patriotic lamps—no sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution died out, than there began to burn, at first fitfully, then to blaze alarmingly in every direction, a succession of forest fires, baffling the energies and resources of the good and brave men who sought to put them out. Mr. Webster, at once a learned jurist and a prose poet, might thunder expositions of the written law, to quiet the fears of the slave-owner and to lull the waves of agitation. Mr. Clay, by his resistless eloquence and overmastering personality, might compromise first one and then another of the irreconcilable conditions that obstructed the pathway of conservative statesmanship. To no purpose, except to delay the fatal hour.

There were moving to the foreground moral forces which would down at no man's bidding. The still, small voice of

emancipation, stifled for a moment by self-interest playing upon the fears of the timid, recovered its breath, and broke into a cry for abolition. The cry for abolition rose in volume to a roar. Slowly, step by step, the forces of freedom advanced to meet the forces of slavery. Gradually, these mighty, discordant elements approached the predestined line of battle; the gains for awhile seeming to be in doubt, but in reality all on one side. There was less and less of middle ground. The middle men who ventured to get in the way were either struck down or absorbed by the one party or the other. The Senate had its Gettysburg; and many and many a Shiloh was fought on the floor of the House. Actual war raged in Kansas. The mysterious descent upon Harper's Ferry, like a fire-bell in the night, might have warned all men of the coming conflagration; might have revealed to all men a prophecy in the lines that, quoted to describe the scene, foretold the event—

> The rock-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
> And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers: "Death."

Greek was meeting Greek at last; and the field of politics became almost as sulphurous and murky as an actual field of battle.

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command, and, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.]

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I do so as he appeared to me, when I first saw him immediately on his ar-

rival in the national capital, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use the words of another and a more graphic word-painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Illinois, to meet and confer with the man he had done so much to elect, but whom he had never personally known. "I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln, himself, opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress-coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him, and little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

A graphic portrait, truly, and not unlike I recall him, two months later, a little less uncouth, a little better dressed, but in singularity and in angularity much the same. All the world now takes an interest in every detail that concerned him, or that relates to the weird tragedy of his life and death.

And who was this peculiar being, destined in his mother's arms—for cradle he had none—so profoundly to affect the future of human-kind? He has told us, himself, in words so simple and unaffected, so idiomatic and direct, that we can neither misread them, nor improve upon them. Writing, in

1859, to one who had asked him for some biographic particulars, Abraham Lincoln said:—

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. . . . My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

My father (Thomas Lincoln) at the death of his father was but six years of age. By the early death of his father, and the very narrow circumstances of his mother, he was, even in childhood, a wandering, laboring boy, and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way of writing than bungling to write his own name. . . . He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Indiana, in my eighth year. . . . It was a wild region, with many bears and other animals still in the woods. . . . There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three.' If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. . . . Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three. But that was all. . . . The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work . . . till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois,—Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, . . . where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war; and I was elected captain of a volunteer company, a success that gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went into the campaign—was elated—ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During the legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again.

If any personal discription of me is thought desirable, it may be said that I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh,

weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

There is the whole story, told by himself, and brought down to the point where he became a figure of national importance.

His political philosophy was expounded in four elaborate speeches; one delivered at Peoria, Illinois, the 16th of October, 1854, one at Springfield, Illinois, the 16th of June, 1858; one at Columbus, Ohio, the 16th of September, 1859, and one the 27th of February, 1860, at Cooper Institute, in the city of New York. Of course Mr. Lincoln made many speeches and very good speeches. But these four, progressive in character, contain the sum total of his creed touching the organic character of the Government and at the same time his party view of contemporary issues. They show him to have been an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leanings; a thorough anti-slavery man, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. To the last he hewed to the line thus laid down.

Two or three years ago I referred to Abraham Lincoln—in a casual way—as one "inspired of God." I was taken to task for this and thrown upon my defense. Knowing less then than I know now of Mr. Lincoln, I confined myself to the superficial aspects of the case; to the career of a man who seemed to have lacked the opportunity to prepare himself for the great estate to which he had come, plucked as it were from obscurity by a caprice of fortune.

Accepting the doctrine of inspiration as a law of the universe, I still stand to this belief; but I must qualify it as far as it conveys the idea that Mr. Lincoln was not as well-equipped in actual knowledge of men and affairs as any of his contemporaries. Mr. Webster once said that he had been preparing to make his reply to Hayne for thirty years. Mr. Lincoln had been in unconscious training for the Presidency for thirty years. His maiden address as a candidate for the Legislature, issued at the ripe old age of twenty-three, closes with these words, "But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with

disappointment to be very much chagrined." The man who wrote that sentence, thirty years later wrote this sentence: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the angels of our better nature." Between those two sentences, joined by a kindred, somber thought, flowed a life-current—

> Strong, without rage, without o'erflowing, full,

pausing never for an instant; deepening whilst it ran, but nowise changing its course or its tones; always the same; calm; patient; affectionate; like one born to a destiny, and, as in a dream, feeling its resistless force.

It is needful to a complete understanding of Mr. Lincoln's relation to the time and to his place in the political history of the country, that the student peruse closely the four speeches to which I have called attention; they underlie all that passed in the famous debate with Douglas; all that their author said and did after he succeeded to the Presidency. They stand to-day as masterpieces of popular oratory. But for our present purpose the debate with Douglas will suffice—the most extraordinary, intellectual, spectacular, the annals of our party afford. Lincoln entered the canvass unknown outside the State of Illinois. He closed it renowned from one end of the land to the other.

Judge Douglas was himself unsurpassed as a stump-speaker and ready debater. But in that campaign, from first to last, Judge Douglas was at a serious disadvantage. His bark rode upon an ebbing tide; Lincoln's bark rode upon a flowing tide. African slavery was the issue now; and the whole trend of modern thought was set against slavery. The Democrats seemed hopelessly divided. The Little Giant had to face a triangular opposition embracing the Republicans, the Administration, or Buchanan Democrats, and a little remnant of the old Whigs, who fancied that their party was still alive and thought to hold some kind of balance of power. Judge Douglas called the combination the "allied army," and declared that

he would deal with it "just as the Russians dealt with the allies at Sebastopol—that is, the Russians did not stop to inquire, when they fired a broadside, whether it hit an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Turk." It was something more than a witticism when Mr. Lincoln rejoined, "In that case, I beg he will indulge us whilst we suggest to him that those allies took Sebastopol." [Applause.]

He followed this center-shot with volley after volley of exposition so clear, of reasoning so close, of illustration so pointed and, at times, of humor so incisive, that, though he lost his election—though the allies did not then take Sebastopol—his defeat counted for more than Douglas' victory, for it made him the logical and successful candidate for President of the United States two years later.

What could be more captivating to an out-door audience than Lincoln's description "of the two persons who stand before the people of the State as Candidates for the Senate," to quote his prefatory words? "Judge Douglas," he said, "is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party . . . have been looking upon him as certainly . . . to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargéships and foreign missions, bursting and spreading out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long, they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him and give him marches, triumphal entries and receptions, beyond what in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that cabbages were sprouting."

As the debate advanced, these cheery tones deepened into harsher notes; crimination and recrimination followed; the two gladiators were strung to their utmost tension. They became dreadfully in earnest. Personal collision was narrowly avoided. I have recently gone over the entire debate, and with

a feeling I can only describe as most contemplative, most melancholy.

I knew Judge Douglas well; I admired, respected, loved him. I shall never forget the day he quitted Washington to go to his home in Illinois to return no more. Tears were in his eyes and his voice trembled like a woman's. He was then a dying man. He had burned the candle at both ends from his boyhood; an eager, ardent, hard-working, pleasure-loving man; and though not yet fifty, the candle was burned out. His infirmities were no greater than those of Mr. Clay; not to be mentioned with those of Mr. Webster. But he lived in more exacting times. The old-style party organ, with its mock heroics and its dull respectability, its beggarly array of empty news columns and cheap advertising, had been succeeded by that unsparing, tell-tale scandal-monger, Modern Journalism, with its myriad of hands and eyes, its vast retinue of detectives, and its quick transit over flashing wires, annihilating time and space. Too fierce a light beat upon the private life of public men, and Douglas suffered from this as Clay and Webster, Silas Wright, and Franklin Pierce had not suffered.

The presidential bee was in his bonnet, certainly; but its buzzing there was not noisier than in the bonnets of other great Americans, who have been dazzled by that wretched bauble. His plans and schemes came to naught. He died at the moment when the death of those plans and schemes was made more palpable and impressive by the roar of cannon proclaiming the reality of that irrepressible conflict he had refused to foresee and had struggled to avert. His life-long rival was at the head of affairs. No one has found occasion to come to the rescue of his fame. No party interest has been identified with his memory. But when the truth of history is written, it will be told that, not less than Webster and Clay, he, too, was a patriotic man, who loved his country and tried to save the Union. He tried to save the Union, even as Webster and Clay had tried to save it, by compromises and expedients. It was too late. The string was played out. Where they had succeeded he failed; but, for the nobility of his intention, the amplitude of his resources, the splendor of his combat, he merits all that any leader of losing cause ever gained in the

report of posterity; and posterity will not deny him the title of statesman. [Applause.]

In that great debate it was Titan against Titan; and perusing it after the lapse of forty years, the philosophic and impartial critic will conclude which got the better of it, Lincoln or Douglas, much according to his sympathy with the one or the other. Douglas, as I have said, had the disadvantage of riding an ebb-tide. But Lincoln encountered a disadvantage in riding a flood-tide,. which was flowing too fast for a man so conservative and so honest as he was. Thus there was not a little equivocation on both sides foreign to the nature of the two. Both wanted to be frank. Both thought they were being frank. But each was a little afraid of his own logic; each was a little afraid of his own following; and hence there was considerable hair-splitting, involving accusations that did not accuse and denials that did not deny. They were politicians, these two, as well as statesmen; they were politicians, and what they did not know about political campaigning was hardly worth knowing. Reverently, I take off my hat to both of them; and I turn down the page; I close the book and lay it on its shelf, with an inward ejaculation, "there were giants in those days." [Applause.]

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln, and shall pass over the events which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1860.

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was Saturday, I think He came to the Capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and among the rest, I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and, whilst Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the forenoon of the 4th of March in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness;

for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness; and very obliging. I accompanied the cortège that passed from the Senate chamber to the east portico of the Capitol, and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. Whether they did or not they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and all his official subordinates. [Applause.]

Mr. Seward was the first to fall a victim to his own temerity. One of the most extraordinary incidents that ever passed between a chief and his lieutenant came about before the first month of the new administration had closed. The 1st of April Mr. Seward submitted to Mr. Lincoln a memorandum, entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." He began this by saying: "We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either foreign or domestic." Then follows a series of suggestions hardly less remarkable for their character than for their emanation. There are quite a baker's dozen of them, for the most part flimsy and irrelevant; but two of them are so conspicuous for a lack of sagacity and comprehension that I shall quote them as a sample of the whole: "We must change the question before the public," says

Mr. Seward, "from one upon slavery, or about slavery, to one upon Union or disunion"—as if it had not been thus changed already—and, "I would demand explanations from Spain and France, energetically, at once, . . . and if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, I would convene Congress and declare war against them. . . . I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to arouse a vigorous spirit of Continental independence on this continent against European intervention."

Think of it! At the moment this advice was seriously given the head of the Government by the head of the Cabinet—supposed to be the most accomplished statesman and astute diplomatist of his time—a Southern Confederacy had been actually established, and Europe was only too eager for some pretext to put in its oar, and effectually, finally, to compel a dissolution of the Union and to compass the defeat of the Republican experiment in America. The Government of the United States had but to make a grimace at France and Spain; to bat its eye at England and Russia, to raise up a quadruple alliance, Monarchy against Democracy, bringing down upon itself the navies of the world, and doubly assuring, double confirming the Government of Jefferson Davis.

In concluding these astounding counsels, Mr. Seward says: "But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it. For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly. Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, all debates on it must end and all agree and abide. It is not in my especial province; but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility."

Before hearing Mr. Lincoln's answer to all this, consider what it really implied. If Mr. Seward had simply said: "Mr. Lincoln, you are a failure as President, but turn over the direction of affairs exclusively to me, and all shall be well and all be forgiven," he could not have spoken more explicitly and hardly more offensively.

Now mark how a great man carried himself at a critical

moment under extreme provocation. Here is the answer Mr. Lincoln sent Mr. Seward that very night:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.—Hon W. H. Seward—My Dear Sir: Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day and entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." The first proposition in it is, "We are at the end of a month's administration and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign."

At the beginning of that month in the inaugural I said: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imports." This had your distinct approval at the time; and taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter.

. . . . . .

The news received yesterday in regard to Santo Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy, but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

Upon your closing proposition—that "Whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it. For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly. Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or devolve it upon some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates must end, and all agree and abide." I remark that if this be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress, I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet. Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

I agree with Mr. Lincoln's biographers that in this letter not a word was omitted that was necessary, and not a hint or allusion is contained that could be dispensed with. It was conclusive. It ended the argument. Mr. Seward dropped into his place. Mr. Lincoln never referred to it. From that time

forward the understanding between them was mutual and perfect. So much so that when, the 21st of the following May, Mr. Seward submitted to the President the draft of a letter of instruction to Charles Francis Adams, then Minister to England, Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to change much of its character and purpose by his alterations of its text. The original copy of this dispatch, in Mr. Seward's handwriting, with Mr. Lincoln's interlineations, is still to be seen on file in the Department of State. It is safe to say that, if that letter had gone as Mr. Seward wrote it, a war with England would have been inevitable. Mr. Lincoln's additions, hardly less than his suppressions, present a curious contrast between the seer in affairs and the scholar in affairs. Even in the substitution of one word for another, Mr. Lincoln shows a comprehension both of the situation and the language which seems to have been wholly wanting in Mr. Seward, with all his experience and learning. It is said that, pondering over this document, weighing in his mind its meaning and import, his head bowed and pencil in hand, Mr. Lincoln was overheard murmuring to himself: "One war at a time—one war at a time." [Applause.]

Whilst I am on this matter of who was really President whilst Abraham Lincoln occupied the office, I may as well settle it. We all remember that, in setting up for a bigger man than his chief, Mr. Chase fared no better than Mr. Seward. But it is sometimes said that Mr. Stanton was more successful in this line. Many amusing stories are told of how Stanton lorded it over Lincoln. On a certain occasion it is related that the President was informed by an irate friend that the Secretary of War had not only refused to execute an order of his, but had called him a fool into the bargain. "Did Stanton say that I was a fool?" said Lincoln. "Yes," replied his friend, "he said you were a blank, blank fool!" Lincoln looked first good humoredly at his friend and then furtively out of the window in the direction of the War Department, and carelessly observed: "If Stanton said that I was a blank fool, it must be true, for he is nearly always right and generally says what he means. I will just step over and see Stanton."

On another occasion Mr. Lincoln is quoted as saying: "I

have very little influence with this Administration, but I hope to have more with the next."

Complacent humor such as this simply denotes assured position. It is merely the graciousness of conscious power. But there happens to be on record a story of a different kind. This is related by General James B. Fry, Provost Marshal General of the United States, on duty in the War Department. As General Fry tells it, Mr. Stanton seems to have had the right of it. The President had given an order which the Secretary of War refused to issue. The President thereupon came into the War Department and this is what happened. In answer to Mr. Lincoln's inquiry as to the cause of the trouble, Mr. Stanton went over the record and the ground for his action, and concluded with: "Now, Mr. President, these are facts, and you must see that your order cannot be executed."

Lincoln sat upon a sofa with his legs crossed—I am quoting General Fry—and did not say a word until the Secretary's last remark. Then he said in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order."

Stanton replied with asperity—"Mr. President, I cannot do it. The order is an improper one and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eye upon Stanton, and in a firm voice, and with an accent that clearly showed his determination, he said:—

"Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done."

"Stanton then realized"—I am still quoting General Fry—"that he was overmatched. He had made a square issue with the President and been defeated, notwithstanding the fact that he was in the right. Upon an intimation from him I withdrew and did not witness his surrender. A few minutes after I reached my office I received instructions from the Secretary to carry out the President's order. Stanton never mentioned the subject to me afterward, nor did I ever ascertain the special, and no doubt sufficient reason, which the President had for his action in the case."

Once General Halleck got on a high horse, and demanded that, if Mr. Lincoln approved some ill-natured remarks alleged to have been made of certain military men about Washington, by Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, he

should dismiss the officers from the service, but if he did not approve, he should dismiss the Postmaster-General from the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln's reply is very characteristic. He declined to do either of the things demanded. He said: "Whether the remarks were really made I do not know, nor do I suppose such knowledge necessary to a correct response. If they were made I do not approve them; and yet, under the circumstances, I would not dismiss a member of the Cabinet therefor. I do not consider what may have been hastily said in a moment of vexation . . . sufficient ground for so grave a step. Besides this, truth is generally the best vindication against slander. I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed." [Applause.]

Next day, however, he issued a warning to the members of his political family, which, in the form of a memorandum, he read to them. There is nothing equivocal about this. In language and in tone it is the utterance of a master. I will read it to you, as it is very brief and to the purpose. The President said: "I must myself be the judge how long to retain and when to remove any of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is, that on this subject no remark be made, nor any question be asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter."

Always courteous, always tolerant, always making allowance, yet always explicit, his was the master-spirit, his the guiding hand; committing to each of the members of his Cabinet the details of the work of his own department; caring nothing for petty sovereignty; but reserving to himself all that related to great policies, the starting of moral forces and the moving of organized ideas.

I want to say just here a few words about Mr. Lincoln's relation to the South and the people of the South.

He was, himself, a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; and he

grew to manhood in a Kentucky colony; for what was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony, grown since somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we in the South used to call "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion back of those patient, kindly aspects; and, long before he was of legal age, a leader. His first love was a Rutledge; his wife was a Todd. Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the short and simple annals of the poor.

We know that he was a prose-poet; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman; for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the one friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. He was the one man in public life who could have come to the head of affairs in 1861 bringing with him none of the embittered resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. Whilst Seward, Chase, Sumner and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and like a philosopher and a statesman. The direst blow that could have been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

But I digress. Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, whilst there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger. [Applause.]

Under date of February 2, 1848, and from the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, whilst he was serving as a member of Congress, I find this short note to his law partner at Springfield:—

DEAR WILLIAM: I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice

like Logan's [that was Stephen T., not John A.], has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes [he was then not quite thirty-seven years of age] are full of tears yet.

From that time forward he never ceased to love Stephens, of Georgia.

After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate Commissioners, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, Lincoln, the friend, still the old Whig colleague, though one was now President of the United States and the other Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside, and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said: "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please." [Applause.]

In the preceding conversation Mr. Lincoln had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based that statement upon a plan he already had in hand, to appropriate four hundred millions of dollars to this purpose.

There are those who have put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement of mine. It admits of no possible equivocation. Mr. Lincoln carried with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still stand in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two Houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself, as President, when the joint resolution had been passed. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy, and to all intents and purposes the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted the two documents to the members of his Cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they were all against him. He said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the

war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you." I have not cited this fact of history to attack, or even to criticize, the policy of the Confederate Government, but simply to illustrate the wise magnanimity and justice of the character of Abraham Lincoln. For my part I rejoice that the war did not end at Fortress Monroe—or any other conference—but that it was fought out to its bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox.

It was the will of God that there should be, as God's own prophet had promised, "a new birth of freedom," and this could only be reached by the obliteration of the very idea of slavery. God struck Lincoln down in the moment of his triumph, to attain it; He blighted the South to attain it. But He did attain it. And here we are this night to attest it. God's will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. But let no Southern man point finger at me because I canonize Abraham Lincoln, for he was the one friend we had at Court when friends were most in need; he was the one man in power who wanted to preserve us intact, to save us from the wolves of passion and plunder that stood at our door; and as that God, of whom it has been said that "whom He loveth He chasteneth," meant that the South should be chastened, Lincoln was put out of the way by the bullet of an assassin, having neither lot nor parcel, North or South, but a winged emissary of fate, flown from the shadows of the mystic world, which Æschylus and Shakespeare created and consecrated to tragedy!

I sometimes wonder shall we ever attain a journalism sufficiently upright in its treatment of current events to publish fully and fairly the utterances of our public men, and, except in cases of provable dishonor, to leave their motives and their personalities alone?

Reading just what Abraham Lincoln did say and did do, it is inconceivable how such a man could have aroused antagonism so bitter and abuse so savage, to fall at last by the hand of an assassin.

We boast our superior civilization and our enlightened free-

dom of speech; and yet, how few of us—when a strange voice begins to utter unfamiliar or unpalatable things—how few of us stop and ask ourselves, may not this man be speaking the truth after all. It is so easy to call names. It is so easy to impugn motives. It is so easy to misrepresent opinions we cannot answer. From the least to the greatest what creatures we are of party spirit, and yet, for the most part, how small its aims, how imperfect its instruments, how disappointing its conclusions!

One thinks now that the world in which Abraham Lincoln lived might have dealt more gently by such a man. He was himself so gentle—so upright in nature and so broad of mind—so sunny and so tolerant in temper—so simple and so unaffected in bearing—a rude exterior covering an undaunted spirit, proving by his every act and word that—

> The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.

Though he was a party leader, he was a typical and patriotic American, in whom even his enemies might have found something to respect and admire. But it could not be so. He committed one grievous offense; he dared to think and he was not afraid to speak; he was far in advance of his party and his time; and men are slow to forgive what they do not readily understand.

Yet, all the while that the waves of passion were dashing over his sturdy figure, reared above the dead-level, as a lone oak upon a sandy beach, not one harsh word rankled in his heart to sour the milk of human kindness that, like a perennial spring from the gnarled roots of some majestic tree, flowed within him. He would smooth over a rough place in his official intercourse with a funny story fitting the case in point, and they called him a trifler. He would round off a logical argument with a familiar example, hitting the nail squarely on the head and driving it home, and they called him a buffoon. Big wigs and little wigs were agreed that he lowered the dignity of debate; as if debates were intended to mystify, and not to clarify truth. Yet he went on and on, and never backward,

until his time was come, when his genius, fully developed, rose to the great exigencies intrusted to his hands. Where did he get his style? Ask Shakespeare and Burns where they got their style. Where did he get his grasp upon affairs and his knowledge of men? Ask the Lord God who created miracles in Luther and Bonaparte! [Applause.]

Here, under date of November 21, 1864, amid the excitement attendant upon his re-election to the Presidency, Mr. Lincoln found time to write the following letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, a poor widow who had lost five sons killed in battle:—

My Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln.

Contrast this exquisite prose-poem with the answer he made to General Grant, who asked him whether he should make an effort to capture Jefferson Davis. "I told Grant," said Lincoln, relating the incident, "the story of an Irishman who had taken Father Matthew's pledge. Soon thereafter, becoming very thirsty, he slipped into a saloon and applied for a lemonade, and whilst it was being mixed he whispered to the bartender: 'Av ye could drap a bit o' brandy in it, all unbeknown to myself, I'd make no fuss about it.' My notion was that if Grant could let Jeff Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, he was to let him go. I didn't want him."

When we recall all that did happen when Jefferson Davis was captured, and what a white elephant he became in the hands of the Government, it will be seen that there was sagacity as well as humor in Lincoln's illustration.

A goodly volume, embracing passages from the various speeches and writings of Abraham Lincoln, might be compiled to show that he was a master of English prose. The Gettysburg address has innumerable counterparts, as far as mere style goes. But there needs to be no further proof that the man who could scribble such a composition as that with a lead pencil on a pad in a railway carriage was the equal of any man who ever wrote his mother tongue. As conclusive example —as short as it is sublime—let me read it to you. Like a chapter of Holy Writ, it can never grow old or stale:—

> Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
>
> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
>
> But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

I have said that Abraham Lincoln was an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong free-soil opinions, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. He was what they used to call in those old days "a Conscience Whig." He stood in actual awe of the Constitution and his oath of office. Hating slavery, he recognized its constitutional existence and rights. He wanted gradually to extinguish it, not to despoil those who held it as a property interest. He was so faithful to these

principles that he approached emancipation, not only with great deliberation, but with many misgivings. He issued his final proclamation as a military necessity; as a war measure; and even then, so just was his nature that he was meditating some kind of just restitution.

I gather that he was not a Civil Service Reformer of the School of Grover Cleveland, because I find among his papers a short, peremptory note to Stanton, in which he says: "I personally wish Jacob Freese, of New Jersey, appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact color of Julius Cæsar's hair." [Laughter.]

His unconventionalism was only equaled by his humanity. No custodian of absolute power ever exercised it so benignly. His interposition in behalf of men sentenced to death by court-martial became so demoralizing that his generals in the field united in a round-robin protest. Both Grant and Sherman cut the wires between their headquarters and Washington to escape his interference with the iron rule of military discipline.

A characteristic story is told by John B. Ally, of Boston, who, going to the White House three days in succession, found each day in the outer halls a gray-haired old man, silently weeping. The third day, touched by this not uncommon spectacle, he went up to the old man and ascertained that he had a son under sentence of death and was trying to reach the President.

"Come along," said Ally, "I'll take you to the President."

Mr. Lincoln listened to the old man's pitiful story, and sadly replied that he had just received a telegram from the general in command, imploring him not to interfere. The old man cast one last heart-broken look at the President, and started shuffling toward the door. Before he reached it Mr. Lincoln called him back. "Come back, old man," he said, "come back! the generals may telegraph and telegraph, but I am going to pardon that young man."

Thereupon he sent a despatch directing sentence to be suspended until execution should be ordered by himself. Then the old man burst out crying again, exclaiming: "Mr. President, that is not a pardon; you only hold up the sentence of my boy until you can order him to be shot!"

Lincoln turned quickly, and, half smiles, half tears, said: "Go along, old man, go along in peace; if your son lives until I order him to be shot, he'll grow to be as old as Methuselah!" [Applause and laughter.]

I could keep you here all night relating such incidents. They were common occurrences at the White House. There was not a day of Lincoln's life that he was not doing some act of charity; not like a sentimentalist, overcome by his emotions, but like a brave, sensible man, who knew where to draw the line and who made few, if any, mistakes.

I find no better examples of the peculiar cast of his mind than are interspersed throughout the record of his intercourse with his own relations. His domestic correspondence is full of canny wisdom and unconscious humor. In particular, he had a ne'er-do-well step-brother, by the name of Johnston, a son of his father's second wife, of whom he was very fond. There are many letters to this Johnston. One of these I am going to read to you, because it will require neither apology nor explanation. It is illustrative of both his canny wisdom and unconscious humor. Thus:—

SPRINGFIELD, January 2, 1851.—Dear Brother: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times I have helped you a little you have said: "We can get along very well now," but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen through some defect in you. What that defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether since I saw you you have done a good, whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you you get enough for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty. It is vastly important to you, and still more to your children, that you break the habit. . . .

You are now in need of some money, and what I propose is that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of your things at home, prepare for a crop and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money wages you can get, or in discharge of any debt you owe, and, to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I promise you that for every dollar you will get for your labor between this and the 1st of May, either in money or in your indebtedness, I

will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself for ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten dollars more, making twenty dollars. . . .

In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis or the lead mines in Missouri, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles county. If you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have acquired a habit which will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in debt as ever.

You say you would almost give your place in Heaven for seventy or eighty dollars? Then you value your place in Heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work.

You say if I will lend you the money, you will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot now live with the land, how will you then live without it?

You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you but follow my advice, you will find it worth eighty dollars to you.

Affectionately your brother,

A. Lincoln.

Could anything be wiser, sweeter, or delivered in terms more specific yet more fraternal? And that was Abraham Lincoln from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

I am going to spare you and myself, and the dear ones of his own blood who are here to-night, the story of the awful tragedy that closed the life of this great man, this good man, this typical American. Beside that tragedy, most other tragedies, epic and real, become insignificant. "Within the narrow compass of that stage-box that night were five human beings; the most illustrious of modern heroes, crowned with the most stupendous victory of modern times; his beloved wife, proud and happy; two betrothed lovers with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position and wealth could give them; and a young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmus, the idol of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group; but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company. . . .

Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly; fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn. The stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac!" No book of tragedy contains a single chapter quite so dark as that.

What was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence?

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired, as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people. [Applause.]

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid the scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save the light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the work-a-day uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life.

I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory? Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident. Recurring to the doctrine of inspiration, I say again and again, he was inspired of God, and I cannot see how any one who believes in that doctrine can regard him as anything else. [Applause.]

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progressions as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we know not. There is no ex-

plication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil, until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear; whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him, or against him; wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death. [Loud applause.]

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

THOMAS JEFFERSON

John Sharp Williams was borne in Memphis, Tenn., in 1854, entered Congress in 1893, was Speaker of the House 1903-9, and Senator from Mississippi in 1911-1923. The following address was the introduction to a series of lectures delivered at Columbia University, and reprinted here from Columbia University Press, 1913.

In an article written by Andrew D. White, entitled "Jefferson and Slavery," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1862, he says that "in the architecture" of our democratic republic, we find "the agency mainly of six men."

First, three men who "did most to *found* the Republic: and these three men are Washington, Adams and Jefferson."

"Secondly, two men who" . . . "did most to *build* the Republic: and these two men are Jefferson and Hamilton."

"Third, three men, who, having a clear theory in their heads, and a deep conviction in their hearts . . . did most to *brace* the Republic: and these three men are Franklin, Jefferson and Channing."

He continues:—

> So, rising above the dust raised in our old quarrels, and taking a broad view of this Democracy, we see Jefferson placed firmly in each of these groups.
>
> If we search in Jefferson's writings and in the contemporary records to ascertain what that power was which won him these positions, we find that it was no personal skill in cajoling friends or scaring enemies. . . .
>
> The real secret of his power was, first of all, that Jefferson saw infinitely deeper into the principles of the rising democracy, and infinitely farther into its future working, than any other man of his time. Those who earnestly read him will often halt astounded at proofs of a foresight in him almost miraculous.

The subject prescribed for me in these lectures is the permanent influence of Thomas Jefferson on American institutions. Who can say, with assurance, what feature in a nation's institutions is permanent, until its life has been lived out to its end? To delineate the birth principles of the American confederation is easy, but to tell how far these birth principles are permanently life principles, is not so. What Solon said to Croesus applies. What features seemingly essential to our institutions at any one particular time, are really so, is a question whose answer is colored by the time at which the question is asked. If such a question had been asked during and immediately after the Revolution, when the love of freedom was at high tide, the answer would have been one thing; if after Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts and the general anarchic condition, leading to a great and general reaction against the principles of the American Revolution, it would have been another. If asked once more, after four years of Jefferson's administration had allayed the fear of democracy and of popular rule, the reply would have been still different. Then put yourselves back in the period of 1850-60, and again to the year 1866, and yet again to 1876, and get a different reply in each case. Imagine the question asked and answered during reconstruction days, and again later on after sensible men had concluded with Tourgee, who called himself "One of the Fools," that reconstruction had been "A Fool's Errand." Again how essentially different the replies would be before and after we had "gone a world-powering" in the Philippines;—before, when all were agreed that we wanted no entanglements with the old world by interference, or possession; that we desired only "friendly commerce with all and entangling alliances with none," and after, when we stood amazed to find that somehow we had sillily drifted into becoming an Asiatic power, with Asiatic territorial and political interests and anxieties.

Not knowing what all this has made pregnant in the womb of the future, which of us can assert that any particular feature of our system now deemed fundamental, characteristic, permanent, shall be so ten years from now—whether, in any particular case, "having the wolf by the ears," we shall or shall

not, or can or can not, "turn him loose?" All of which concludes in this; that for the purpose of the inquiry of these lectures, that is permanent which the inquirer in his horoscoping deems permanent, and, as the wish is so much the father of the thought, it will be largely that which he wishes and prays and hopes is so.

Next, in determining the scope of our work in these lectures: what are the "institutions" of a people? Are they simply constitutional forms? If so, these United States and Mexico and the Central American republics have the same institutions; and England and Italy and Germany, all being "limited monarchies" with so-called "responsible parliamentary ministeries," have the same institutions. Can either of these statements be true? No. Why not? Because just as a man has an outward body and an inner informing and directing soul, so a nation has a body politic, about which we hear so much, and a soul-politic, about which we hear little, or nothing, under that name. *L'Esprit des Lois*—the spirit of the institution—that is, the thing vitalizing the words of constitutions and statutes—must be taken into consideration. Buckle's unfinished political *novum organum*—his "History of Civilization"—is only a historical analysis of the evolutionary development of the soul-politic of the peoples.

All considered, I shall then treat the subject in this full sense, and I shall exhibit the permanent, or thought-to-be-permanent, influence of Mr. Jefferson, not only on American visible institutions, but on American vitalizing thought and practice.

But again, how can one tell a man's political influence, without knowing at least enough of his heredity and environment to explain his words, theories, and acts in the light of them?

No man can escape altogether the impress of the form and color of his time and place, nor altogether ignore the blood which courses in his veins. Yet for all this, I shall have neither time nor space. The man, Jefferson, in his lovableness of disposition, his feminine cleanness of speech and thought and life, his almost infinite versatility, his noble optimism, his world-vision, I would literally love to describe. But all that I must ruthlessly forego, save for a sidelight here and there, while correcting some errors of others.

What was his environment? First, he was a Virginian and a planter. Secondly, he was a frontiersman, because Albemarle County, when he was growing up, was still a frontier country. The county settled very rapidly, but still, during the formative period of Thomas Jefferson's life, his environment was a frontier environment. The life he lived later was that of an independent country gentleman. Thus from both sources individuality was the first and necessary product of his life and of the lives of those about him; its chief and indispensable lesson being a reliance on one's own intellect, initiative, and resources; from which proceeded an absolute contempt for authority and precedent—merely as such.

Much has been said about Jefferson's being influenced by Rousseau's "Contrat Social." The idea of a social contract being at the base of government—a compact of the people amongst themselves—was ingrained in his thought and in the thought of all those around him, but it was not from reading. Jefferson never read Rousseau until long after his own political opinions had been formed. Indeed if he read him at all, I can find no trace of it. On the frontier people got this idea of government resting on compact because it was a fact of their lives. First one settler, then half a dozen, then a score would move into a neighborhood beyond the support of old settlements, and then naturally the neighbors would some day gather, and after they had chatted about the crops, about getting a teacher if they could, and about a place for the itinerant preacher to "hold forth" when he came, they would take up the question of the establishment of a practical local government; the selection of somebody before whom neighborhood differences should be argued and by whom they should be settled—by analogy of English law, a "justice of the peace"—the selection of somebody who should pursue horse thieves, or other criminals, arrest and bring them in for trial—by analogy of English law, a "constable"—the selection of somebody to correspond with the legislature to secure the organization of a new country, so that they might have a local board to lay out roads, designate ferries, etc., and so that they might have representation in the State legislative body; but preceding all, where and how and under what leadership they should meet for de-

fense against the Indians, when needful. All of these things were done in America in each neighborhood, by a "compact" of the people with one another. This each frontiersman's son learned, with his other A B C's, on his father's knee, as a part of the usual political experience of the American people.

STEPHEN SAMUEL WISE

LINCOLN: MAN AND AMERICAN

Stephen Samuel Wise, born in Budapest, 1872, is the founder and (since 1907) rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York. This address was delivered by Dr. Wise at the One Hundred and Fifth Anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, under the auspices of the Lincoln Centennial Association, at Springfield, Ill. Another speech by Dr. Wise is given in Volume III.

THE honoring invitation to give the address of to-night came to me as I was feasting upon the glad beauty of far-distant Venice. On the same day I had gone to one of the beautiful old churches facing St. Mark's and the Doge's palace across the Grand Canal. And there I looked at the grave of the great Doge, or Duke, Michael, for whom one of the two matchless columns of the Piazza of St. Mark had been erected. On the tomb are written the words: "Here lies the terror of the Greeks. Whosoever thou art who comes to behold this tomb of his, bow thyself down before God because of him." As I stood this day at the tomb of Lincoln, those words recurred to my memory. But Lincoln was not the terror of the Greeks nor terror to any man. Yet we do well to bow ourselves down to God because of him, God's choicest gift to the American nation, America's first commoner.

This is the centenary of another great American, preacher and prophet, Henry Ward Beecher, and therefore I may fittingly refer to the words which he spoke at the death of Lincoln. Beecher said: "Not Springfield's but Illinois', not Illinois' but the nation's, not the nation's but the world's, is this man." Though the name of Lincoln has become a world-wide treasure, how good it is for you to feel that he belongs not to the world but to America, not to America but to Illinois, not to Illinois but to Springfield, to you nearest and dearest

of all; and, because he is nearest to you, his memory spells duty and high obligation and inescapable responsibility.

In explanation rather than in criticism of a great writer of another day, it was truly said—Alas for the man who has no shrines! Doubly, trebly true is this of a nation, if it may truly be said that it has no shrines. America has many shrines. We have come to love and to honor many of the great and the good that have made the few years of our history splendid and commanding in the annals of human achievement. But surely there will be no dissenting from the thought that the two chiefest and holiest shrines of America are to be found on the bank of the Potomac and within this city of Illinois, twin shrines for the American people, each of them reverently regarded and tenderly treasured.

What characterization of Lincoln could be more perfect than the word of Ecclesiasticus in which the latter describes the character and the life of another and earlier liberator: "And God brought out a man of mercy, a man loved of God and man, whose memorial is blessed. He sanctified him in his faithfulness and meekness."

Rightly was it said of Lincoln that his was a character such as only freedom knows how to make. If our democracy become polluted by the taint of caste, it will produce no Abraham Lincolns. Lincoln fought not so much slavery as the thing which made it possible—the feudal spirit of caste of which negro slavery was only the most abhorent symptom. It was a noble prophecy of a tribune of the people, George William Curtis, that the part assigned to this country in the good fight of man is the total overthrow of the spirit of caste. It is a far cry from the riotous opposition to the appearance of a coat-of-arms, in the late thirties of the last century, on the carriage of a rich New York family, to the title-hunting mothers and fathers of our own day, who prefer the purchase of some negligible dukelet or paltry princeling to the best of men, if so be he bear no prouder title than that of fellow-American of Abraham Lincoln.

We need to-day, be it said in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, not a new South but a true South—a South that shall be true to itself, true to the Union and true to the principles of true

democracy, a South that shall not have the name of democracy upon its lips and despotism in its heart. One thing is certain —that the way not to prepare the negro for citizenship is the way in a large part of the South, which denies to the negro the right to a complete education, which grants him little more than the shreds and scraps of a rudimentary education that is not worthy of the name. Unless Lincoln's work is to have been done in vain, the South must not fix upon servitude without chains as the abiding portion of the negro race.

Lincoln has conferred a new dignity upon labor, but the new dignity of labor must include larger dignity and fuller life for the toiler. If it be true, as Lincoln said, that to secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government, then children shall cease to toil, then Northern capital shall cease to enslave the children of the South, then women must not be overworked and underpaid, must not be driven into shame from shop and store and factory by a starvation wage, then man must have a larger and larger share of the fruits of his labor. If we are to do Lincoln's work, we must enfranchise all men, and first of all ourselves, into that glorious liberty of the sons of God which has been appointed to us, that we, the citizens of the American democracy, may be the emancipators of untold millions for all time.

Not very long ago I was invited to purchase a volume purporting to set forth the genealogy of Lincoln. The price of the volume was to be ten dollars, something more than the value of the house in which Lincoln was born. The descent of Lincoln is of very little importance by the side of the question— how shall we avert a descent from Lincoln? What can we do in order to ascend to the heights on which he stood? This Lincoln commemoration from year to year will be of little value unless, in the spirit of the Gettysburg address, we make it tell by dedicating ourselves anew to the things for which he lived and died. The important thing to-day is not what we say of Lincoln but what Lincoln would say of us if he were here in this hour and could note the drift and tendency in American life and American politics. Are we true to him, are we loyal to his memory?

We dwell in times of great perplexity and are beset by far-reaching problems of social, industrial and political import. We shall not greatly err if upon every occasion we consult the genius of Abraham Lincoln. We shall not falter nor swerve from the path of national righteousness if we live by the moral genius of the great American commoner.

Instead of following Lincoln, we too often strive to make it appear that he is following us. Instead of emulating him we too often venture to appropriate him. Instead of sitting at his feet as his disciples, and humbly heeding the echoes of his lips, we attribute to him our own petty slogans. The truth is that Lincoln belongs to no party to-day, though in his time he stood well and firmly within party ranks. His spirit ought to-day to inform all parties. He was a partisan second, an American first, as he is the first of Americans. Men and measures must not claim him for their own. He remains the standard by which to measure men. His views are not binding upon us, but his point of view will always be our inspiration. He would not be blindly followed who was open-minded and open-visioned. He did not solve all the problems of the future, but he did solve the problem of his own age. Ours is not to claim his name for our standards but his aim as our standard.

Lincoln is become for us the test of human worth, and we honor men in the measure in which they approach the absolute standard of Abraham Lincoln. Other men may resemble and approach him; he remains the standard whereby all other men are measured and appraised. Gibbon tells us that two hundred and fifty years after the death of Trajan, the Senate, in calling out the customary acclamation on the accession of an Emperor, wished that he might surpass the felicity of Augustus and the virtue of Trajan. Melior Trajano—better than Trajan! Such a standard is Lincoln become for us, save that we dare not hope that any American may serve his country better than did Lincoln. However covetous of honor for our country we may be, we cherish no higher hope for the land we love than that the servants of the Republic in all time may rise to the stature of Abraham Lincoln.

In his lifetime Lincoln was maligned and traduced, but detraction during a man's lifetime affords no test of his life's

value nor offers any forecast of history's verdict. It would almost seem as if the glory of immortality were anticipated in the life of the great by detraction and denial whilst yet they lived. When a Lincoln-like man arises, let us recognize and fitly honor him. There could be no poorer way of honoring the memory of Lincoln than to assume, as we sometimes do, that the race of Lincolns has perished from the earth, and that we shall never look upon his like again. One way to ensure the passing of the Lincolns is to assume that another Lincoln can nevermore arise. Would we find Lincoln to-day, we must not seek him in the guise of a rail-splitter, nor as a wielder of the backwoodsman's axe, but as a mighty smiter of wrong in high places and low.

Not very long ago I chanced upon a rarely beautiful custom in the city of Florence. It was the day of the martyrdom "of a prophet sent by God." A multitude stood before the spot where he was done to death—his hands miraculously uplifted in blessing in the very moment of torture and death—and every man brought a rose petal in token of reverence and gratitude to the martyred soul. This day every American citizen, every American man and woman and child has in spirit brought a petal to the grave of Lincoln, who sleeps to-night beneath a wilderness of love-tokens from men of all faiths and tongues and races and backgrounds—who are become one and indivisible in their love and honor for the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

I have sometimes thought that the noblest tribute paid to the memory of Lincoln was the word of Phillips Brooks in Westminster Abbey when, pointing out that the test of the world to every nation was—Show us your man—he declared that America names Lincoln. But the first word spoken after the death of Lincoln is truest and best—the word of Secretary of War Stanton, standing by the side of that scene of peace—"Now he belongs to the ages." It was verdict and prophecy alike, for Lincoln is not America's, he is the world's; he belongs not to our age, but to the ages; and yet, though he belongs to all time and to all peoples, he is our own, for he was an American.